

THE LEAVES
OF THE
TREE

HOLY BIBLE
Go ye and
all the world
and preach
the Gospel
to every
creature

FOR THE
HEALING
OF THE NATIONS

THE

THE GLEANER

THE GLEANER

VOLUME

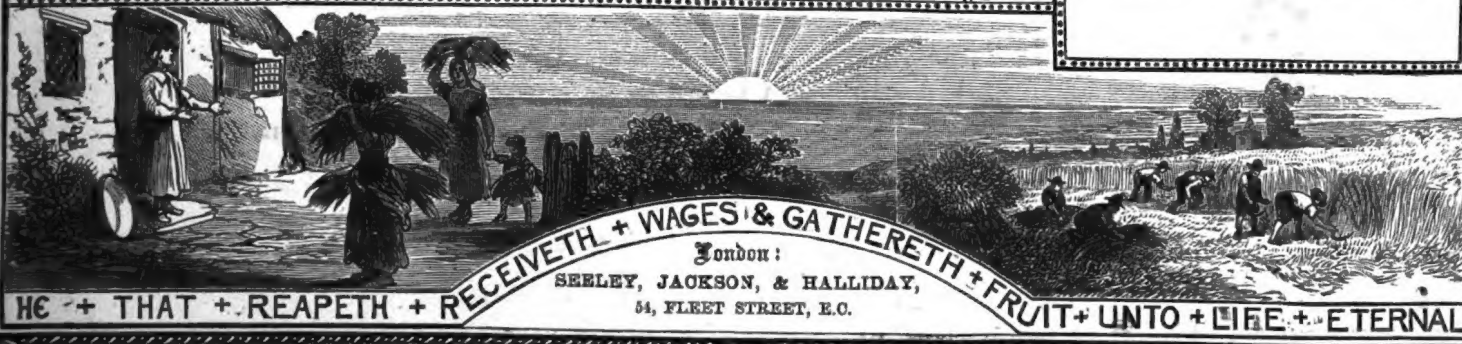
V



1878

"And they took up of the fragments that remained twelve baskets full."—St. Matt. xiv. 20.

AS RIVERS OF WATER IN A DRY PLACE



HE + THAT + REAPETH + RECEIVETH + WAGES & GATHERETH + FRUIT + UNTO + LIFE + ETERNAL

London:
SEELEY, JACKSON, & HALLIDAY,
54, FLEET STREET, E.C.

	Page
WESTERN INDIA.	
Hindu Women of Bombay	114
Heads in a Crowd	136
A Mussulman Fakir	136
An Argument with a Mufti.....	136
View from the Windows of Mission House, Kurrachee.....	137
A Mohammedan Mufti	137
Hindu Banians (Traders).....	137
SOUTH INDIA.	
Forty different Castes	7
Temple of Siva at Conjeveram	8
The Rev. W. T. and Mrs. Sattianādhān, of Madras	89
A Night Alarm in Travancore.....	58
A Scene at the C.M.S. Famine Relief Camp, Sachiapuram	63
Famine Victims in South India	74
Pulayan or Slave Church in the Paddy Fields, Travancore	102
A Brahmin Family in South India	115
Group of Kois, Dravidian Hill Tribe, Upper Godavery.....	119
CEYLON.	
The "Great, Famous, and Triumphant Fig Tree," at Anuradhapura	51
Palm Grove in Ceylon	73
MAURITIUS AND SEYCHELLES.	
Venn's Town Industrial Home	2
CHINA.	
Chinese Ladies.....	23
Chinese Catechist Selling Books by the West Lake, Hang-Chow	84
Preaching in the Vestry of the Sin-ih-dong (Mission Church), Hang-Chow	85
Chinese Sedan Chair and Bearers	94
"One Fat Clever-looking Chinaman in great spectacles".....	106
Native Illustrations of the Famine (Four Cuts)	138
JAPAN.	
The Emperor and Empress of Japan	71
New Mission Church at Osaka	91
Removing the Osaka Mission Chapel across the Street	91
Festival of the Japanese God of War.....	126
Nagasaki, Japan.....	139
C.M.S. Japanese Students' Residence, Nagasaki	139
NEW ZEALAND.	
The late Bishop Williams, of Waiapu	87
Maori Girls, Uncivilised and Heathen	121
Maori Girl, Civilised and Christian	121
A Maori Chief Fifty Years ago	134
NORTH-WEST AMERICA.	
The Ven. Archdeacon Cowley	19
Peace River, between Fort Vermillion and Fort Dunvegan	96
Peace River, near Fort Dunvegan	96
Peace River and the Rocky Mountains	91
The Black Canon, Peace River	91
NORTH PACIFIC.	
The Journey to Metlakatla : Omaha Railway Station.....	10
MISCELLANEOUS.	
The Church Missionaries' Children's Home, Highbury	9

Map of the Punjab 18 | Map showing Language Divisions of India 110

INDEX OF ARTICLES.

WEST AFRICA.		CEYLON.	
A West African Sunday School. Letter from Rev. N. J. Cole	96	Converts in Ceylon. Letters from Reva. R. T. Dowbiggin, J. Allcock, and G. Champion. (With Illustration).....	80
YORUBA.		CHINA.	
A Yoruba Woman Saved from "Oro"	83	Ling Sieng-Sing's Trials at Kiong-Ning Fu.....	20
The Rock Olumo, at Abeokuta. (With Illustration)	43	New Year's Day at Shaou-hing. By the Rev. R. Palmer. (With Illustration)	23
A Negro on War	45	The Gospel in Great Valley. By the Revs. G. E. and A. E. Moule	53
Death of the Oldest Ibadan Christian.....	89	Book-Hawking by the West Lake. (With Illustration)	55
Sunday School in Lagos Gaol	101	Persecution at Great Valley. Letter from the Rev. A. E. Moule	68
A Finished Course of Four Months (Mr. J. B. Read).....	104	A Parable for a Hot Day. By the Rev. A. E. Moule. (With Illustration)	81
NIGER.		Deaths at Ningpo	89
Bishop Crowther: his Life and Work. (With Illustrations) ...10, 21, 35,	129	The Prodigal's Father—in China	101
Three Scenes on the Niger	44	A Peep at Hong Kong. By the Rev. E. Davys. (With Illustrations) 94,	106
EAST AFRICA.		A Journey to Kiong Ning Fu: Journal of the Rev. L. Lloyd	124
The Christians of Godoma. (With Illustration).....	11	"No Leisure." Letter from Miss Laurence.....	125
Pictures from East Africa. Notes by the Rev. W. S. Price. (With Illustrations)	46, 62	Outrage on the Mission at Fuh-Chow	137
Frere Town. (With Illustration)	135	The China Famine. (With Illustrations)	138
NYANZA.		JAPAN.	
Nyanza Mission: Reception by King Mtesa.....	24	News from Hakodate. Letter from the Rev. J. Williams	45
Lieut. Smith's Letter from Mtesa's Capital. (With Illustrations).....	31	The Emperor and Empress of Japan. By the Rev. John Piper. (With Portraits)	75
Martyrs for Africa. (With Illustration)	49	The Work at Osaka. (With Illustrations)	95
King Leopold and the Nyanza Mission	60	Festival of the Japanese God of War. (With Illustration)	127
The Last Days of Smith and O'Neill. (With Portraits)	67	An Appeal from Nagasaki. (With Illustrations)	139
More News from Central Africa. (With Illustrations).....	73	MAURITIUS AND SEYCHELLES.	
MEDITERRANEAN.		Venn's Town. Letter from Rev. W. B. Chancellor. (With Illustration)	22
The Poor Protestants of Shefamer. Letter from Rev. Seraphim Boutagy	20	NEW ZEALAND.	
INDIA (GENERAL).		The late Rev. Matiu Taupaki	32
India and the C.M.S. (With Illustration).....	7	The Rev. Piripi Patiki on Pastors' Wives.....	86
The Trident, The Crescent, and The Cross: Gleanings from Vaughan's Religious History of India. (With Illustrations)....8, 13, 25, 41, 51,	133	The late Bishop Williams, of Waiapu. (With Portrait)	87
69, 80, 85,		A Christian Maori Girl	89
SPECIAL INDIA NUMBER (with a Map and six Illustrations):—		Maori Girls. Letter from Rev. T. S. Grace. (With two Illustrations) ...	123
England and India. By the Rev. W. T. Sattianadhan.....	109	The Church of the Evangelists at Wai-o-hiki. (With Illustration)	134
The Map of India	109	NORTH WEST AMERICA.	
Religion in India as it is	111	A Lady's Thousand-Mile Journey with Indians	5
India Revisited. By Mrs. Weitbrecht	112	Archdeacon Abraham Cowley. (With Portrait)	15
Some Testimonies to Mission Work in India.....	113	Cumberland Mission, River Saskatchewan. By Mrs. Bompas, of Athabasca	56
Chronological Table	116	The Red Man's Appeal	84
The Dying Mother: a Reminiscence	116	Bishop Bompas's Race with Winter. (With Illustrations)	90
Faith Nando: a True Story of Secundra	116, 128	Ordination at Moose Factory of a Missionary to the Esquimaux	136
List of the C.M.S. Indian Native Clergy	120	NORTH PACIFIC.	
Summary of C.M.S. Work in India.....	120	From London to Metlakatla. Letter from the Rev. A. J. Hall. (With Illustration).....	9
Other Missions in India	120	"Found after Many Days"	101
THE PUNJAB.		MISCELLANEOUS.	
Sketches of the Punjab Mission. By the Author of "Moravian Life in the Black Forest," &c. (With Illustrations).....1, 17, 27, 37, 55, 76, 88, 99, 121		Vineyard Work. Thoughts for those Engaged in Christ's Service. By the Rev. G. Everard.....1, 13, 25, 37, 53, 61, 73, 85, 97, 121, 133	
Bishop French. (With Portrait).....	8	Leaves from the History of a Missionary Auxiliary (Continued from page 125 of last Volume). By Miss E. J. Whately... 4, 16, 28, 39, 52, 64	
The Medical Mission in Kashmir	26	A Hint to Working Parties. Letter from Archdeacon Kirkby	39
An Afghan Chant from Bunnoo. (With Music)	57	Outline Missionary Lessons. For the Use of Sunday-school Teachers:—	
The Chandni-Chowk at Delhi. (With Illustration)	65	I. The Besieged City.....	48
A Letter from Pind Dadan Khan. Letter from Rev. G. M. Gordon. (With Illustrations)	82	II. "Far Off—Made Nigh"	72
A Photograph at Amritsar. By Mrs. Elmslie. (With Illustration)	102	III. The Prophet's Picture	93
Bible-Women at Amritsar. By Mrs. Elmslie. (With Illustration)	127	IV. The Debt and the Debtors	132
WESTERN INDIA.		Our Seventy-Ninth Anniversary	61
Good News from Sindh. Letter from Rev. J. Sheldon. (With Six Illustrations)	130	A Good Example. Letter from an Association Secretary	70
SOUTH INDIA.		A Good Place for a Missionary Box. By F. P.	84
Forty Different Castes. (With Illustration)	5	Statistics of the C.M.S. Missions, 1878	96
New Year's Day at Palamcottah. Letter from Bishop Sargent.....	9	Prize Day at the Children's Home. (With Illustration)	97
A Tamil "Walking Concordance"	33	The Missionary Box in the Visitors' Room. By E. D. S.....	132
The Rev. W. T. Sattianadhan. (With Portrait)	39	POETRY.	
A Youthful Native Evangelist in Tionevelly. By the Rev. H. Schaffter... 45		The Blessed Hope. By the Ven. Archdeacon Hone	1
A Night Alarm in Travancore. (With Illustration)	58	The Building of the City. By Q.	21
Incidents of the South Indian Famine. By the Rev. Hugh Horsley. (With Illustration)	63	The Camphor Tree: A Parable. By the Rev. G. Ensor.....	41
Mr. Sattianadhan's Exeter Hall Speech.....	65	March, 1878. By Sarah Geraldina Stock.....	50
Famine Victims in South India. (With Illustration).....	74	On the Burial of Dr. John Smith. By Lieut. G. Shergold Smith, R.N. ...	50
A Children's Prayer Meeting for Rain	89	In Memoriam. By the Rev. G. Ensor.....	50
A Tamil Clergyman's Report	101	"Satisfied." By Frances Ridley Havergal	62
A Baptismal Service in the Paddy Fields. By the Rev. W. J. Richards. (With Illustration)	107	The Joyful Sound. By the Rev. A. E. Moule	92
Sivagasi and Bishop Sargent. By the Rev. Hugh Horsley.....	125	The Call and the Answer. By Acanthus.....	103
Mr. Sattianadhan's Farewell	140	The Little Ships on the Lake. By M.	127

INDEX OF THE EPITOME OF MISSIONARY NEWS.

WEST AFRICA.		Page	THE PUNJAB (continued).		Page	CHINA.		Page
The Affiliation of Fourah Bay College to Durham University.....	12		Arrival and Installation of Bishop French.....	84		Death of Mrs. Gough.....		
Award by the Institute of France to Rev. J. F. Schön.....	12		Valedictory Dismissal of Rev. T. P. Hughes and Dr. A. Jukes.....	96		The Famine in North China.....		
Ordination of Mr. Obadiah Moore.....	60		Acceptance of the Rev. A. Lewis.....	108		First Meeting of Ningpo Native Church Council.....		
Appointment of Mr. J. A. Alley to Port Lokkoh.....	72		Formation of C.M.S. Corresponding Committee for the Punjab Mission.....	108		Dedication of New Church at Shaohing.....		
Return Home of Rev. C. Baker.....	72		Gift of £1,000 to Alexandra Boarding School, by Mr. W. C. Jones.....	182		Publication of <i>Story of Cheh-Kiang Mission</i>		
Valedictory Dismissal of Mr. J. A. Alley.....	96		Offertories of Lahore College Chapel given to Fuh-Kien Converts.....	182		Progress of the Work at Hang-Chow.....		
Appointment of Mr. G. G. M. Nicol.....	108		Ordination of Rev. A. Lewis.....	140		Death of the Rev. Su Chong-Ing.....		
Return Home of Miss Caspari.....	132		Famine in Kashmir.....	140		Illness of the Rev. J. R. Wolfe.....		
YORUBA.			WESTERN INDIA.			Progress in the Fuh-Kien Mission.....		
An Abeokuta Christian's Friends Enslaved.....	12		The <i>Bombay Guardian</i> on Lady Missionaries.....	24		Appointment of Mr. J. Grundy.....		
The Mission at Leke.....	12, 96		The Hostel for Christian Students at Bombay.....	24		Return Home of Rev. R. Palmer.....		
Death of Mr. J. B. Read.....	24		Return Home of Missionaries.....	72		Translational Labours of Miss Laurence.....		
Tour of Inspection by Rev. J. Johnson.....	24		Appeal to resume Mohammedan Mission.....	84		The 39 Articles with a Commentary in Chinese.....		
<i>The Spectator</i> on Memoir of Mrs. Hinderer.....	24		Wants of the Robert Money School.....	84		Ordination of Mr. J. Grundy.....		
Death of Rev. T. B. Macaulay.....	48		Departure of Revs. H. C. and R. A. Squires.....	108		Dismissal of the Rev. J. Grundy.....		
Appointment of Messrs. Gollmer and Haslam.....	72		Death of Rev. C. F. Schwarz.....	182		Departure of the Rev. A. Elwin.....		
Destruction of the Church and Mission House at Ikija.....	72		Death of Mrs. Ruttonji Nowroji.....	182		Visit of Bishop Russell to "Great Valley".....		
Baptisms in the Yoruba Mission.....	72		Death of Daoud Mokham.....	182		Re-occupation of Kiong-Ning-Fu.....		
Ordination of Messrs. Gollmer and Haslam.....	84		NORTH INDIA.			The China Famine Fund.....		
Valedictory Dismissal of Revs. A. Schapira, C. H. V. Gollmer and T. A. Haslam.....	96		Ordination of Mr. J. Carter.....	12		Confirmations in Japan by Bishop Burdon.....		
Return Home of Rev. J. B. Wood.....	132		Ordination and Designation of Rev. H. D. Williamson.....	24		Converts in Fuh-Kien assisted by Lahore College Chapel Offertories.....		
NIGER.			Death of Rev. J. Carter.....	24		Degree of B.D. conferred on Rev. A. E. Moule.....		
Bishop Crowther's Steamer, the <i>Henry Venn</i> , 12, 36, 48, 72, 96			A History of the Christian Church in Urdu.....	24		Acceptance of Mr. B. Van S. Taylor for Fuh-Chow.....		
Appointment of Native Archdeacons for Upper and Lower Niger.....	36		Ordination of Katwari Lal.....	48		Outrage on C.M.S. Mission at Fuh-Chow.....		
Death of Rev. W. Romaine.....	36		Publication of <i>A Plea for the Hill Tribes of India</i>	48		JAPAN.		
Journey of Bishop Crowther and Archdeacon Johnson.....	36		Departure of Missionaries for India.....	48, 108		Departure of Rev. W. Denning.....		
Archdeacon Johnson's Journey up the Niger.....	48		Baptism of a Family at Meerut.....	60		Progress of the Work in Japan.....		
EAST AFRICA.			Appointment of Mr. E. Elliott to the Santal Mission.....	72		Dismissal of Rev. W. Andrews.....		
Appointment of Mr. W. Harris.....	12		Appointment of Mr. H. D. Day to Calcutta.....	72		Important Missionary Conferences in Japan.....		
Death of Mrs. Russell.....	24		Death of Rev. J. Fuchs.....	72		Confirmations at Nagasaki and Osaka.....		
Return Home of Mr. J. R. Streeter.....	24		Arrival of Missionaries in England.....	72		Ordination of Rev. W. Andrews.....		
Return Home of Captain Russell.....	48		Ordination of Mr. H. D. Day.....	84		MAURITIUS.		
Mr. J. R. Streeter appointed Lay Superintendent at Frere Town.....	48		Appeal for Missions to the Bhils and Beluchis.....	84		A Naval Officer on the Seychelles Industrial Institution.....		
Departure of Mr. J. R. Streeter.....	48		Report of Rev. W. T. Storrs on Santal Mission.....	84		Appointment of Mr. H. Warry to Seychelles.....		
The Slave Trade in East Africa.....	60		Wants of the Cathedral Mission College.....	84		Visit of Bishop of Mauritius to East Africa.....		
Appointment of Rev. J. A. Menzies.....	60		Dismissal of Revs. H. P. Parker, H. D. Day, and R. Elliott, and Mr. B. J. Bell.....	96		NEW ZEALAND.		
Return Home of Rev. J. A. Lamb.....	72		Ordination of Aman Masih Levi for the Sagra Pastorate.....	96		Consecration of Bishop Stuart.....		
An Invitation for Christian Teachers from King of Chagga.....	84		Visit of Bishop of Calcutta to C.M.S. Stations in North India.....	108		Ordination of Aroma Te Haua.....		
Valedictory Dismissal of Rev. H. K. Binns.....	96		Deaths of Revs. J. P. Mengé and G. T. M. Grime.....	140		Appointment of Rev. J. S. Hill.....		
Mr. J. R. Streeter's Work at Frere Town.....	108		Degree of D.D. conferred on Rev. S. Dyson.....	140		A Memorial to Rev. C. S. Völkner.....		
Visit of Bishop of Mauritius to East Africa.....	132		SOUTH INDIA.			Death of Bishop Williams.....		
NYANZA.			Famine Sufferers relieved by Punjab Christians.....	12		Appointment of Mr. W. Goodyear.....		
Appeal for Funds.....	86		Return of Rev. A. H. Arden to India.....	24		Maori Deacons admitted to Priest's Orders.....		
Letters from Nyanza Missionaries.....	36, 108, 132		Baptism of a Brahmin Student at Masulipatam.....	24		Dismissal of the Rev. J. S. Hill and Mr. W. Goodyear.....		
Reinforcements for the Mission.....	48		Native Christians in the Diocese of Madras.....	86		NORTH-WEST AMERICA.		
Missionary Party at Mpwapwa.....	48		The Rev. W. T. Sattianadhan invited to visit England.....	48		Lord Dufferin on the "Great North-West".....		
A History of the Victoria Nyanza Mission.....	48		Departure of Rev. A. H. Arden for India.....	48		Ordination of Messrs. B. McKenzie and P. Bruce.....		
Mr. Mackay instructed to push forward.....	60		Confirmation of Native Christians at Masulipatam and Raghapuram.....	60		Bishop Bompas's Travels.....		
Publication of Mr. T. O'Neill's Sketches.....	60		Appointment of Mr. H. W. Eales to Telugu Mission.....	72		Ordination of Mr. E. J. Peck.....		
Ordination of Mr. G. Litchfield.....	72		Statistical Returns from South India.....	72		Offer, Acceptance, and Ordination of Mr. S. Trivett for the Saskatchewan.....		
The Mission Party Proceeding to Uganda by the Nile Route.....	72		Female Education in Tinnevely.....	72		Dismissal of the Rev. S. Trivett.....		
Progress of Nile Party.....	84, 96, 132		The C.M.S. Mission to educated Natives of Madras aided by Bishop Oxenden.....	72		Return of Bishop Bompas to Athabasca.....		
Return of Rev. C. T. Wilson to Uganda.....	84		Dismissal of Revs. T. Kember and H. W. Eales.....	96		Interview of Bishop of Rupert's Land with Committee.....		
Death of Mr. W. C. Tytherleigh.....	84		Departure of Rev. J. E. Padfield.....	108		NORTH PACIFIC.		
Mpwapwa re-occupied by Messrs. Copplestone and Last.....	84		Death of Rev. W. Ellington.....	108		Ordination of Mr. W. H. Collison.....		
Arrival of Mr. Mackay at Uyui.....	108		The Tinnevely movement in S.P.G. and C.M.S. Districts.....	140		Bishop Bompas in the North Pacific Mission.....		
Return of Mr. Hall from Suakim.....	108		Deaths of Rev. David Fenn and Mrs. Sharkey.....	140		Death of Mr. Duncan's Oldest Convert.....		
Mr. O'Neill's Sketches presented to the Queen.....	132		CEYLON.			Admiral Prevost's visit to Metlakatla.....		
Publication of Lieut. Smith's Maps and Drawings.....	132		Rev. R. T. Dowbiggin and Sir C. Layard on Educational Work at Cotta.....	86		HOME.		
MEDITERRANEAN.			Return Home of Rev. W. Clark.....	48		Special Contributions to the C.M.S.....		
A Revised Prayer-book in Arabic.....	72		Departure of Rev. S. Coles.....	48		C.M.S. Service on Day of Intercession.....		
Appointment of Rev. A. Schapira to Gaza.....	140		Appointment of Mr. I. J. Pickford.....	72		Consecration of Bishop French.....		
Acceptance of Rev. W. T. Pilter.....	140		Arrival of Rev. B. Collins in England.....	72		A Memorial to General Lake.....		
PERSIA.			Ordination of Mr. I. J. Pickford.....	84, 140		Offer of Rev. H. Plume for Missionary Work.....		
Appointment of Dr. E. Hoernle.....	108		Dismissal of Rev. I. J. Pickford.....	96		The Society's Anniversary.....		
THE PUNJAB.			Interview of the Bishop of Colombo with C.M.S. Committee.....	96		Death of Rev. J. Fenn and General Clarke.....		
Consecration of Bishop French.....	24		Appointment of Revs. W. P. Schaffter and W. E. Rowlands to Tamil Cooly Mission.....	132		C.M.S. Representatives at Funeral of Dr. Duff.....		
Dr. E. Downes' Medical Labours.....	24					Publication of New Pamphlets by C.M.S.....		
Offer of Rev. A. Lewis for Missionary Work.....	48					Presentation of Portrait of Rev. J. G. Heisch to C.M. College.....		
The Rev. T. P. Hughes in England.....	48					The Oxford and Cambridge Preliminary Examination passed by C.M. College Students.....		
Departure of Rev. T. B. Wade for India.....	48					Offer and Acceptance of Rev. E. Thornton and Mr. C. B. S. Gillings.....		

THE CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.

JANUARY, 1878.

THE BLESSED HOPE.

BY THE VEN. ARCHDEACON HONE.



Y Sinim's peopled streams,
O'er India's arid plain,
I know that soon the day will dawn
When God the Lord shall reign.
For Afric's swarthy sons,
Oppress'd by scourge and chain,
How bright with hope the steadfast word,
That God the Lord shall reign.
The red man, spoil'd, pursued,
Bemoans his brother slain,
But wars will cease and love prevail,
For God the Lord shall reign.
Thro' ocean's isles shall spread
The Gospel's joyful strain,
And myriad voices sweetly sing
That God the Lord shall reign.
For lands where holy truth
Has long been heard in vain,
Faith rests upon the promise sure
That God the Lord shall reign.
Speed on the day, good Lord!
And soon, from main to main,
The tuneful shout of joy shall rise,
That God the Lord doth reign!

VINEYARD WORK.

Thoughts for those Engaged in Christ's Service.

BY THE REV. G. EVERARD, *Vicar of St. Mark's, Wolverhampton.*

I.—THE DIVINE CALL.

"Son, go work to-day in My vineyard."—*Matt. xxi. 28.*

"SON!" It is a Father's voice, and I will gladly obey it. He would not have me work as a bond-slave, but as a child. It is love that calls me forth. It is in love that I must labour. O my Father, give me a filial, happy, loving spirit, and teach me to know Thy will, and accomplish all Thou wouldst have me to do.

"Go." I must arise from sloth and self-indulgence. I must go whithersoever my Father bids me. East or west, north or south, to the burning plains of India, to the snowy regions of North-west America, to the scattered isles of the ocean, or, it may be, to the dens of vice and misery in some English town or city; whithersoever the call of duty comes, thither I must go. The command is no less: "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature."

"Go, work." I must be ready for toil and self-denying effort. I must be active and laborious. Whether at home or abroad, whether by using my influence for Christ here in my own land, or preaching the Word in some far-off clime, I must diligently work for the Master.

"Go work to-day." The command is urgent and immediate. Time is precious. Souls are perishing. The world is ready. Christ is yearning over the multitudes who are as sheep without a shepherd. My own life is quickly passing away, and my opportunity will be gone. Therefore I must act at once. I must not lose a moment. I will not say with the one son in

the parable, "I go, sir," and yet fail of my promise; nor will I say with the other, "I will not"; but I will accept the call, and without delay set about its fulfilment.

"Son, go work to-day in My vineyard." Here is my encouragement. It is God's vineyard, and His work shall be done. He will raise up the agents, and fit them for the work. He will work with them, and by them, and crown their labours with success. Yes, and more than this: "He buries His workmen and carries on his work." He takes away one, but He raises up another. Therefore I will trust His power and His grace. He will perfect His Church. He will fulfil all the good pleasure of His goodness. To Him alone shall be all the glory!

SKETCHES OF THE PUNJAB MISSION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MORAVIAN LIFE IN THE BLACK FOREST," &c.

I.—Taking Possession.



WHEN in October, 1836, Bishop Daniel Wilson was sailing down the River Sutlej, on his return from Simla to Calcutta, he rose up on the deck of the boat, and looking towards the territory of the Punjab, the great plain of the "five rivers," then scarcely known, exclaimed aloud and solemnly, with outstretched right arm, "I take possession of this land in the name of my Lord and Master Jesus Christ!"

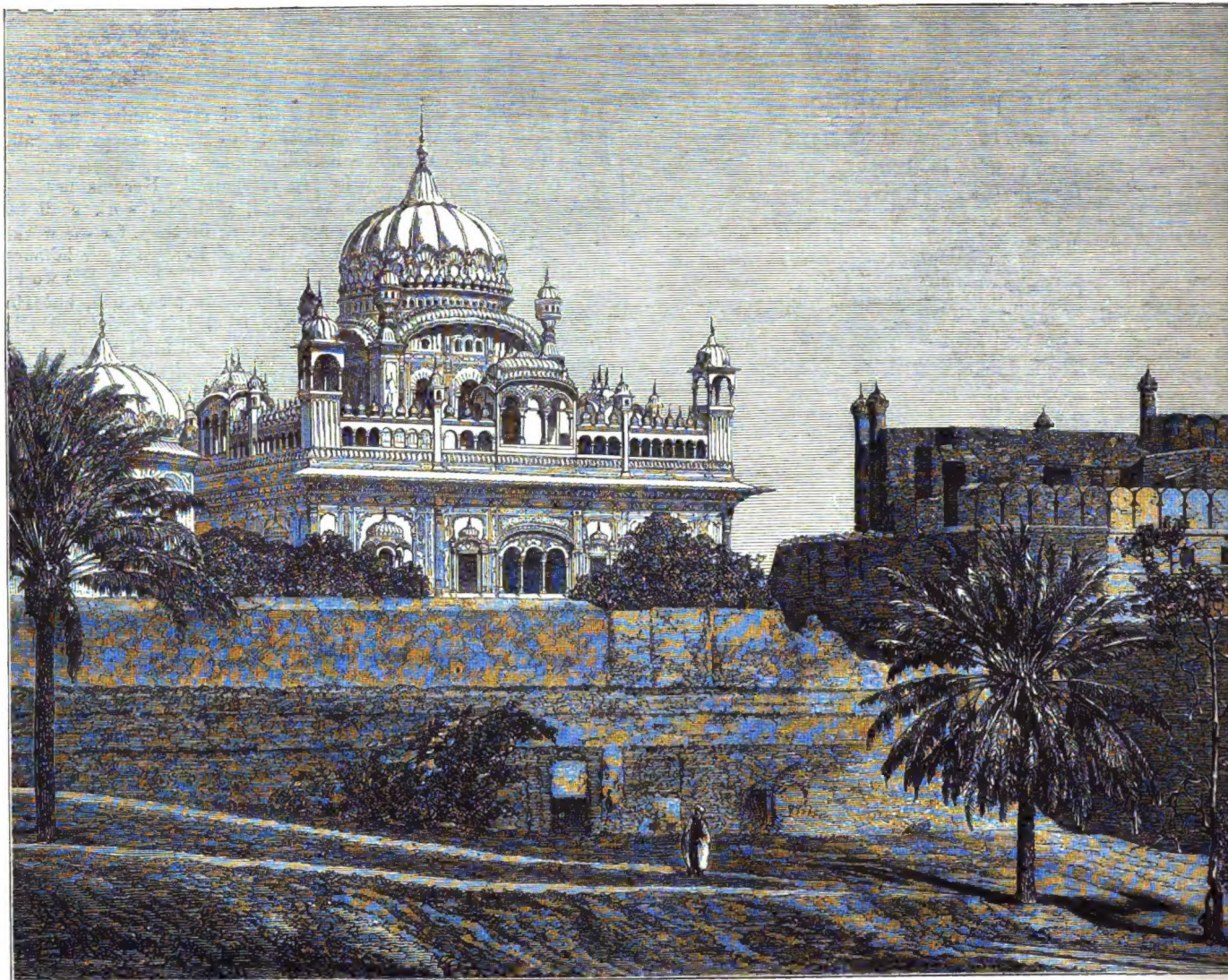
His companions were struck, if not almost startled, for it seemed little likely at the time that we should have any inheritance there to put our feet on.

Two years later, in November, 1838, at Ferozepore, on the banks of the same River Sutlej, was enacted a scene of magnificence which has seldom been surpassed, on the occasion of the interview between Lord Auckland, the Governor-General of India, and Runjeet Singh, the Maharajah of the Punjab.

England already reigned supreme over the vast Indian territory extending from the Ganges to the Sutlej, and from the roots of the Himalaya to Cape Comorin; but beyond the Sutlej lay the Punjab, an independent kingdom of bold, brave men—the Sikhs. Their ruler was about to receive on his own territory the representative of England, and with much pomp and circumstance he did it.

This memorable interview was the termination of the great Runjeet Singh's career. Breaking loose from the abstemiousness enjoined by his medical attendants, he indulged too freely in the fiery wine, stronger than brandy, distilled from the grapes of Cabul, and a severe fit of apoplexy was the result. On his death followed the strange series of tragical events which ended in our possession of the Punjab just ten years later.

But Runjeet Singh clung with tenacity to life. Pundits, fakirs, and devotees were paid to make prayers for him. The Sikh shrine at Amritsar shared with that of Juggernaut in the spoil. Revenues were assigned to temples; elephants, horses with jewelled saddles, cows with gilded horns, golden chairs and golden bedsteads, pearls and gems, and even the jewels recently presented to him by the representative of the British nation, were sent to propitiate the various deities. Had not his ministers and courtiers interposed, he would have sacrificed the Koh-i-noor itself for the chance of purchasing a few additional moments of existence. By the violation of every right of hospitality he had wrested this jewel from Shah Sujah, when a guest at the court of Lahore, while a fugitive with his family from Cabul. The Shah, his wives, family, and servants, were deprived of food for two days in order to induce its surrender; and after a temporary



TOMB OF RUNJEET SINGH, LAHORE.

suspension, during which persuasion was vainly tried, these severities were again resumed, until the Shah, fearing that his life would be the sacrifice if he continued to refuse, surrendered the precious stone. Now the fast-sinking monarch would have sent it willingly as a gift to Juggernaut. Finding all prospect of recovery hopeless, he endeavoured to purchase peace and happiness hereafter, and a Brahmin was paid £40,000 sterling on his undertaking to eat a splinter of one of the Rajah's bones after his death, that he might be secured a permanent place in heaven, and be relieved from the necessity of any further birth!

On the funeral pile of sandal-wood four queens and five Cashmerian slave girls were burnt alive with their dead lord and master, and thus ended the reign of Runjeet Singh.

Anarchy and confusion ensued. History gives no counterpart to the rapid succession of fearful murders, the terrible condition of



RUNJEET SINGH.
(From a Native Portrait.)

discord, that marked the next six years. Runjeet had left his people no constitution, no laws either written or oral. He had governed as a despot. Crime was punished by fines, which augmented his revenue; disputes among the sirdars were fomented that there might be no combination against himself. The only thing that he had carefully organised and disciplined was the army, but on his death all subordination ceased, and in 1845 the Rani and her advisers decided to let loose this fierce soldiery on the plains of British India, in order to give scope to its impetuous license. Thus came about the Sikh wars and the annexation of the Punjab.

Just seven years had passed since the Flight of Cloth of Gold at Ferozepore, where the Sikh and British troops had taken part in the exchange of ceremonial between the representatives of their respective nations. On the 18th December, 1845, they met again at Moodkee, in the neighbourhood of Ferozepore, and

in peace, but in deadly warfare, the Sikhs intent on unjust aggression, the troops of England prepared to shield from desolation the fruitful plains of British India. The Sikh army is said to have consisted at this crisis of 110,000 men, formidable foes, fierce, brave, and well-trained. But the battle is the Lord's, and in His strength the bloody engagements of Ferozeshah, Sobraon, Chillianwallah, and other memorable fields were fought and won. The long series of conflicts, in which the Sikh soldiers had met the British force with a courage and discipline unequalled in the history of Oriental nations, ended with the battle of Goojerat, Jan. 21, 1849. The Sikh army surrendered, and the Punjab became a portion of the British Empire in India.

A new and important opportunity was presented for the extension of Christian Missions. It is true that the American missionaries had already entered in, but English soldiers had conquered the Punjab, and the American missionaries themselves were amongst the foremost to invite the English missionaries to come with healing influences and words of peace to bind up the recently inflicted wounds, sow the seed of the everlasting Gospel, and win the population to the service of Christ.

A statement was put into circulation throughout India, soliciting subscriptions, with a view to the establishment of a Christian Mission in the Punjab, under the auspices of the C.M.S. The Army gave £1,000 as a commencement. The money flowed in, but where were the men?

The Rev. Robert Clark was the first to offer. He was the pioneer of the Punjab Mission. The Rev. Thomas H. Fitzpatrick quickly followed. Working laboriously as a young curate in a large parish in the town of Birmingham, he happened to be one evening enjoying some relaxation from his duties in congenial society at a friend's house. Some one mentioned that the Army had given £1,000 to commence a Mission in the Punjab, but that men were needed. "Fitzpatrick," said a venerable old man, laying his hand on the young curate's shoulder, "you are wanted there!" The words went home, and he responded at once, saying, "Here am I; send me."

Early in 1852 a meeting was held at Lahore, presided over by Archdeacon Pratt, when a local Church Missionary Association was formed, having as its president Sir Henry Lawrence; and steps were taken for the expenditure of the money which had been raised on the spot, amounting to £3,000, on such objects as were necessary to the prompt and due prosecution of the work. Amritsar, the holy city of the Sikhs, about thirty miles from Lahore, was selected as the missionary centre and first place of occupation, and here the foundation stone of the first church was laid in 1852.

(To be continued.)

BISHOP FRENCH.



WITH much thankfulness was the announcement received by the friends of the Church Missionary Society that the Rev. T. Valpy French was to be the first Bishop of Lahore. That a missionary, for the first time, should be appointed to a territorial see in India—that he should be selected from the ranks of the C.M.S.—and that Mr. French should be the man, were all causes of satisfaction. We hope one day to see a Native Bishop for the growing Native Church of the Punjab; and meanwhile, it is good that so devoted an evangelist should preside over the English Church in the province.

Mr. French's episcopate will be the appropriate crown of his distinguished career. He was educated at Rugby under Dr. Tait (the present Archbishop), and proceeding thence to Oxford, he took his degree (1st class in classics) in 1846, soon after which he was elected Fellow of University College. In Sept., 1850, he sailed for India with the Rev. E. C. Stuart (who has just been elected Bishop of Waiapu), commissioned with him to establish a high-class educational institution at Agra. The result was St. John's College, which has proved a most important agency for bringing Christianity before young Hindus of the higher classes. One of the earlier students is now the Rev. Madho Ram.

At Agra Mr. French laboured for eight years. Adding to his college duties the study of several Native languages and frequent preaching expeditions in the surrounding country, Mr. French laboured incessantly. He is known in India as the man with seven tongues, owing to his knowledge of Urdu, Hindi, Punjabi, Pushtu, Persian, Arabic, and Sanscrit. In 1857 the Mutiny broke up the Mission for a while. Mr. French's noble refusal to take refuge in the Fort unless he

might bring his Native Christians in with him, will be remembered as one of the many heroic acts of that fearful "hour of temptation." The year after, his health failed, and he had to return home.

In 1861 a fresh call came to him. He was about returning to Agra, when the C.M.S. Committee, earnestly invited by Sir Herbert Edwardes, Sir R. Montgomery (then Lieut.-Governor of the Punjab), and Colonel (now General) Reynell Taylor, resolved to begin a new Mission in the Derajat, the long strip of wild and rugged frontier lying between the Indus and the mountains of Afghanistan. Colonel Taylor, himself the commissioner of the district, offered £1,000 to start the Mission, which promised to be one of great importance in its influence on the fierce frontier tribes, and on the merchants from Central Asia who yearly descend the mountain passes on to the plains of India. To this



THOMAS VALPY FRENCH, FIRST BISHOP OF LAHORE.

(Photographed for the Missionary Leagues Association.)

work, one of great difficulty and no little danger, Mr. French was appointed; but his very energy in throwing himself into it brought on fresh serious illness, and drove him home again.

In 1869 he once more sailed for India, accompanied by the devoted and lamented Knott, to establish the Lahore Divinity School. This great work was fully described in the *GLEANER* of August, 1875, and we need only notice, as an evidence of the general appreciation with which it has been regarded, that at the S.P.G. anniversary of 1878 Canon Lightfoot referred to "those noble letters from Lahore, so zealous, so thoughtful, and so bold, which Mr. French has written to the Church Missionary Society." In 1874, for the third time, weakened health brought him to England; but for some time past he has been contemplating a fourth campaign in India, and he had already made arrangements to resign his parish of St. Ebbe's, Oxford, and go out again forthwith, when the offer of the Bishopric of Lahore came to him.

He will go forth, we know, borne up by many prayers; and we look forward with sanguine hope to his being permitted of God to do, by His grace, a great work in the Punjab for Christ and Christ's Church.

LEAVES FROM THE HISTORY OF A MISSIONARY AUXILIARY.

BY MISS E. J. WHATELY.

(Continued from page 125 of our last volume.)

CHAPTER IX.



PROLONGED absence on the Continent prevented my hearing any details of the Southbridge Auxiliary for a considerable time. When at last I alighted once more at the Rectory garden gate, where Mrs. Weston and her young friend Rose met me, I was surprised to find that my questions as to the welfare of the Missionary Association

were answered in a tone which showed that both the ladies were considerably dispirited.

"Why, what has happened, dear friends?" I said; "I left you all in the best of spirits, and your work going on as smoothly as could be."

"A blight has come on us," said Rose, "a nipping frost," and how, I can hardly tell; but there has been a combination of disasters."

"Come into the dining-room, where lunch is awaiting you," said Mrs. Weston; "you must be refreshed after your journey, and I will tell you the while all our troubles."

"In the first place," said Rose, when we were comfortably seated, "I must tell you that our Rectory working-party is nearly melted away."

"Whose fault is that?"

"No one's fault," said Mrs. Weston, "unless you will blame our good Annie Parker for marrying. It is a great loss to the place in every way, for we have no worker like her at the Sunday-school, or anywhere; but it is a very suitable marriage, just what one could desire, and it would be very selfish to grudge her where she will be useful and happy. But it has made, practically, more blanks than one. The other sister cannot now be spared from home at all. We have no one to act as district Secretary, except Miss Williams, who must try and undertake the work of two, and with the best will possible, finds her efforts must be limited."

"Then Mdlle. Duval has had to go to her own country to attend to her sick mother, and my sisters are gone to school," said Rose; "and one or two others who had joined us have dropped off; so except what those good young dressmakers, the Longes, and Miss Christian, can do for us at their homes, we have hardly any helpers."

"What of your boxes? How did they succeed?"

"In the first place, Mrs. Manton's, which she would persist in sending to her cousin Mrs. Black, proved, as we had warned her it would be, a complete failure."

"She might have expected that."

"Yes," said Rose; "but the worst of it is, she will not believe that the fault lay in sending it to that station. Mrs. Black writes to her, judging from her own experience, that it is 'utterly impossible to sell work in India.' Then, as Mrs. Manton will not believe that it lies within the range of possibilities, that Mrs. Black could make a mistake, she has endorsed this opinion of her cousin's and lays it down as a 'universal proposition,' as the wise men call it."

"More than that," rejoined Mrs. Weston, "she has extended Mrs. Black's taboo to Africa, China, and in short all places that come under

the general head of 'foreign Missions,' so that what she affirms now everywhere is, that she has proved by experience that all work sent abroad to sell for missions is a failure!"

"Rather hasty generalising, certainly!"

"Yes, but it takes effect; as Henry says, a thing however absurd, if repeated frequently and confidently, makes at last some impression, and Mrs. Manton has friends who listen to her, as she does to her cousin, as to an infallible oracle; and the consequence is that several ladies who either worked for us or supported working parties, have turned their energies into other channels. Miss Christian and Miss Jenkins are faithful to us, but very few more."

"But have not you good accounts of your own boxes? What of the one you sent to that North Indian station while I was with you?"

"That box sold capitally, and the accounts ought to have satisfied any one; but several of the ladies complained of the want of details. They wanted to know precisely, each what was gained by her particular child's frock, or box of pin cushions; and this, as I told them, was impossible. It was very unreasonable, but I think that would have been got over had the next box sent proved successful; but, unfortunately, it also met with some hindrance. The box we sent to Africa was very thankfully received; but that, as you know, was almost entirely composed of clothing for children; there was little or nothing for sale in it."

"But the general collections?"

"They have suffered seriously in consequence of the very earnest appeals for the relief of distress in the East-end of London. I am sure there could not be a stronger claim; don't think for a moment I would draw off a penny from such a call! We have been trying to do what we could in this parish to send help; but the worst of it is that several of our contributors have dropped their subscriptions to us on the ground that this East-end distress absorbed all they were able to do."

"The claims of home distress must of course be the strongest," I said; "but, unfortunately, many of us can remember cases in which home charities have suffered quite as severely from a strong call from abroad as *vice versa*. In the Franco-German war, and other similar cases, local claims were very much thrown into the background; and this makes one fear that it is rather the new against the old, than home against foreign work, which really carries the attraction."

"I cannot see that it can be right to throw up an old charity for a new one except in very peculiar circumstances," said Rose, "and one would have thought most of the well-to-do people in this populous neighbourhood could have helped both without any extra self-denial."

"They say they cannot afford it," said Mrs. Weston, "and of course we have no right to judge; but certainly those who make the excuses are among the wealthiest in the neighbourhood. It is wrong, perhaps, to let one's mind dwell on it, and yet when one sees them constantly giving the most costly and elaborate entertainments, it is difficult to check the thought, that if but one or two of these in a season were omitted, the outlay saved would more than cover all they have ever given either to East London or the missions."

"I hope you have kept up the orphan collections, at least."

"They have fared nearly as ill as the rest, though from other causes. Two of the children chosen—little Aurora, the one supported by the Beech Park Working party, and Motee, the one we had collected for—both died a few months ago. Their health seemed to have been too much broken by early hardship to admit of their rallying, and I fancy it was a merciful release when the poor little ones were taken. Mrs. Jackson, in her letter announcing their death, said that if we would continue to send our contributions, she would gladly devote them to the support of two more of the children already in the orphanage, as she finds it very hard to meet the needful outlay. Our Sunday scholars' union, which, with my help and Rose's, had supported Motee, willingly agreed to leave Mrs. Jackson to find an object for the money they would continue to send; but the others would not consent to this; they had been utterly discouraged by the death of their protégée, and by hearing of another lady's adopting one who had turned out unsatisfactory (a thing which does occasionally happen at home too!); so these young ladies said they had 'adopted' one child, and now she was dead they did not care to collect for one they knew nothing about, it would be 'so uninteresting!'"

"I have often seen this spirit—it seems to me of selfish benevolence, in such a term could be permitted," said I. "The fact is a great number give more from impulse and the desire of being 'interested,' than from principle, and then they soon tire. Has Mrs. Lambert given up?"

"Not yet; but I fear she will, and Mrs. Elwood too, as both complain bitterly of having no details about 'Edith Violetta' and 'Jessie Graham.' Mrs. Elwood indeed goes further, and declares that by this time she expected to have heard of Jessie's conversion; and 'if she is not decidedly converted in two or three years, she will certainly give up supporting her.'"

"If the subject were not so solemn an one and connected with so grave an error, we should be tempted to look on it as almost laughable," I said; "but really the error is one which should sadden rather than amuse us; for little as those who say these things mean it, it is in fact nothing less than dictating to God how He is to work in a soul. How

little we can know of the 'times and the seasons' which are in His power alone! But to return to our present difficulties. What would you say to proposing a meeting of workers to see if we cannot set some matters straight by talking over them a little together?"

"And oh, Mrs. Weston," added Rose, "could not we get Miss Thornley to come down? the lady, you know, Miss S——, who taught me how to write Hindustani texts. My sister writes word that she is coming to stay with some friends at M——; that is not far off, and if we could induce her to come and hold a drawing-room meeting here, she might just be the person to fan up the dying flame. I never heard anything more stirring than her accounts, and she seems to know all about everything—connected with Indian mission work, I mean."

All agreed gladly, and the result was, first an invitation to Miss Thornley to come for a day or two to the Rectory, and then a summons to all the auxiliary collectors and former members of working parties and some of their immediate friends, to come to a gathering at the Rectory to hear that lady give some account of her experiences in missionary life abroad.

A LADY'S THOUSAND-MILE JOURNEY WITH INDIANS.



It will be remembered that when Bishop Bompas returned to his great northern diocese after his consecration in May, 1874, he took Mrs. Bompas with him. She has braved with him the hardships of the inhospitable regions of Athabasca since then, but this year she has been compelled to seek renewed health in a milder climate, and has therefore come down to Manitoba, leaving the Bishop to continue his long journeys over the snow alone. The distance from Fort Chipewyan, Lake Athabasca, to Red River is more than a thousand miles. Mrs. Bompas does not say how long it took her to traverse this distance, but when her husband came to England in 1872 to be consecrated, he was nearly three months doing that part of the journey, in boats and on foot. Her letter is another testimony to the happy results of the preaching of the Gospel in those vast territories:—

I am very thankful to have come to the end of my long journey from Athabasca, which, by God's mercy, I accomplished with less fatigue than I anticipated. I met with much kindness on my way at the various mission stations, and also at the Company's Forts, and I visited many Indian camps, where one seldom fails to meet with a hearty welcome. Sometimes I had prayers with some of the women and children in my tent. They seem to like to come, and enjoy singing hymns. Mr. Mackay has translated "Hold the Fort," and "The sweet by and bye," and "I am going home," into Cree, and they are great favourites, as are also "Nearer my God to Thee" and "Jerusalem the Golden." I was much interested in the Indians at Stanley Mission. There are about 500 there. My boat's crew from Isle à la Croix to Cumberland was composed of Stanley men, and a more orderly, well conducted set I never saw. They had a nice little service every morning and evening among themselves, which I almost always attended; it consisted of a hymn (*beautifully sung in parts*), a few words of Scripture, and a few of the Church prayers. Some days the poor men were quite worn out with hard work at the portages, and for two days their provisions ran short, and they were nearly starving, but they sang their hymn and had prayers without fail, and when relief came, in the shape of two canoes bringing bags of flour and pemmican, their shout of delight, I think, must almost have reached Salisbury Square!

I spent a very happy Sunday at the Cumberland Mission. Mr. B. McKenzie, you know, is in charge there; he is a most intrepid and devoted worker, and has accomplished more in the fourteen months he has been there than any one would think possible; a good-sized house is built, and a school-room and temporary church nearly finished, and he has already quite a large congregation of Indians; he speaks to them through an interpreter, but he conducts the service in Cree, and even reads the lessons from the syllabics! He was (amid all his hard work) very short of supplies last winter, and it seems that the Cumberland Indians, fearing the same might occur again, subscribed together a sum of £22, and presented it to him.

I came with the Governor-General from the Grand Rapids. His Excellency and Lady Dufferin were kind enough to invite me to join their party, as they heard that I was anxious to get on.

I am thankful to find all my powers gradually returning, and the state of woful emaciation to which I was reduced giving way under the influences of milk and other luxuries, of which I was deprived at Athabasca. I deplore my having to leave my work so soon, but I earnestly trust in God's mercy to bring me back to it again in the early spring.

FORTY DIFFERENT CASTES.



RAVANCORE is a strip of country in the south-west of India, between the Ghant mountains and the sea. It is an independent Native State under British protection, and has a population of 2,800,000, about two-thirds that of Scotland.

Two or three years ago, the Maharajah took a census of his people, and among the facts ascertained by it was the astonishing one that there are among them no less than 420 separate castes; and though most of these are not easy to distinguish, seventy-five of them really mark separate classes of society. In the remarkable picture on the following page, engraved from a photograph kindly lent us by the Rev. W. Johnson of Alleppey, about forty of these are represented, almost all the figures being of different castes. It is a wonder how the group was collected together to be photographed. We are indebted also to Mr. Johnson for the following interesting notes:—

1. A cobbler. A well-known man in Alleppey, who is Priest of his caste, and who once professed his willingness to become a Christian.
2. A Syrian widow woman belonging to the St. Thomas' Christians of Travancore. One who has been employed as mission servant to the school children at Alleppey.
3. A Cunnar Pullayan of the name of Paul. The first of his caste who joined the Church of England in Travancore. The women of his caste wear long dried grass instead of clothes. The account of his conversion was given in the *C.M.S. Record* for April, 1875.
4. A man of the Carpenter caste showing his trade tools, which produce such wondrous carving, &c.
5. A Parsee Priest. He is paid to keep alive the fire in the Temple. There are no Parsees in the town, but the Temple being built the fire must be kept alive.
6. A Pandee Pillai. A boy in the school of the Travancore Government, and one who rejoices in the title of an "Educated Native," or one who can read, write, and talk English.
7. A Protestant Syrian woman, the wife of the Anglo-Vernacular Schoolmaster. Her father and mother firm members of our Church.
8. A convert girl of the Fisher caste with a grinding-stone, used for preparing curry for the meals.
9. A Pattanee, a caste of Mohammedans. He is an old mission servant, who in heart believes the Gospel, but fears to confess Christ.
10. A Sudra of the Nunganard caste, many of whom are employed as writers in the service of the Maharajah of Travancore.
11. A Nair, of Travancore Sudra caste, who holds office as Saur Natha pillay (a post of trust) under the Travancore Government.
12. A Nunganard Sudra, of not quite the same social position as No. 10.
13. Another caste among the Western Coast Mohammedans. A Cutch boy, or the child of a Mohammedan who originally came from the Run of Cutch.
14. A Protestant school-girl, whose father and mother were Christians. With a broom made from the hard part of the cocoa-nut leaf, and used by natives generally for domestic purposes. To be beaten by a broom is considered a great indignity.
15. A Jonagan, or Hindu, who has become a prevert to Mohammedanism.
16. A Maratha Brahmin, holding an important post as Sheristadah to the Government of the Rajah of Travancore.
17. A Protestant school-girl, the grand-daughter of the first convert in the Alleppey district.
18. A man of the Cutch merchant caste, a well-known horse-dealer.
19. A Peon, or policeman, employed by the Travancore Government.
20. A Syrian Protestant schoolmaster, the husband of figure No. 14, educated in the Cottayam Mission College.
21. A Subadah, or inferior officer in the troop known as the Nair Brigade of the Maharajah of Travancore. The whole regiment is formed of Nairs or Sudras commanded by English officers.
22. A Drummer in the Nair Brigade.
23. A Cosarmee, or Hindoo mendicant and vegetarian.
24. A Protestant convert from the Aaryain or Fisher caste in Travancore, who was brought to the truth by the late Rev. J. Peet.
25. One of the line in the Nair Brigade of the Maharajah.
26. Rama Swami, or a man of the Eastern Coast Brahmins. A man who knows English, and who has been instructed in the truth, but who cannot openly confess Christ.
27. An Aryan caste man, one whose whole time is taken up in fishing and rowing. Only one or two families have embraced Christianity.
28. A Cosarmee, or Holy Mendicant of the Maratha caste.



FORTY DIFFERENT CASTES. (Photographed at Alleppey.)

29. A Protestant school-boy whose parents were the converts of the late T. Norton, who laboured for 23 years at Alleppey.

30. A Chatryan man. He is master of the large property belonging to the temple at Alleppey. The members of this caste are not very numerous in Travancore.

31. A "full privy" in the Nair Brigade.

32. A Vallarier from the Eastern Coast of South India. The postman of the town of Alleppey.

33. A Nair woman, a trained nurse in the Government Hospital at Alleppey.

34. A Pandey Pal, a girl of the lowest caste, a grass-cutter.

35. An Aaryan sea-coast fisherman.

36. A Cosarmed Holy Mendicant of another order.

37. A Mohammedan of the lowest order, a Moslem.

38. A Chogan, a cocoa-nut tree climbing caste.

39. An Aaryan man, or Fisher caste.

40. A boy of the beggar, or Mendicant caste.

41. A Chogan of the cocoa-nut tree climbing caste.

42. A holy beggar woman.

43. A man of the "Washerman" caste. A caste very much known and universally disliked by Europeans, as they destroy English clothes by their washing, and their owners do not wear them.

44. A school-girl from the Mission school, with a native work tray, used to separate rice from the husk.

In the articles on the Religions of India, begun in the present number, the subject of Caste is referred to, and our readers will be able to appreciate the enormous obstacle its bondage presents to the spread of that Gospel which makes men one in Christ Jesus.

INDIA AND THE
C.M.S.

IT is a constant perplexity how to divide the narrow space afforded by the twelve monthly pages of the GLEANER among the various Missions of the C.M.S.; and certainly INDIA has not of late had its fair share. Last year, China and Africa between them occupied almost half our whole space. This year we must do India a little more justice.

For India absorbs a large part of the Society's energies and resources. We have there 73 stations, 120 European missionaries, 95 Native clergy, 2,400 Native teachers, 1,070 schools, 43,000 scholars, 78,000 Native Christians. Last year there were 1,230 adult baptisms. The work is carried on in twelve or fourteen different languages. Nearly half of the Society's foreign expenditure is devoted to its Indian Missions; and considerable sums beyond this are contributed on the spot by the English officers and civilians resident in the country. And although the progress of the work seems slow to us, Sir Bartle Frere has said that "the teaching of Christianity in India is effecting changes—moral, social, and political—which for extent and rapidity are far more extraordinary than anything that has been witnessed in modern Europe."

We hope this year to present a large number of pictures from India; and three of the series of articles announced, two of which are begun in this number, deal with Indian Missions. To illustrate the first chapter of one of them, which will be found on the next page, we annex a picture exemplifying the ancient sacred architecture of the Hindus. It represents the ruined portico of one of the temples of Siva at Conjeveram, forty-five miles from Madras.



TEMPLE OF SIVA AT CONJEVERAM.

THE TRIDENT, THE CRESCENT, AND THE CROSS.

Gleanings from Vaughan's Religious History of India.



MONTH after month we have to use in the pages of the GLEANER words which can have but a very doubtful meaning for very many of its tens of thousands of readers. We speak of Moslem, and Buddhist, and Hindu, of Brahmin and Sudra, of high-caste, low-caste, and out-caste; and it is impossible, every time these are referred to, to stop and explain the exact meaning of the terms; and yet it is certain that they convey to many people who are not at all ignorant, very vague ideas indeed. Let the reader of these lines just ask himself what he would say if he had to answer such questions as, What is a Buddhist? What is a Brahmin? What is caste?

We propose, in the present series of articles, to provide simple answers to these and similar questions. But the articles have other designs besides this. For one thing, we wish to introduce to such of our readers as may be able and desirous to go further into the subject, a valuable book published last year, *The Trident, the Crescent, and the Cross*, by the Rev. James Vaughan, C.M.S. missionary in Bengal. Our plan is just to take this book as our guide, and endeavour to put into simple language its more simple parts. It is "a View of the Religious History of India during the Hindu, Buddhist, Mohammedan, and Christian Periods;" and its title, which we borrow as a title for our papers, is explained by the fact that the Trident, the three-pronged fork, which appears upon every Siva temple in India, is the symbol of Hinduism, the Crescent of Mohammedanism, and the Cross of Christianity. Buddhism has no symbol, but Mr. Vaughan gives reasons for including it under the Trident.

Another object we have in view is to call forth sympathy in behalf of our Indian fellow-subjects. England has just raised a noble sum for the relief of their bodily needs; but they are suffering, and have been suffering for centuries, from a far more terrible famine than that of which we have lately heard so much, even *the hunger of the soul*. We may truly say of them that they have been in the "far country," away from the Father's Home, and, in a spiritual sense, "would fain have filled their bellies with the husks that the swine did eat; and no man gave unto them." The history of their searchings after a religion that would satisfy them is inexpressibly touching. May this attempt to tell the mournful story lead many who have themselves fed upon the Bread of Life to hear and obey the Lord's command, *Give ye them to eat!*

I.—THE EARLY HINDUS.

What is a Hindu? Most people would reply, a native of India. But that is not at all a correct answer. India was inhabited by several races before the Hindus appeared there, and many millions of souls belonging to those races still dwell in the hills and in the south. Ages ago, perhaps as far back as the time of Abraham, a mighty host came over the mountains from Central Asia down into the plains of India, and, driving the previous inhabitants before them, took possession of the land. They called themselves *Arya*, "noble," and were a part of what is known as the Aryan family of mankind, the same family to which belong almost all the nations of Europe, but not the Turks, nor the Jews, nor the Negroes, nor the Chinese, nor the Red Indians of America.

Crossing the great river Indus to enter India, they took from it a new name, Hindus (sometimes spelt Hindoos). But in course of time the word Hindu came to mean any one who professed the Hindu religion, and no one else. Many of the Hindu race have (as we shall see) become Mohammedans, and not a few of them have become Christians; and by so doing they cease to be Hindus, in the common meaning of the word;

just as a convert from Judaism is not usually still called a Jew although of the Jewish race. On the other hand, the greater part of the nations that were in India before the Aryans came adopted the Hindu religion, and are accordingly reckoned among the Hindus, though not of the Aryan family. Most of the Native Christians in Tinnevely, for instance, are not Hindu by race, though they (or their parents) were once Hindus before their religion.

The common origin of the European nations (including ourselves) and the Aryan invaders of India, can be traced in the languages. Thus, in Sanscrit (the ancient Hindu language) "God" is *Deva*; in Latin it is *Deus*, in Greek *Theos*, in French *Dieu*; and we English have the words *Deity*, *Divine*, &c. But this interesting subject is too large to enter upon now.

Can we ascertain what kind of people these early Hindus were, and what was their religion? We can. There still exist some ancient writings called the *Vedas*, written in Sanscrit, the old sacred language of India. The first of these, the *Rig-Veda*, is believed to have been written before the time of Samuel, and if so, is the oldest book in the world, except the Five Books of Moses. (The Chaldean tablets lately discovered can scarcely be called books.) The word *Veda* simply means knowledge; and the name was given to the writings as being the storehouse of sacred knowledge which had before been unwritten. They contain hymns and prayers, which had no doubt been in use long before they were thus written down; directions about worship, like rubrics; and some teaching in prose, of a very mystical character. There are 1,017 prayers and hymns in the *Rig-Veda* alone. There at a much later date, come certain law-books, the principal of which is called the *Institutes of Manu*, and which tell us much about the family and social life of the early Hindus; and then later still, perhaps about the time of Daniel or Ezra, come the famous epic poems called the *Ramayan* and the *Mahabharata*. These law-books and poems are the *Shasters*, so often spoken of in connection with the religions of India.

The Hindus, from first to last, have been a peculiarly religious people. Religion with them is a real thing, a thing of daily life. In their eyes the ordinary Englishman is a most irreligious being, not because he has a faith different from theirs, but because he seems to them to have none at all. And, sad to say, they have had only too much cause to think so of many of the Englishmen who have lived among them. It is interesting to examine the belief, the worship, the rules of life of such people. It is especially instructive to trace out, in the hoary records of the past, the purer religion of their earlier days. It is saddening to observe the downward course they have been taking all through these thousands of years. And it is a joyful thing to find some of them now beginning to find in the religion of the Cross a power and a peace which neither the Trident nor the Crescent has been able to give them.

"Could we," says Mr. Vaughan, "carry our researches backward to the time when the great Aryan family dwelt together in unbroken fellowship and primitive simplicity, we should probably find them in some sort worshipping the one true and living God." But they quickly lost the recollection of the God of Abel and Enoch and Noah; they had no Divine revelation to guide them; they looked up to the heavenly bodies, and saw in them, as they thought, the representatives of their Maker; and though at first they no doubt "looked through Nature up to Nature's God," they soon began to "worship the creature more than the Creator," and at last fell into the grossest idolatry.

Yet God "left not Himself without witness" amongst them. Fragments of the old truth remained. "Through their whole religious history," says Mr. Vaughan, "a voice which they could not silence seems to have ever cried, 'Though we may make gods many and lords many, yet God is one!'" Even to the present day a Hindu, while acknowledging that India has

330 millions of gods, always speaks of the great God as *One*; though he does not think of a personal Being, but will add, "and there is nothing else"—confounding God with the material universe. No other heathen religion, again, has so profound a sense of sin, and of the need of atonement; and the Hindus firmly believe that sacrifices are of Divine origin. In one case Hinduism seems to have a glimpse of one of the deepest truths of Christianity. One of the Vedas thus addresses *Agni*, the god of fire:—

"One in thy essence, but to mortals three."

The "Trident" or three-pronged fork already referred to, is the symbol of *three in one*. And, as we shall see hereafter, if Christianity has a Trinity, Hinduism has a "Triad." The Rev. Professor Banerjee, of Calcutta, perhaps the very ablest of the Native Christians of India, believes (says Mr. Vaughan) these to be foreshadowings of the great Christian doctrine.

This chapter is but introductory. In our next we will look a little more closely at the early Hindus.

NEW YEAR'S DAY AT PALAMCOTTAH.

From a Letter from Bishop Sargent.



HIS day, January 1st, 1877, is set apart by royal proclamation in honour of Queen Victoria, Empress of India. I had Tamil service this morning at 7.30. There were 892 persons in church. Then, at 10.30, began our several companies of visitors and congratulations. The number of visitors in various companies must have amounted to above 1,000. Very many bring a lime or two, which they put into our hand. The great majority of our visitors are Christians, but several heathen also called, but only from the higher classes and men in authority. Besides presenting limes or small lemons, they (the higher classes) place a garland of flowers on the neck. Sometimes these garlands are presented in such rapid succession that I have had as many as three or four on at once. Imagine each garland made up of flowers, chiefly the chrysanthemum, all strung as close together as possible, looking as thick as a lady's boa. I took the smallest of the sixteen garlands that were given us, called two of the schoolboys, told them to unravel it, and then count the number of flowers that had been employed. There were 273—therefore, as the other garlands were larger a great deal than this, there could not have been less than 5,000 full-blown chrysanthemums expended on me alone. You may imagine how interesting I must have looked with three or four chrysanthemum boas at the same time around my neck. I have had the limes counted; there were above 900, with several oranges.

All this scene is transacted in the large hall of my house. They expect me, as a minister of religion and an old man, to give them some word of advice and blessing; and I endeavour now and then to put in a word for the Master.

FROM LONDON TO METLAKAHTLA.



LAST summer the Society sent out the Rev. A. J. Hall to reinforce Mr. Duncan's Mission at Metlakahla. The following letter describes his journey, and what he saw when he got there. There is of course nothing very new in it, but we think its pleasant account of the voyage, and of Niagara, and the other scenes *en route*, as well as of his first impressions of Metlakahla itself, will interest our readers generally.

ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

Here I am safe and sound, about 6,000 miles from my old home. I crossed the Atlantic without even a tendency to sea-sickness. I made four good meals every day, and slept well on the whole. I walked several miles each day round and round my floating palace. We had moonlight nights and splendid sunsets. This made the scene on deck very grand every evening. I often paced the deck till eleven P.M., and obtained the name of "peripatetic philosopher."

NEW YORK.

We arrived at New York Harbour about 5 P.M. on June 26th. The scenery on the bank is lovely. Every spot was clothed with bright

foliage; after being out of sight of land for eight days, it was refreshing to gaze on the green islands and banks of the river.

I stayed in this city three days; it was no use hurrying through to San Francisco, because my vessel did not sail thence till the 10th July. This gave me a week to spend on my way. The principal buildings of the city are very handsome—one is built entirely of marble. The atmosphere is very dry, and this makes the bricks retain their red colour and the stone buildings appear white and clean. One day I went up the Hudson River for 60 miles, returning the same day. The scenery here is said to be the finest in the world, and perhaps it is. For some distance perpendicular rocks called palisades rise 250 feet from the water, very imposing in their appearance—then we passed very large hills, in which were nestled large mansions and hotels, the summer abodes of the Americans.

NIAGARA.

On Saturday I reached Niagara Falls—how shall I describe the sight? I expected something grand, but they eclipsed all my anticipations. There are two islands in the river, and they divide the current of water into three parts and form three falls—The Horse Shoe, The American, The Bridal Veil. In the first place I got on to these islands, and then the falls were on each side of me. Twenty feet of solid water falls continuously, *i.e.*, the water is 20 feet deep at the top of the falls, and it falls from 170 to 200 feet. The colours of the water as it falls have different shades of green and mauve, very brilliant. The setting sun was at my back, and this caused an immense rainbow to stretch across the foaming waters. Oh, it was really grand! I shall never forget the scene. I stood for nearly four hours gazing at the sight. If you followed the water down with your eye, it looked like a pillar of crystal. The spray gave an additional fringe to this massive column. I obtained this effect by my constant gazing. The water for some distance below the falls looked like boiling milk. And still I gazed at the tumbling mass of waters, but as the hymn says, "still there's more to follow," and I left the scene, and suppose the waters are rolling down yet. I obtained a ferry-boat, and crossed the river below the falls—here I had the best view of all; I could look up at the water and see all three falls at once. There was a strong wind on and I was drenched by the falling spray, but the sun quickly dried my clothing.

ACROSS THE WESTERN STATES.

At Chicago we waited three hours. Mr. Moody was away, so I did not see him. I went to his tabernacle, but it was closed, and I hurried back to my train. On we sped at 30 miles per hour. The waters of Lake Michigan for some distance were on our right, and before evening we crossed the dirty waters of the Mississippi and the Missouri Rivers. Indian Corn was growing in large fields on each side of us. Millions of acres are grown in the States.

Tuesday, July 3rd.—Reached Omaha, 1,500 miles from New York. I was astonished to find the men very tall. The climate is healthy, and they live in the open air. I suppose this is the reason. Numbers of them are quite six feet in height, some taller. Another thing is, everybody here respects England and Englishmen. All the passengers were very kind—of course they as a nation stood first, and England second. If you tell them they look and talk like Englishmen, you flatter them very much. They wanted me to pay 30 dollars at Omaha for excess of luggage. I told the station-master I was a missionary, and he kindly reduced it to 15 dollars, *i.e.*, £3. (See picture on next page.)

July 4th.—Anniversary of American Independence. Fireworks and bonfires were displayed at all the stations, and the engines of the trains were gaily decorated with stars and stripes. I saw my first Red-skins to-day. A number of them were filed up as we passed by. There seemed written over their foreheads the words—"Nobody cares." I thought I loved them as I looked at them—I felt they were peculiarly mine, and I would gladly have spoken to them. I afterwards met numbers of them at the stations—they came to beg, and the squaws show their papouses, *i.e.*, infants, to the ladies for money.

We now passed through large prairies. In all directions the ground was as level as a table; not a bush was to be seen anywhere. The sun went down just as I had seen it set on the calm ocean. Thousands of horned cattle were here grazing; I think I saw as many as 50,000 in one herd. Men on horseback, with long whips, were encircling them. Droves of horses almost as large were also being driven to the Eastern States.

On the 6th and 7th July, when passing through the Rocky Mountains and the Sierra Nevada Mountains of California, the scenery was beyond description. Snow-capped mountains were above us—verdant valleys and pleasant rivers below us—at one time I could gaze into a valley 1,700 feet beneath me, and at another at red granite rocks 2,000 feet above, so that my neck ached with looking upwards.

(From San Francisco Mr. Hall went by steamer to Victoria, Vancouver's Island, and thence by another steamer to the Skeena River.)

CANOE VOYAGE TO METLAKAHTLA.

I landed at the mouth of the Skeena River early on Monday morning, August 6th. The Indians were expecting me, and soon had a large



THE JOURNEY TO METLAKAHTLA: OMAHA RAILWAY STATION.

cance, pretty and clean, to carry me to Metlakahla about 12 miles up the coast. Five young men paddled; but since I had learnt to manage a paddle, we together made six. I could tell they were proud to have such a passenger—the men that they passed on the way were told who I was, and immediately all their hats were respectfully taken off.

My companions at my request sang first in Tsimshian, "There is a happy land"; and secondly, in English, "Whosoever will may come." In the latter I was able to join them. The singing of these hymns quite refreshed me. I saw that this is the fruit which God would give me if I was faithful to my work; these are the happy results which follow the leaving of one's country for Christ and His Gospel. The men sang so earnestly, that I felt they realised what they were singing. Three of them lived with Mr. Duncan.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF METLAKAHTLA.

What of the work here? It is marvellous. No "Stranger than Fiction," or any book, I imagine, can adequately set before the world a faithful representation of what Christ has done here.

We have three services on Sunday at eleven A.M., three P.M., and seven P.M.; also on Wednesday evening at seven P.M. David is my interpreter. I write my addresses in short sentences. David sees them before the service, and gives the people my thoughts very correctly. Many of them know English, and so hear my message twice—of course it would be better if I had Mr. Duncan's tongue; but still God has blessed me through my interpreter. The first Sunday I was here, after all the services were over, a man knocked at my door and said the people wanted more "bread." We rang the bell, and 200 people came in quickly. Again, last night, a young man wanted to speak to me alone; to my joy, he told me that himself and two others wanted salvation; he said they were just going to meet in prayer, and would I pray for them? To-day I called at the young man's house, and the three young men were sitting at a table with open Bibles meditating upon the promise, Matt. xxi. 22. Remember, I took them by surprise. All three of them, Mrs. Schutt tells me, have given Mr. Duncan some trouble in the village.

Every evening I have a meeting at seven P.M. Monday and Thursday I read "Peep of Day" with several young men. Tuesday: Catechumens. Wednesday: Service. Friday: Bible Class. Saturday: Sunday-school Teachers. Yes; we don't play at missionary work out here—all is real, and the people know what the Gospel is, and nothing else will suit them. I am sure many of you would like to stand in my shoes on Sundays. It is a thrilling sight to see a crowded church of sable faces gazing at you with real, piercing Indian eyes. All listen, little boys listen; all sing, even the old women, if the hymn is Tsimshian. We have two hymns or chants at each service, one Tsimshian and one English.

BISHOP CROWTHER: HIS LIFE AND WORK.

I.—THE SLAVE-BOY.



FTEN as the story of Samuel Crowther has been told at missionary meetings, there must be many thousands of the readers of the GLEANER who have but very vague ideas respecting it. This story it is now our purpose to relate. Its interest lies not only in its describing the career of a remarkable man—not only in the true

marvellous chain of providential circumstances by which the little Egbo slave has become an honoured Missionary Bishop—but still more in the fact that in the history of Samuel Crowther's life is wrapped up the history of the three Missions of the Church Missionary Society in Western Africa—Sierra Leone, Yoruba, and the Niger. We cannot better describe the origin and progress of these three missions than by simply passing in review the life and work of the man who has, in the course of fifty-six years, been so closely connected with all three.

When King George III. died in 1820, there existed in the Yoruba country, about 100 miles inland from what is now the port of Lagos, a town called Oshogun, inhabited by the Egbo tribe. This town is now to be found on the map; but it was some twenty miles from Isehin, which is marked in the map given in the GLEANER of July last. In many others, it was swept away by the wars which at that time desolated the land. Early in 1821, the warriors of Eyo, a large Foulah town still further inland, who were Mohammedans and men-stealers, attacked Oshogun, utterly destroyed it, and carried the inhabitants into slavery. Among the captives were the wife of an Egbo who (it is supposed) fought in defence of his home, and their three children, a boy of eleven years and two younger girls. That boy, Adjai, was the future Bishop of the Niger.

Bound together by cords about their necks, the miserable captives were driven the twenty miles to Isehin, passing on the way the smoking ruins of once flourishing towns and villages. There the spoil was divided, and there little Adjai and his mother and sisters had to bear those pangs of separation which so embitter the sufferings of slavery. The mother and the baby were allotted to the warriors who had captured them; the boy and his other sister fell to the share of the principal chief. The same day Adjai was bartered away by the chief for a horse, but after two months, the horse not suiting, he was again exchanged, and taken to a place called Dadda, where he found his mother and infant sister, and was able at times to see them. For three months he was fairly happy even in his bondage; but then he was sent off in chains to the slave-market of Ijaye to be sold.

During the next few months Adjai was the property in succession of four masters, being bartered generally for tobacco and rum. One dreadful fear haunted him through all these changes, and that was that he would be sold to the "white men"—the Portuguese slave-dealers then on the coast. To avoid this, he at one time purposed to throw himself into the river; and on several occasions he tried to strangle himself with his belt. But an all-seeing Eye was watching over him, and an almighty Hand protecting him; and the very thing he so much dreaded was ordained to be the means of opening out to him a career of liberty and usefulness far beyond his wildest imaginations.

His fourth master brought him to Eko (now Lagos), and sold him to one of the Portuguese who resorted thither for slaves. In trembling terror did the Negro boy feel for the first time the touch of a white hand; but he soon had to feel something worse than that. Iron fetters were fastened on the necks of the slaves, and a long chain passed through them, securing a whole gang together. For four weary months were the poor creatures thus confined in a stifling barracoon or slave-shed; but the chain not being long enough when some more men were brought in, the boys were released and, to their great relief, corded together by themselves. Others were chained in the way represented in the accompanying picture. One night Adjai and his fellow slaves were taken out, conveyed on board a slave-ship, and stowed in the hold.

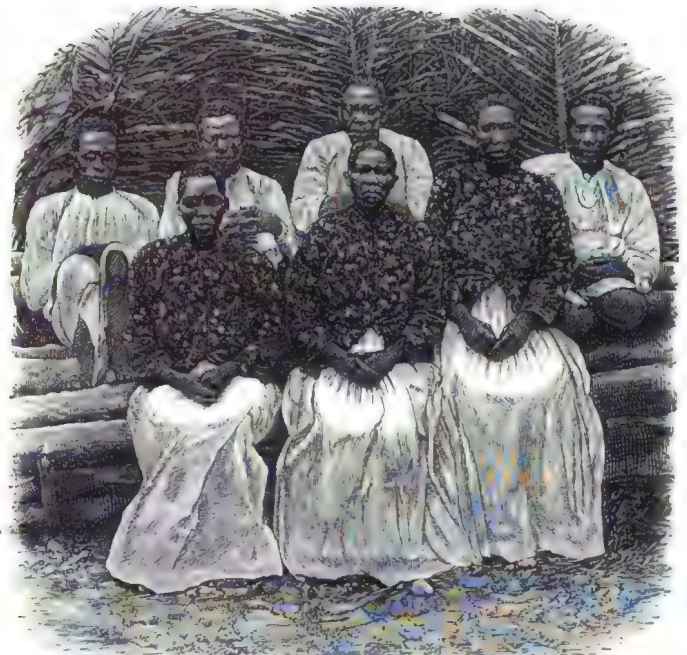
A cargo of 187 miserable victims of this shocking system was soon on its way to cross the Atlantic to Cuba or Brazil. But deliverance was at hand. The British squadron, which had not long before been commissioned to cruise off the coast and intercept the slavers, and which, after forty years' vigorous effort, succeeded in putting an end to the sea-going traffic from West Africa altogether, had to be passed; and on the next day after leaving Lagos the ship that bore little Adjai away was captured by one of the men-of-war, H.M.S. *Myrmidon*. A young officer who took part in that rescue is still alive, and residing in Devonshire; and his son is Lieutenant Shergold Smith, the leader of the Nyanza Mission! Sometimes we are permitted to see the links that make up the wondrous chain of God's providential dealings. Have we ever seen one more touchingly significant than this? The father is engaged in suppressing the slave-trade on one coast of Africa, and helps to deliver a little boy who becomes the great pioneer missionary of that side of the continent; the son is the first messenger of the cross to penetrate Africa from the other side, on a mission, too, which must, if God prosper it, do much to counteract the slave-trade that still desolates that eastern coast.



SLAVE CONFINED IN A BARRACoon.

The story of Adjai's fright on board the *Myrmidon* is a familiar one. He saw, as he thought, to his horror, the flesh of some of his fellow-slaves whom he missed hanging up in pieces to dry, and their heads lying in order on the deck. They were joints of pork and cannon-balls!

On June 17th, 1822, the rescued Egba boy and his companions were landed at Sierra Leone.



GODOMA CHRISTIANS BAPTIZED AUGUST 22, 1875.

(Photographed by the Rev. W. S. Price.)

THE CHRISTIANS OF GODOMA.



Mr. Price observed in the *GLEANER* of November last (p. 130), our East African Mission is not confined to the Freed Slave Settlement at Frere Town. The original design of Krapf and Rebmann, thirty years ago, was to make Mombasa merely the head-quarters of extended evangelistic work among the Wanika and other neighbouring tribes; and it was in order to be in the midst of them that the station of Kisulutini, at Rabbai, fifteen miles from the coast, was established. The visible fruits of Rebmann's lengthened ministry there were but small; but one interesting result has been the planting of a little Wanika Church of living souls at Giriama, in the heart of the country.

The story is a singular one, and illustrates very remarkably the inscrutable providence and sovereign grace of God. Some years ago, a Native servant of Mr. Rebmann's, named Abe Ngoa, who had embraced the Gospel, in a moment of irritation severely wounded his wife, and caused her death. Filled with remorse, he left Kisulutini, and retired to a hut in the forest near his native place, Godoma, a small village in the district of Giriama, and dwelt there alone. One day he met a man who was gathering wood, and spoke to him of the God he had learned to know and serve. This man brought another, and the two persuaded Abe Ngoa to go and live with them and be their teacher. He had nothing but the Gospel of St. Luke in the Wanika language (which Rebmann had taught him to read), and his recollections of his old master's instructions; but the two men, and nine others, soon gave up their superstitious charms and fetishes, and "joined the Book." Some years passed away, and in 1874 Godoma was visited by Mr. Chancellor, who was then in East Africa. He found the little company leading Christian lives as far as their light went, and most anxious for

THE CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.

FEBRUARY, 1878.

VINEYARD WORK.

Thoughts for those Engaged in Christ's Service.

BY THE REV. G. EVERARD, *Vicar of St. Mark's, Wolverhampton.*

II.—PREPARATION FOR SERVICE.

"Then said I, Here am I; send me."—*Isa. vi. 8.*



HENCE comes this hearty response to the Lord's appeal, "Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?" It is the fruit of pardoning mercy. The prophet has seen a vision of the Lord sitting on His throne. He has heard the cry of the Seraphim, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Hosts." In the Lord's presence he has seen his own exceeding vileness, "Woe is me, for I am undone, because I am a man of unclean lips." But he has learnt more. He has found the comfort of full forgiveness; the atoning sacrifice has been applied; sin has been put away; the live coal has touched his lips; a message from the King has assured him of acceptance—"Thine iniquity is taken away, and thy sin is purged." Then comes the glad and willing self-consecration, "Behold me!" (as in the margin). "Look upon me as Thine. I am ready to do Thy bidding, to run Thine errands, and go whithersoever Thou shalt send me."

If I would be a true worker in the vineyard, I must remember to cherish continually the sense of present and complete forgiveness in Christ. When I have heard the word of peace, "Son, be of good cheer, thy sins be forgiven thee," then only can I fulfil the word of command, "Son, go work to-day in My vineyard."

Imagine the younger son on the morning after the welcome, and the kiss, and the feast. It may be the Father calls him to work in the field. How joyfully would he do his utmost, that he might give some token of his gratitude!


Even so must I do my Father's will as a pardoned, reconciled child. Not with a doubting, burdened spirit, but rejoicing in everlasting redemption in Christ, must I do my appointed work. The joy of the Lord must be my strength. The new song must be in my lips. His free love must be as melody in my heart.

Through the Spirit's grace I would ever be ready to confess the spot and the stain upon the garment, but I must bring it at once to the cross of Christ in humble faith. I must abide ever more beneath the shelter of His atoning sacrifice. Thus shall I ever go forth to my work in the spirit of thankfulness and praise. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, who forgiveth all thine iniquities, and healeth all thy diseases."

THE TRIDENT, THE CRESCENT, AND THE CROSS.

Gleanings from Vaughan's Religious History of India.

II.—EARLY HINDUISM.

"T the very time," remarks Mr. Vaughan, "that King David was composing the 8th Psalm, 'When I consider Thy heavens the work of Thy hands,' &c., and the 19th Psalm, 'The heavens declare the glory of God,' &c., thousands of Hindu sages, gazing on the same firmament, were pouring forth devout strains in adoration of the deity which they saw therein." The Psalmist, divinely taught, rose in thought from the heavens to Him who created them. The Vedic poet, with his unaided human intellect, could only deify the sky itself. Probably *Dyans*, heaven, was the earliest object of worship among the original Hindus. Then came *Aditi*, space, and then *Mitra* and *Varuna*, representing the sky by day and the sky by night.

The beauty and mysteriousness of the starry heavens caused Varuna to receive the most fervent worship, as we see from some fine passages in the Atharva-Veda (the latest of those sacred books). Here is one, which reminds us of another Psalm—the 189th:—*

The mighty Varuna, who rules above, looks down
Upon these worlds, his kingdom, as if close at hand.
When men imagine they do aught by stealth, he knows it.
No one can stand, or walk, or softly glide along,
Or hide in dark recess, or lurk in secret cell,
But Varuna detects him and his movement spies.

Whoe'er should flee
Far, far beyond the sky, would not escape the grasp
Of Varuna the King.

One cannot but sadly admire such poetry; but how different are Addison's familiar lines:—

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

* * * * *
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing, as they shine,
"The Hand that made us is Divine!"

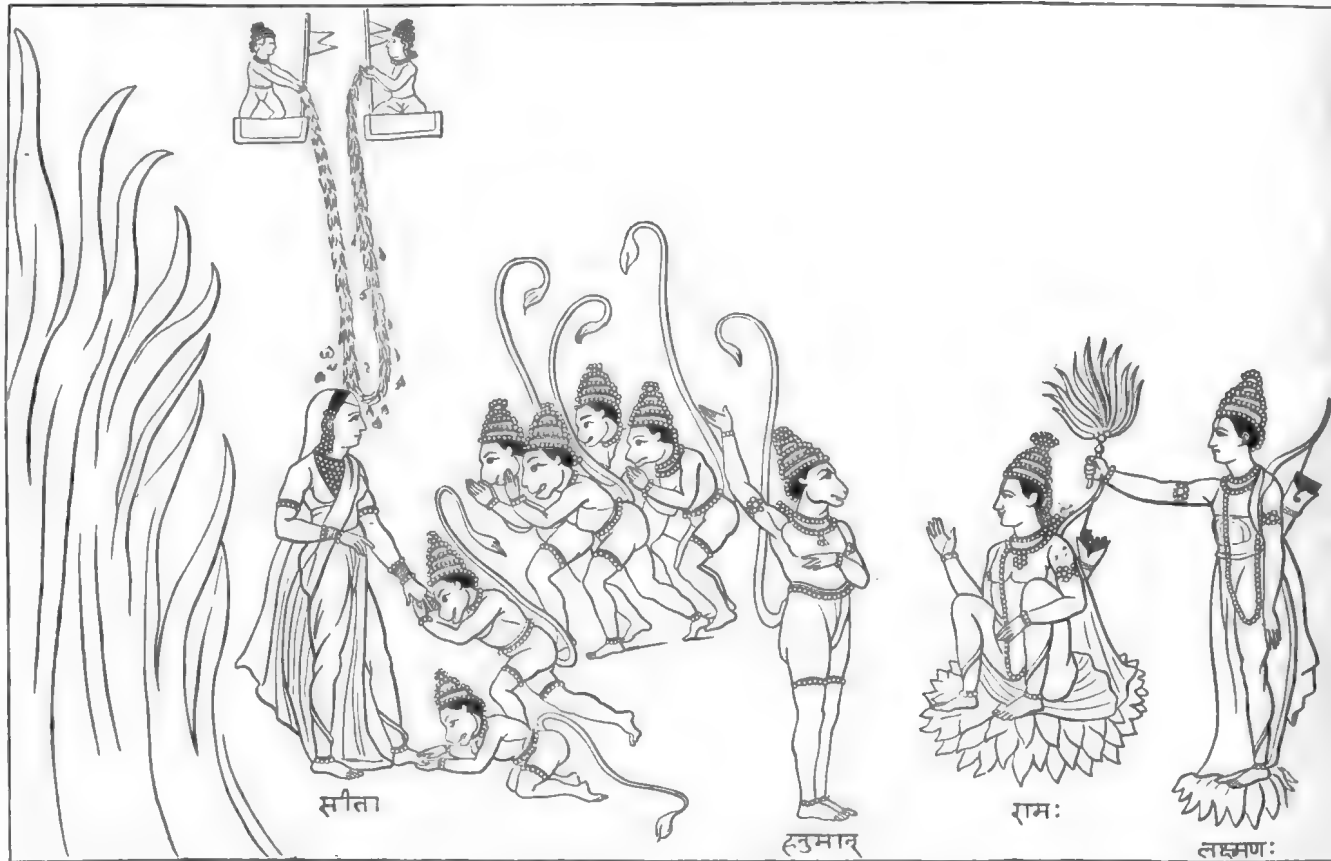
Varuna's reign, however, did not last. The worship of gods many and lords many having begun, their numbers constantly multiplied. The wind, the fire of heaven (sun and lightning), the rain and dew, must each become a god; and these ideas once afloat, the people naturally paid most attention to the deities whose forces were supposed to injure or to help the worshipper. We know from the sad experience of the recent famine that the prosperity—the very life—of India depends upon the rainfall, and that a serious drought means thousands of deaths by starvation. It has always been so; and, therefore, it was natural that the prayers and hymns of the early Hindus should be addressed most of all to Indra, the god of rain. Sometimes for days and weeks millions of longing eyes are watching every motion of the heavy clouds, which continually seem about to fall, and yet do not fall. The early Hindus conceived that hostile demons were hindering the beneficent downpour, and the Vedas describe Indra's victory over them in lines which, says Mr. Vaughan, most vividly describe the storm when at length it bursts upon the thirsty plains:—

Vainly the demons dare thy might; in vain
Strive to deprive us of thy watery treasures.
Earth quakes beneath the crashing of thy bolts.
Pierced, shattered, lies the foe—his cities crushed,
His armies overthrown, his fortresses
Shivered to fragments; then the pent-up waters,
Released from long imprisonment, descend
In torrents to the earth; and swollen rivers,
Foaming and rolling to their ocean home,
Proclaim the triumph of the Thunderer.

Another important deity was Yama, the god of death. He was said to have been the first man who died, and after death to have become ruler of the world of spirits, to which he welcomed the righteous from among men. "Let him," says the Vedas, "who desires heaven offer sacrifice," and it is remarkable that, among so gentle a race as the early Hindus evidently were, even human sacrifices seem to have prevailed.

But the Hindus were not only a religious people, but also great philosophers. It would not be possible to explain their

* These extracts are from the translations in Professor Monier Williams's *Indian Wisdom*. It must not be supposed, however, that such picked extracts are a fair sample of the Vedas as a whole. Professor Monier Williams himself says that they "abound more in puerile ideas than in striking thoughts and lofty conceptions" (*Hinduism*, p. 31).



HANUMAN ANNOUNCING TO RAMA HIS WIFE SITA'S HONOURABLE ACQUITTAL FROM THE FIERY ORDEAL.

(From a Hindu Picture.)

speculations intelligibly here, nor is it at all necessary. One, however, may be mentioned for the sake of a story Mr. Vaughan tells in connection with it. There was an idea that, after all, nothing in this world is real; that we are not living beings, but only fancy ourselves to be so. This particularly pleasant doctrine still prevails widely in India, and, indeed, is by no means unknown among "thinkers" even in civilised Europe. Mr. Vaughan says that he has frequently been interrupted when preaching in the bazaar by some clever pundit (learned teacher) calling out, "But, Sahib, don't you know it's all *maya* (illusion)? The dreamer feels all to be real that passes through his mind in his sleep, but we know it is all illusion; and so it is with us." How shall such a remark be answered? A missionary brother, says Mr. Vaughan, listened quietly, and made no reply, but suddenly snatched the pundit's umbrella out of his hand and walked off with it. The indignant pundit pursued him. "But it's all *maya*," pleaded the missionary, "both the umbrella and my seizing it." The pundit, however, insisted that the abduction was real; and the amused crowd saw at once the absurdity of his doctrine of *maya*.

Although some of the old philosophy has lasted through the three thousand years, it is not so with the family and social customs of the early Hindus. Very different is the picture presented of them in the Vedas from what may now be seen in India. What *caste* is now we shall see in a future chapter; in primitive times there was no such thing. The contrast is also very striking with regard to the *position of women*. A Hindu gentleman who has been converted to Christianity thus describes what it is now:—"The daughters of India are unwelcomed at their birth, untaught in childhood, enslaved when married, accursed as widows." Mr.

Vaughan draws a beautiful picture of what it was then. There were no infant marriages, no strict rules of seclusion, no polygamy, no *suttee* (burning of the living wife with the dead husband), no prohibition of the marriage of widows. "Hindu wives," he observes, "are depicted as models of domestic purity and simplicity." The heroines of the great poems, Sita, Draupadi, Damayanti, "as women and wives, are painted in almost perfect colours. Indeed," he adds, "we know of no other picture anywhere of surpassing excellence, except it be that of the virtuous wife in the Book of Proverbs." One of the poems, the *Mahabharat*, thus describes a wife:—

A wife is half the man, his truest friend;—
A loving wife is a perpetual spring
Of virtue, pleasure, wealth; a faithful wife
Is his best aid in seeking heavenly bliss;
A sweetly-speaking wife is a companion
In solitude, a father in advice,
A mother in all seasons of distress,
A rest in passing through life's wilderness.

From those comparatively virtuous and happy times there has been a terrible falling away, as we shall see in future chapters, and it is the Gospel only that can bring back to India the "time of the restitution of all things," and a blessedness never dreamed of even in its best days.

NOTE.—The above engraving is from a Hindu picture representing a scene in the classic epic poem called the *Ramayana*, of which Sita, one of the female heroines alluded to by Mr. Vaughan, is the chief female character. After Sita is rescued by her husband Rama from the clutches of Ravana, she has to go through an ordeal by fire to prove her unsullied virtue; and the picture represents her emerging unhurt from the flames. The result is announced to Rama by his faithful ally Hanuman, the monkey-god, whose followers are seen welcoming the triumphant queen.

ARCHDEACON ABRAHAM COWLEY.



OWARDS the close of the year 1840, the C.M.S. Committee received a most touching appeal from a faithful missionary who had laboured for fifteen years among the Red Indians, the Rev. W. Cockran.

His health had so broken down that he besought leave to retire. "Let pity," he wrote to the Society, "touch your bosom, and relieve one who is reluctantly driven from the field by infirmity."

Help was speedily sent to him, but in the meanwhile his strength and spirits had revived; he continued at his post. When Rupert's Land was made a diocese he was appointed by Bishop Anderson Archdeacon of Assiniboine; and on Oct. 1st, 1865, he at length entered into rest, after a finished course of forty years without once returning home.

The missionary who was hurried out to relieve Mr. Cockran was a young student at the Islington College, Abraham Cowley. Railways and steamers have brought Rupert's Land very near to us now, and as we write these lines letters have come in dated only three weeks back. But in those days it was no easy task to get there at all. Mr. and Mrs. Cowley sailed Jan. 5th, 1841, for Canada, hoping to accompany the Bishop of Montreal, who was intending to visit Red River by way of Lake Superior and the uninhabited country beyond, a distance altogether of 2,000 miles. But this plan fell through; no opportunity offered for going on; and Mr. and Mrs. Cowley had actually to return to England to get a passage in the annual ship to Hudson's Bay, whence, landing at York, a canoe voyage of 800 miles would take them to their destination, which they ultimately reached on Sept. 28th, 1841. During his short stay in Canada, Mr. Cowley was ordained by the Bishop of Montreal, having left England before his ordination could take place in the regular way.

In 1841 there were three missionaries in the whole of the vast territories, more than 2,000 miles square, now covered by the Society's North-West America Mission, viz., Mr. Cockran, Mr. Smithurst, and Mr. Cowley. There are now twenty-four clergymen connected with the C.M.S. alone, of whom four are Indians, and several others country-born. There were then but a few hundred Native attendants on public worship; there are now probably 10,000. The three missionaries in 1841 were all at Red River, then a backwoods settlement, now the centre of the prosperous province of Manitoba. The first attempt at extending the work had just been made, by sending the Native schoolmaster, Henry Budd, 500 miles into the forests, to start a

new station at Cumberland (see GLEANER, Oct., 1875). The second was made by Mr. Cowley, shortly after his arrival. In the summer of 1842 he began a mission to the Saulteaux or Soto Indians, on the banks of Lake Manitoba, some 200 miles north-west of Red River.

For many years Mr. and Mrs. Cowley toiled unceasingly for the temporal and spiritual benefit of the Indians, but with very little success. The Saulteaux have always proved a peculiarly hard-hearted and superstitious race, and again and again Mr. Cowley's reports were full only (as he himself expressed it) of "lamentation, and mourning, and woe." In the spring of 1851 Bishop Anderson visited the station, and had the privilege of baptizing the first convert, Luke Caldwell, who afterwards became a teacher, was ordained in 1871, and died two years ago. On this occasion the bishop re-christened the station, calling it Fairford, after Mr. Cowley's native village in Gloucestershire.

"When we think of Manitoba," he wrote, "we may remember that it was the Indian's name for the narrow pass over the lake, which he imagined to be haunted by an evil spirit, and called it, therefore, *Manito-ba*. When we name *Fair-ford*, may we think of that brighter passage to a better land, made known by Him who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life!"

When Mr. Cowley removed from Fairford, in 1854, he left there 120 Native Christians. His next charge was the Indian settlement at Red River, which had been founded by Mr. Cockran twenty-two years before. Here he laboured for thirteen years (broken only by one visit to England) among the large congregation of civilised and Christianised Indians, Saulteaux and Crees, who had settled down to the quiet pursuits of agricultural life. In 1867 he handed over the charge of it to a Native pastor, the Rev. Henry Cochrane; and Fairford also, after being worked for some years by an English missionary, Mr. Stagg, was

given to two Native clergymen in succession, the Rev. J. Settee and the Rev. G. Bruce, the latter of whom is still resident there. Thus what is in a sense the crown of missionary work has been achieved at both stations.

In 1867 Mr. Cowley was appointed by Bishop Machray Archdeacon of Cumberland, in succession to the Rev. J. Hunter, who had returned home. He also became Secretary of the whole C.M.S. Mission, and in that capacity he has travelled much during the last few years, visiting station after station, and encouraging the missionaries, pastors, and schoolmasters by his wise and fatherly counsels. His head-quarters are at St. Clement's, Mapleton, one of the now settled parishes on the Red River; where he is assisted by his son, the Rev. A. E. Cowley, the eldest of that goodly band of brothers and sisters



THE VEN. ABRAHAM COWLEY, B.D.,
Archdeacon of Cumberland, Rupert's Land.

which has never been without a representative in the Missionaries' Children's Home, at Highbury, since that Home was opened twenty-four years ago.

Archdeacon Cowley's features will be recognised at once by many of our readers who heard his happy speeches at missionary meetings during his short visit to England in 1876; and those who have never seen them will be glad to have the likeness of a face familiar and beloved by white men and red men alike all over the plains and forests of Rupert's Land. Missionaries like William Cockran and Abraham Cowley are the best gift of God to His Church on earth. They are the men who, while we at home talk about Missions, do the work of Missions; and they are the men, assuredly, whom, in the great day of account and of reward, the King will delight to honour.

LEAVES FROM THE HISTORY OF A MISSIONARY AUXILIARY.

BY MISS E. J. WHATELY.

CHAPTER X.



HE gathering at the Rectory to meet the "missionary lady" was smaller than it would have been a year ago; but on the other hand, several who had very seldom come before were attracted by Miss Thornley's name, and certainly she did not disappoint our expectations.

She was a quiet, unassuming woman, some years past youth, and looking probably older than she was from the effects of a long sojourn and hard work in a tropical climate; but her expressive, animated countenance showed that hers had been a happy work, and that she had thrown herself into it, heart and soul. She possessed the gift of relating simply, graphically, and clearly what she had seen and heard, and of arranging her material so as not to weary or puzzle her hearers. It had been agreed that the meeting was to begin with a little history of her special work, and a description of the places and objects which it concerned. Her narrative enchainned the attention of all, and when she paused—for she had the good sense and tact to know *when* to stop—there was a general request "for more."

Mrs. Weston then proposed that we should ask questions on any point which might need clearing up, and especially on the difficulties attending work to be sold in aid of missions abroad. "Miss Thornley," she said, "may be able to give us just the information we need on that point."

The first part of the proposal was agreed to readily, but there was some little demur at the work question being revived, and little "asides" were heard, of—"Oh, you know it is no use to ask about that"—"We have all seen it can't be done," &c. But Mrs. Weston held her ground, and asked Miss Thornley plainly to tell the ladies her experience as to the sale of work abroad.

Miss Thornley replied most decidedly that she had always found it answer well. She did not know, indeed, how it would be possible to keep up several schools she knew personally, without the regular sales on which they mainly depended.

"Oh, but we found it such a failure! They say it is no use trying now—," was heard from several voices.

"May I ask where the boxes were sent that proved failures?" asked Miss Thornley, in her clear, calm, distinct voice.

Mrs. Weston named the three Indian stations they had taken, promising that the first had succeeded.

"I know the one where Mrs. Black lives," said Miss Thornley, "not personally, but very well by reputation, and all who have been much there agree in saying work will not sell there. It is not Mrs. Black's fault, but the peculiar circumstances of the place;" and she proceeded to give nearly the same reasons I had done before, viz., the scattered European population, the difficulty of mutual communication, &c.

"But what of our second station, which had been so warmly recommended," said Mrs. Weston, "and yet turned out a failure?"

"That is a place I never knew to fail yet," said Miss Thornley; "but I think I can explain the present difficulty. Mrs. W—, the missionary's wife, who generally superintends the sales, has been absent from ill-health, and the lady who undertook the business in her place was unused to the kind of thing and managed it badly. I heard something of the kind from my friends in India, who know the place. Mrs. W. was to return about this time, and I think you will find that she will be able to dispose of whatever has not been spoiled, and that you will soon receive an encouraging letter from her. She is a very practical person. I was helping her at one time, and I know that boxes of work have been her chief support. Your other box, the one sent to N—, sold well, I understand."

"Yes, but it was a great pity we had such scanty details," said Mrs. Lambert; "our workers were quite discouraged."

"I don't understand that," rejoined Miss Thornley, "Mrs. T. is one of those who generally gives most interesting and full accounts of her work and her young scholars, &c."

"Oh, I meant about the sale," said Mrs. Lambert; "the ladies naturally wished to know what their things sold for, and they could get no clue at all."

"I begged particularly," interposed Mrs. Elwood, "in the note I sent that a memorandum might be made of what my things came to."

Rose Harford's amusement at this speech was almost beyond her power of concealment; for she well remembered, as did Mrs. Weston and I, the very unsaleable nature of good Mrs. Elwood's contributions, and felt sure that had it been possible to furnish a memorandum of the price they had fetched, it would hardly have been a very laudatory or cheering one.

Mrs. Lambert resumed, "One friend of mine had sent such a particularly handsome bag; and then Miss Thompson's lovely banner-screens if one could have known what they fetched!"

"I should rather doubt the screens selling at all, unless some one who was going back to Europe took a fancy to them," said Miss Thornley. "But I beg your pardon, Mrs. Lambert, I was going to ask you if you ever took part in a sale of work at home?"

"I had a table for the new hospital at C— last year," said Mrs. Lambert.

"Could you have told exactly, at the end of the day, what each article or even set of articles, sold for, and to whom?"

"Well, I don't know, I never tried; I suppose it would not have been easy, but there was no need for it."

"I should doubt if the strongest need could make it possible, if the sale were conducted on a large scale," said Miss Thornley; "but I should say that in any country it would be as hopeless to follow the history of every article as to tell exactly which of the seeds dropped broadcast into the ground produced the largest ear of corn. Surely it should be enough for the workers to know that the fruit of their labours was generally useful and successful; and *that*, I think, they will always find where the station is well selected and the work good—except in some very peculiar accidental case like the one just mentioned, and I believe you will find that with right itself."

"But it was not only the want of details about work which troubled us," resumed Mrs. Lambert. "Our great disappointment—my friends and mine—has been about the orphans."

"Indeed! I am surprised to hear that. May I ask how?"

"We had adopted several—and they all seem to die, or turn out ill, or something—and then one never has any interesting accounts of them as we naturally expected!"

The entrance of letters interrupted Miss Thornley's answer; and Mrs. Weston seeing that one was from Mrs. Jackson, our correspondent of the Indian orphanage, asked if she might open it at once.

"Oh, pray do," cried several voices, "and tell us all about the orphans!"

The letter began by saying that Mrs. Jackson had availed herself of the continuance of the contribution of the Southbridge Sunday Scholars Union, for the support of another protégée, for whom she had been promised help from another quarter, which had never been sent. She said she could not be thankful enough for the timely aid from Southbridge, as her regular funds were so low she was often embarrassed how to find food for her little flock. "Chunee, the little girl I have chosen," she continued, "is a quiet, obedient, well-disposed child, and I hope will do well. I need not ask our kind friends to remember her in prayer."

"Not a word of little Violetta," was Mrs. Lambert's aside, in a tone of much disappointment.

"Nor of Jessie," added Mrs. Elwood.

Mrs. Weston continued, as soon as silence had been resumed: "Please tell the kind ladies who are supporting the little girls, whom they have named Edith Violetta and Jessie Graham, that both are doing well. Neither of them are very quick in learning, but they are steady and well conducted; and Jessie's health, which had been delicate, is improving."

"And is that all?" inquired both ladies, eagerly.

"All about these two girls. She gives a nice account of the school which seems to be prospering, and she speaks of the timely help she has from a box of work which arrived when her supplies had nearly failed."

"Ah, yes, that is all very well," rejoined Mrs. Lambert; "but still I do think it hard, that when we take the pains to raise the money, the missionary lady can't take the trouble of giving a few more details to those who take so strong an interest in them, about the child they support. The least she could do would be to write a letter from time to time giving an account of the child."

"Yes, indeed," put in another lady; "one letter a year, for instance. How easy it would be!"

"It would be all I should ask," added Mrs. Elwood; "but a letter a year I feel I ought to have, to tell me how my adopted child goes on."

"I think," said Miss Thornley, in her quiet but emphatic tone, "perhaps these ladies don't quite estimate the difficulties."

"What difficulties *can* there be?" cried the irrepressible Mrs. Lambert. "One letter a year—"

"But if a letter is written for *each* adopted child—and one must do it with *all* or *none* in such a case—how many would require to be written by our missionary's wife?" persisted Miss Thornley.

"Oh, I don't know; it would not be much, I suppose."

"The lady I was helping for several years at—," resumed our friend, "had about five-and-thirty orphans maintained by different friends at home or by associations of workers, and many I know have twice that number. Now, suppose there were but two dozen; even then the lady must, on your plan, write two letters a month about the children; and that is no trifle."

"Well, I should have said that even three or four in a month was not much to complain of," said Mrs. Elwood.

"Not to those who are leading quiet, easy home lives; but if you could see one day of mission life abroad, as I have seen and shared it for years, you would understand that every fresh letter is a heavy burden."

"I wish you would give us a sketch of the day of a missionary lady," said Rose.

"Willingly," replied Miss Thornley.

But her account must begin another chapter.

(To be continued.)

SKETCHES OF THE PUNJAB MISSION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MORAVIAN LIFE IN THE BLACK FOREST," &c.

II.—The Field of Labour.



BEFORE proceeding with the history of the Mission, let us turn aside for a moment to take a glance at the Punjab itself.

The Punjab takes its name from a compound word signifying "five rivers"—*Panch*, "five," and *ab*, "water" or "river." These rivers are all branches of the Indus, and their names are the Sutlej, the Beas, the Ravi, the Chenab, and the Jhelum. With one exception they are only partially navigable. In the winter and spring the water is very shallow, but in the summer, when the snow begins to melt on the mountains, it also begins to increase, until at last, in the rainy season, when not only for days, but for whole weeks together, the clouds empty themselves in torrents, the rivers swell so immensely and so suddenly that people who are wading through the usual low tide of water, and who are only twelve or fourteen feet from the shore, cannot reach it again, as the flood comes rushing up, carrying before it whatever may come in its way, and raising the water mark from two or three to ten and twelve feet. Even the most expert swimmer has then no hope of escape. No rainy season passes in which men do not lose their lives in this manner. Ordinary bridges become entirely useless, and communication can only be carried on in one of two ways—if in the plains, by means of large boats, and if in the mountains, by ferrying over on air-tight ox-hides.

In the mountains the eye is delighted everywhere with lovely flowers, growing wherever the earth is deep enough for their roots. Many of them are familiar home friends, as, for instance, primroses, violets, forget-me-nots, and many other of our field flowers, intermixed with others less known to the European. Further south, in the district of Multan, between the Sutlej and the Chenab, where rain hardly ever falls, the valley is converted by means of canals into a succession of beautiful gardens, shaded by date-palms. There is a burning sun above, and canals flowing below. During the winter the water of the rivers is not sufficiently high to enter the canals, some of which are artificially excavated, while others are merely channels abandoned by the streams; but as the rivers rise in the spring, from the melting of Himalayan snows, the water gradually enters the channels, which obtain their maximum volume in summer; so that when water is most needed, from April to October, when the sky is brass and the earth iron, the inundation canals produce luxuriant crops. The corn, before yielding its grain, is twice mown down

as fodder for cattle; then it ears, and produces abundant harvests; while mangoes, oranges, and pomegranates grow in profusion.

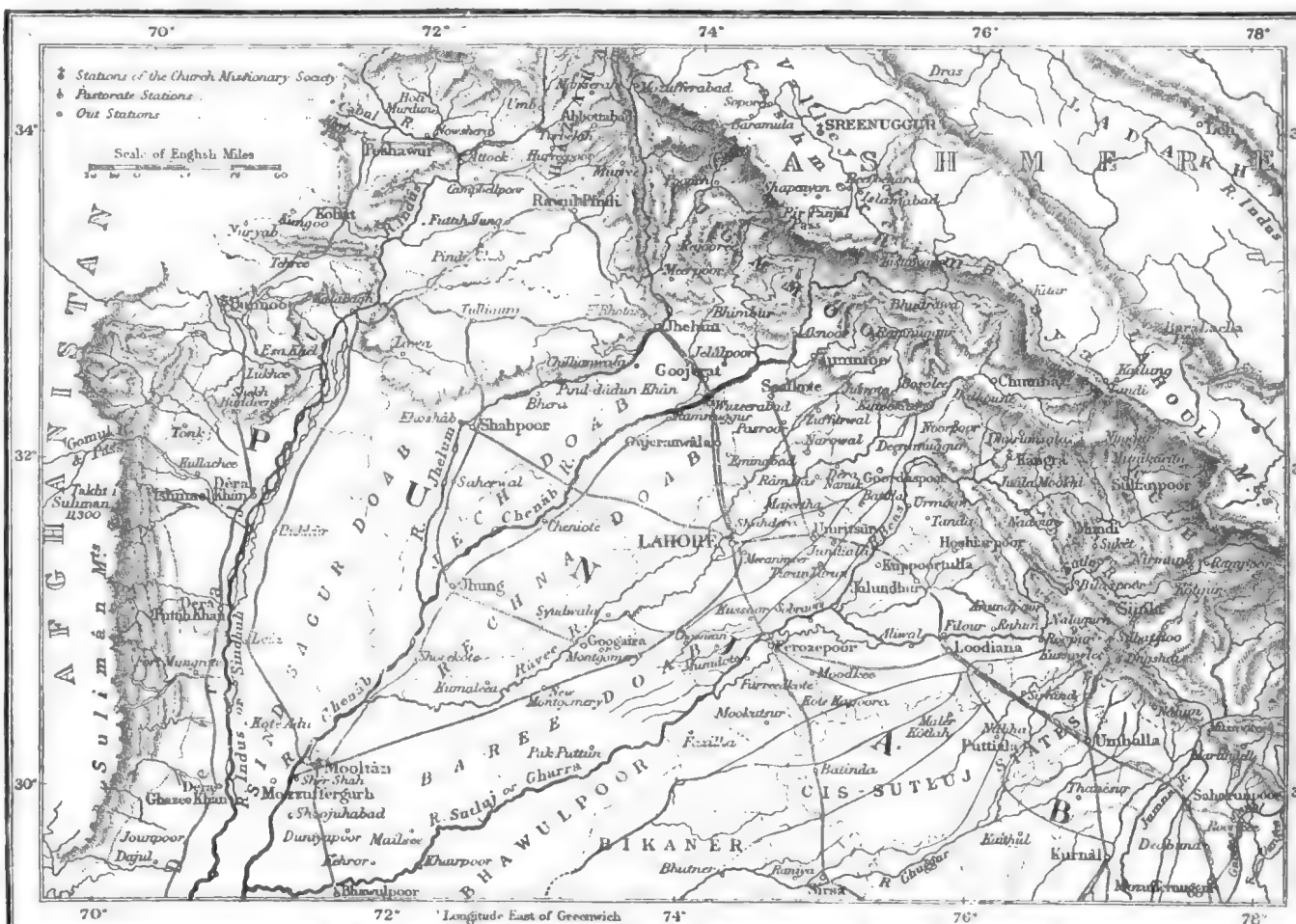
The climate in the plains of the Punjab is very different from that of the hills, and were it not that there is a cool dry season from October to March, no European constitution could well endure it. The most unhealthy time of the year is that which immediately follows the rainy season. Vegetables then decay, and cause much miasma under the heat of the autumn sun, which still makes itself felt with considerable power. The consequences are fever, dysentery, and too often cholera. The powerful and unpleasant influence of the excessive moisture towards the end of the rainy season can scarcely be imagined. The heavy, hot, damp, clinging atmosphere depresses one entirely, and causes besides much damage to all goods and chattels. On the other hand, the first rains which come to break the trying monotony of the hot season are truly refreshing and delightful. Even one violent downpour, which has flooded the country for a day, or perhaps only for a few hours, changes the aspect of everything, and one feels as if inspired with new life. One drives out to inhale (to eat, as the natives say) the freshened air, and behold! the parched-up plain has been transformed as if by magic into a verdant meadow-land, enamelled with flowers and dotted with bright lakelets interlaced with serpentine streams. One thinks of the twenty-third Psalm. Flocks of sheep and goats are scattered over the green pastures; beside the still waters herds of cattle feed; wild birds hover over the pools, and buffaloes wade and wallow in sleepy enjoyment in the ditches. Everywhere there is life, and one seems to see the vegetation grow. But the early rains cease, and the heat sets in again and becomes more terrible than ever.

To get any fresh air at this season one must go out soon after daybreak, for immediately after sunrise the heat makes it dangerous for any European to be out of doors. The houses are then shut up and darkened with padded curtains until evening, when again a little fresh air is sought, but, alas! too often a dry, fiery wind is blowing from the hot sandy plains of the Indus, and refreshment is sought in vain.

In the cold season a variety of useful vegetables thrive, both native and European; amongst the latter, turnips, carrots, and potatoes, side by side with orange, citron, and pomegranate trees, and other beautiful exotics. Wheat and barley are sown in October and November, and reaped in March and April. Pulse and maize are sown immediately after the wheat harvest, as they will only thrive in the rainy season. The large fields of broad-leaved, feathery maize, whether in flower or ear, are a very pleasant sight in the Punjab plains; so are the vast tracts of crimson buckwheat in the mountains. The rice-grounds in their bright garb of early green or later gold are ever lovely; so are the cotton plantations, with their rich-hued, cup-shaped blossoms, and seed-pods bursting with the wealth of snowy down. In many parts sugar-cane is grown, also indigo and flax, whilst hemp is found wild in the mountains.

To the botanist and geologist the mountains of the Punjab afford a wide field for investigation.

The Himalayas are rich, too, in all sorts of lovely birds, with beautiful plumage, but very little song. Peacocks are found in large numbers, and the eagle, vulture, and falcon live there unmolested. Although the forests of the Punjab are in the present day so comparatively few as to cause a great scarcity of wood, they are yet sufficient, at least in the mountains, and harbour many wild animals, especially wild boars and wolves, the brown and black bear, and the leopard. The latter prowls in the neighbourhood of flocks and herds, but a couple of the large bear-like sheep dogs are a match for him. The leopard is also found in the plains of the Punjab, as well as the hyena, in considerable numbers. It is calculated that at least a hundred native children fall a sacrifice to this terrible beast in the course



MAP OF THE PUNJAB.

of each year. In the heat of May or June the poor Hindu mother sleeps outside her hut for the sake of coolness, or on the low flat roof, with her little child in her arms. When she is wrapped in a deep sleep the cunning hyena slinks by, snatches the babe from her arms, and disappears in a moment before any one is aware of what has happened. The shrill unearthly cry of the jackal may often be heard around the house, and the traveller is haunted by it as he journeys through the night.

Several poisonous snakes are found in the mountains of the Punjab, amongst them the dangerous cobra di capella, the bite of which will kill in a quarter of an hour, unless suitable antidotes can be immediately used. Europeans are not often bitten, but natives, who are less cautious, and who often go about barefoot, are continually the victims of snake-bites.

The towns of the Punjab are by no means inconsiderable. The principal of them are Lahore,



AN OLD SIKH.

Amritsar, Peshawur, Multan, Delhi.

Lahore is the political capital. It is situated on the Ravi, and is fortified. Here is to be seen a splendid marble monument upon which repose the ashes of Ranjit Singh, the most celebrated of the rulers of the Sikhs. (See picture in our last number.)

Amritsar is the chief commercial town, and also the centre of the Sikh religion. The merchants from Calcutta bring hither cotton goods from Manchester; the Afghans bring woollen stuffs, horses, dried fruit, and grain packed singly in cotton wool. From Thibet come borax and pushm, the fine downy hair for the coat of the pushm goat. The coarser part is made into a sort of felt, whilst the down is woven into Cashmere shawls. The largest firms of Paris and London have their agents in Amritsar. But here, too, of far more importance, is the great temple of the Sikhs, a splendid building of marble surmounted by a



MOUNTAINEER PORTERS IN THE PUNJAB.

Redeemer, Jesus Christ; and if the consequence of the present war could bring religious liberty, then these schools would be the best means to preach the Gospel to the Moslems of those villages.

I have conversed during this year with many Mohammedans about the truthfulness of our religion, and they showed great wonder when they heard some of our strong arguments, especially those of redemption. I believe, if they had freedom, they would profess Christianity.

THE BUILDING OF THE CITY.

(See NEHEMIAH III.)



N troublous times, in sight of taunting foes,
By slow degrees the city walls arose;
With willing heart, in wisely planned array,
The builders wrought, and prospered day by day.

The names, the labours, of that faithful band,
In fullest detail, all recorded stand;
The rich, the poor, the weak, the strong, are there;
The daughters' hands the father's burden share.

Type of a nobler city yet to be,
The praise of all who shall its glories see;
Built up of "lively stones," polished and fair,
Earth's richest treasures shall be gathered there.

So doth it grow, the work of many hands,
In spite of scornful speech and hostile bands,
Although "the walls be large," and many a sun
Shall rise and set before the task is done.

Legions of eager angels could with ease
Swiftly complete it, did their Master please;
But, for some reason which we may not know,
The work is given to man—man, fallen, feeble, slow!

Rise, idler! rise, and be one labourer more—
Pass in—there standeth many an open door;
For thine own sake arise, and thou shalt feel
The work will stimulate thy languid zeal.

True labour wakens love. Our interest grows
In that for which we toil; plant thou a rose,
And tend and water it—its flowers shall be
The sweetest in gay summer's wreath to thee.

Oh, wondrous thought! God did but speak at first,
And lo! Creation into being burst;
And yet HE deigns to use the help of man,
To consummate Salvation's glorious plan.

Q.

BISHOP CROWTHER: HIS LIFE AND WORK.

II.—THE CITY OF REFUGE.

AT Sierra Leone, as we have said, H.M.S. *Myrmidon* landed little Adjai and the other slaves rescued with him. Why there? Before pursuing the slave-boy's history, let us inquire something respecting the place of his refuge.

One hundred years ago England was a great slave-trading nation, and had actually a larger share in the export of slaves from West Africa than all other countries put together. In the year 1771, 192 ships left England fitted up for the stowage of 47,146 Negroes, who were to be carried across the Atlantic to our American and West Indian Colonies. Public opinion, however, was developing upon the subject. John Wesley vehemently denounced the buying and selling of flesh and blood. Granville Sharp's unwearied efforts procured the famous and final decision of Lord Chief Justice Mansfield, on June 22nd, 1772, that "as soon as any slave sets his foot on English ground he becomes free." In 1785 Thomas Clarkson won the prize for the English Essay at Cambridge on the question, "Is it right to make slaves of others against their will?" In 1787 the Abolition Society was formed; and in 1788 began Wilberforce's twenty years' struggle in Parliament.

In 1787 a party of 400 Negroes, many of whom had been turned adrift by their masters after Lord Mansfield's decision, and had been befriended by Granville Sharp, were sent by him, with some Europeans,

to settle on the West Coast of Africa. The spot selected was a mountainous but fertile peninsula, about the size of the Isle of Wight, which the Portuguese had named, from the contour of its hills resembling a lion, *Sierra Leone*, and which had been a centre of the slave traffic. Four years later the "Sierra Leone Company" was formed, not primarily, like the East India Company and the Hudson's Bay Company, for commercial profit, but for the benefit of the Negroes. This Company obtained possession of Sierra Leone; but notwithstanding the exertions of Zachary Macaulay (father of Lord Macaulay), who was for a time governor of the settlement, misfortunes beset the project. Disease raged among the people; attacks from without and strife within destroyed their peace; in 1794 the French pillaged the colony. At length, in 1808, the peninsula was handed over to the British Crown; and after being managed for some years by another Company under Government control, it became, in 1827, a regular Colony of Great Britain.

The acceptance of Sierra Leone by Government in 1808, was with a view to its being used as a depot for rescued slaves. For, in the previous year, Wilberforce's long campaign had been crowned with success, and the Bill for the Abolition of the Slave Trade had passed into law (March 24th, 1807). British ships of war were now to cruise up and down the coast, seize the slavers, and deliver the wretched victims composing their cargoes. These "liberated Africans," as they were called, were accordingly landed at Sierra Leone: the adults being employed in the cultivation of the ground, and the children put to school. For many years the population was continually augmented in this way, some 2,000 rescued slaves being added to it annually. These having been kidnapped from almost every part of Africa, there were soon gathered at Sierra Leone representatives of more than a hundred tribes, speaking widely different languages; and English therefore naturally became the common tongue.

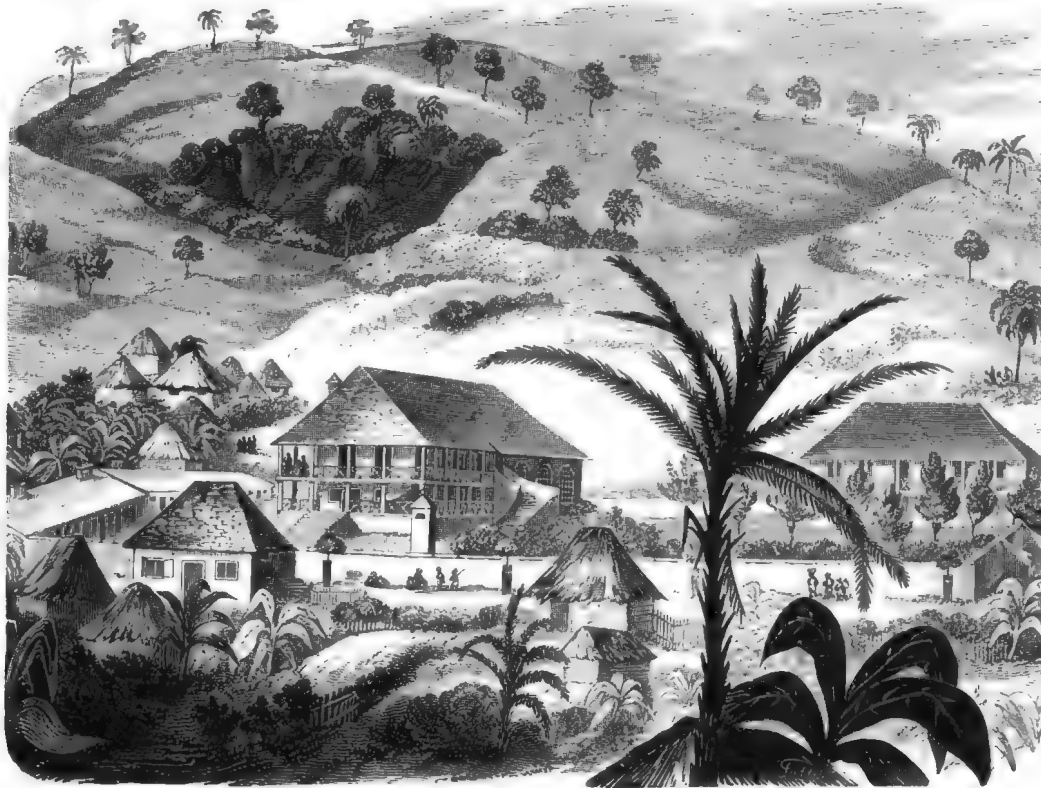
The moral condition of the poor degraded creatures thus collected together was most deplorable, and for some years Sierra Leone presented sad scenes of barbarism, immorality, and superstition. The natives of different tribes lived in open hostility. When clothing was given to them they would sell it, or throw it away. The purity of family life was unknown among them. Their religion consisted of a belief in *gree-grees* or charms, as the only preservative against the malice of evil spirits.

How was this state of things to be remedied? No improvement took place until the Gospel was tried; and the result of its application by faithful and praying men was the gradual conversion of almost the entire population to Christianity, and the raising of the colony to a high degree of civilisation and prosperity.

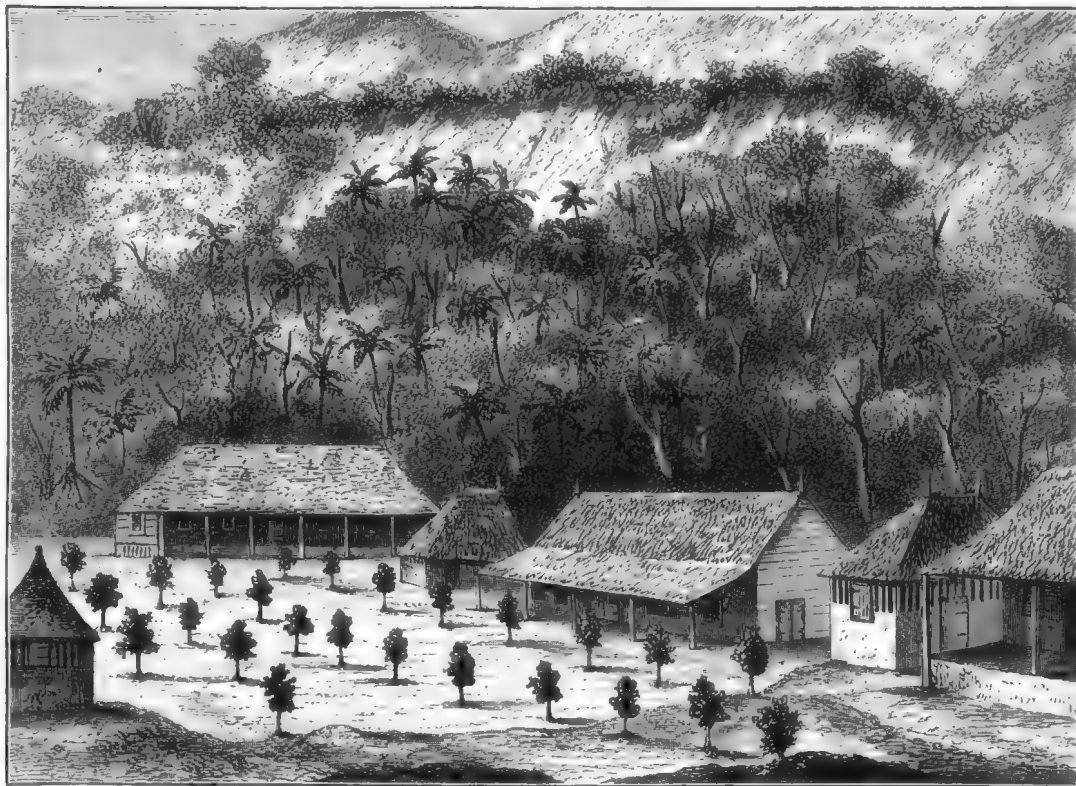
It was in 1816 that the Church Missionary Society undertook the instruction of the liberated slaves. For more than ten years its missionaries had laboured elsewhere on the coast, among the Susus and other tribes, without success; but in that year, on the invitation of the Governor, Sir C. McCarthy, its operations were concentrated upon Sierra Leone, and schoolmasters and catechists were stationed at the different villages. For three years the Society's agents laboured amid much discouragement; but in 1819 the blessing so fervently prayed for was poured out. At Regent's Town, especially, under the ministry of W. A. B. Johnson, the Negroes threw away their *gree-grees*, crowded church and school, became honest and industrious, and showed every sign of true conversion to God. In 1822—the very year in which the future black Bishop was landed at Freetown—the Chief Justice remarked publicly that in a population of 10,000 there were only six cases for trial at quarter sessions, and "not one from any of the villages under the superintendence of a missionary or schoolmaster."

These triumphs were not won without sacrifice. The climate of Sierra Leone, which has been improved by the cultivation of land once over-spread with jungle, was then most deadly; and in the first twenty years of the Mission, no fewer than fifty-three missionaries or missionaries' wives died at their post. Thus, in 1823, out of five missionaries who went out, four died within six months; two years later, two out of six fell within four months of their landing, and the next year, two out of three within six months. But true soldiers of the cross continually stepped forward to fill the vacancies in the ranks; and so the victory was won.

To return to Adjai, the rescued slave-boy. The *Myrmidon's* "cargo" was distributed, as usual, among the different villages, and little Adjai was allotted to Bathurst. Two hundred liberated African boys and girls were under the care of the mission schoolmaster at this place, and one of these, who was employed as a monitor, taught the new-comer his alphabet. So eager was the boy to learn that, when the first day's school was over, he ran off to the town, begged a halfpenny from his countrymen, and bought with it an alphabet-card for himself. In six months he could read the New Testament well; and then he too was made a monitor, and earned sevenpence-halfpenny a month for his services. The schoolmaster's wife was so pleased with him that she gave him additional instruction in the evening, along with a little girl named Asano, who had been carried captive from the same tribe.



BATHURST, SIERRA LEONE, WHERE SAMUEL CROWTHER PASSED HIS BOYHOOD.
(Engraved in 1825.)



VENN'S TOWN INDUSTRIAL HOME, SEYCHELLES ISLANDS.
(From a Sketch by the Rev. W. B. Chancellor.)

But young Adjai's education was not confined to primary school education. He learned also the work of a carpenter and of a mason, and his teacher in the former trade was another missionary schoolmaster, Mr. W. The future Bishop of Niger learned the use of the plane and the chisel from the future Bishop of Sierra Leone. Perhaps the prosperity would have been more marked than it has been, had been vigorously promoted by the authorities. And only months ago, Bishop Crowther, then in England, addressing three young agents who were receiving the Committee's instructions before sailing for East Africa, earnestly pressed upon them the dignity of manual labor when employed in the service of Christ, and illustrated the practical value from his personal experience on the Niger.

But in a higher kind of knowledge still young Adjai soon purchased to himself a good degree. He learned to know the Only True God, Jesus Christ whom He sent, and having given evidence that his heart was well as his mind had embraced the Gospel, he was baptized on December 11th, 1825, taking the name of a venerable clergyman in England, SAMUEL CROWTHER.

VENN'S TOWN

OUR readers will not forget Mr. Chancellor's work in the Seychelles Islands, and be pleased to see another of his sketches, which this time shows us "Venn's Town," as he calls his little industrial Home for African children; and his letter describing the place. In his letter he mentions the visit to the island of Mahé of H. Fawn:—One of the officers of that ship, Lient. Sanders, written to the Society in warm terms respecting the Mission. "Considering the many difficulties," he says, "under which it labours, I think its success is wonderful, and it only shows that the Lord reigns and will prosper His own work. Both Mr. and Mrs. Chan-

seemed to display great tact and firmness in the management of the children. . . . There are certainly evidences of the Holy Spirit's working, tending to cheer those who are seeking to win souls."

VENN'S TOWN, CAPUCHIN, SEYCHELLES,

July 21st, 1877.

As we have finished the building at Venn's Town, I think, perhaps, your readers would like to have a sketch of it. The locality—the altitude of which has at last been decided by Captain Wharton, of H.M.S. *Fawn*, to be 1,500 feet above the level of the sea—is called Capuchin, on account of the many trees so named which grow here; they belong to the "Sideroscydon" species. This timber is very hard, and almost indestructible, either in water or in the atmosphere, and therefore invaluable for building purposes. The stumps represented in the sketch are of old

Capuchin trees. A great fire, which extended from one end of Mahé almost to the other, destroyed the then standing timber, and left these weird-looking trunks, which very much remind one of some of Doré's pictures. Nearly all the wood of which the houses are built was cut upon the hill which forms the background of the sketch. The stone for the foundation, of which there is a great quantity here, was broken by fire. The lime, which is made of coral, was brought up from town, a distance of about four miles. We can now easily accommodate 200 children, and by ceiling the houses, could lodge 100 more.

The following list will show the present population of Venn's Town:—African boys, 32; African girls, 25; African labourers and families, 19; Mission Servant, 1; Superintendent of manual labour and his family, 6; European Missionary and family, 4; Servants, 2;—Total, 89.

I trust that now we shall be able to concentrate all our energies upon the school, and the Mission in general. Our work now really begins. The ship is no longer in dock, but fairly afloat; and I trust that the Good Master will give us wisdom and grace to steer her safely through all evils, and to bring a rich freight of immortal souls to the haven of eternal rest.

Since the above was in type, a letter has been received from Bishop Royston, who was in the Seychelles on visitation in November last, in which he says of Mr. Chancellor's work, "We were much interested in all that we saw and heard. I was struck with very decided progress in the general behaviour and discipline of the children. There is good evidence of patient labour and earnest Christian training. And apart from the felt influences of the place on the young inmates, it is clear that the adult Africans who are scattered all over the islands begin to look on it as a place for their special benefit."

NEW YEAR'S DAY AT SHAOUHING.

BY THE REV. R. PALMER.

[We insert this in our February number because, as will be noticed, the Chinese New Year's Day referred to fell in February last.]



MOST of the readers of the GLEANER are probably aware what a high and festive day New Year's Day is in China. For weeks preparation is made, and upon the last few days of the old year nothing is thought or talked of but "kwun-yien" or passing the year, i.e., performing the usual New Year's ceremonies. The literati are busy seeking a tutorship or school for the coming year; the business man is busy writing up his books; the shopkeepers are busy making up heterogeneous parcels, which

are destined to delight the hearts of old and young in many a household; the artisans are busy trying to earn as much as they can, in order to begin another year free from debt; the housewife is busy washing her lord's clothes and those of the olive branches; the charwoman is busy giving the house its annual cleansing; messengers are busy rushing hither and thither, collecting money which is still owing; and even the very beggars are busy too, going from house to house soliciting alms from the inmates, who cannot refuse a few cash at such a joyful season.

New Year's Day may truly be said to be the only Sabbath the Chinese have. Worship of some kind is performed by nearly every one, shops are closed, men cease to work, and (an unusual thing) all on this day are clad in their very best. Sometimes a man you know calls upon you to pay his respects, but being so metamorphosed by the fine clothing he has contrived to envelope himself in, and being bound to display an extra quantum of ceremony, it is not until you have looked at him again and yet

again that you can recognise beneath the folds of wool and cloth the individual who—except on this day—always appears before you with garments of many colours, which might aptly be compared to an old-fashioned patchwork quilt much the worse for wear.

This day, then, being a day of worship (idolatrous), leisure, recreation, and joy, it seemed to me that it would be quite in keeping to have a morning service in our school-room for our Christians, and any others who liked to come. I mentioned my desire to one of our Christians, and receiving a "ting hao i-ts" or a warm approval of my plan for an answer, it was arranged to have full morning service, and afterwards Holy Communion.

New Year's Day fell on Tuesday, February 13th, 1877, and at 9.30 A.M. all our regular attendants at church, except two Christians from a village a few miles outside the city, were present. Waiting a short time they



CHINESE LADIES.

arrived, their late arrival being easily accounted for, by the man having to scull the boat to the city himself, as on this rest day there were no passenger boats. By this time a good number of our neighbours had come in, some expressly to attend the service, and others to congratulate me on being a year older; altogether we had a good congregation. After the second lesson I gave an address, giving a short review of the eventful year through which we had passed, and then addressing the three classes whom I saw before me, namely—1st, Those who did not know the doctrine; 2nd, Those who did, but were undecided; and 3rd, Christians. After the service many good wishes were exchanged between the people, and all seemed pleased at having come together. I was particularly pleased in seeing one or two present whom I had hitherto ineffectually persuaded to attend our services. May it be the beginning of better things even to them!

The morning service over, we celebrated the love of our Lord and Master in dying for us. It was a happy occasion, for two of our Christians who were baptized last August partook of their first Communion, and it was fitting that they on the first day of another year should thus afresh dedicate themselves body, soul, and spirit to Him whom but a few months since they had found to be their Saviour.

Thus we passed the morning of our New Year's Day. The snow was lying thickly on the ground, but above there was a beautiful and unclouded sky. And as the frozen snow thawed under the penetrating rays of the welcome sun, one could not but breathe a prayer to Almighty God, that it may please Him soon to cause the Sun of Righteousness to rise and shine upon poor China, melting the snows of ignorance, superstition, and sin which at present lie thickly upon its heart.

NYANZA MISSION—RECEPTION BY KING MTESA.



LETTERS have been received from Lieut. Smith and Mr. Wilson to August 27th last. Lieut. Smith encloses two letters which he had received from King Mtesa, written by the negro boy, Dallington, who was left with Mtesa by Mr. Stanley. They are addressed to "My dear friend wite men," and urge them to come quickly. Messengers were also sent to guide the party.

Lieut. Smith and Mr. Wilson accordingly left Kagehyi, at the southern end of the lake, on the 25th June, in the *Daisy*. They made for the island Ukara, thirty miles north on Stanley's map. Mistaking, from its dulcet tones, the native war cry for a peaceful invitation, they attempted to land. Providentially a rock suddenly appeared as they were nearing the shore, and the boat was shoved off to avoid striking, whereupon the natives attacked with stones and poisoned arrows. Lieut. Smith received a severe injury in the left eye, and Mr. Wilson was struck by a poisoned arrow, but not seriously hurt.

They then made straight across the lake for Uganda, and reached Murchison Bay on the 26th. They reached the capital, which appears to be called Rubago, on July 2nd. The king received them with great cordiality and state. The letters from the Sultan of Zanzibar and the Society were then read, and translated into Kiswahili by the boy Dallington. When the passage was read in the Society's letter in which a reference is made to our Lord, the king ordered a salute to be fired, which was explained to be for joy at the mention of the name of Jesus. At a subsequent private interview, the king made particular inquiries whether the missionaries had brought the Book, the Bible.

On July 28th, Mr. Wilson writes again that everything continued most encouraging. A service was held at the palace every Sunday morning, the king himself translating into Kiganda everything read and said for the benefit of those who do not understand Kiswahili.

Lieutenant Smith left Mr. Wilson at Uganda on the 30th July, and recrossed the Lake to Kagehyi, where Mr. O'Neill had remained. Much preparation was still necessary before transporting all their baggage, &c., to Uganda, but they hoped to be there at the end of October.

[This number of the GLEANER was ready for press when the news arrived, so we can only give the foregoing summary now. Further particulars in our next.]

EPITOME OF MISSIONARY NEWS.

The consecration of the Rev. T. V. French to the new Bishopric of Lahore, and of the Rev. J. H. Titcomb to the new Bishopric of Rangoon, took place at Westminster Abbey on December 21st, together with the consecration of Archdeacon Trollope to the Bishop-suffragan of Nottingham. The Archbishop of Canterbury officiated, assisted by the Bishops of Winchester and Sydney, Bishops Anderson, Claughton, and Perry. The sermon was preached by Dr. Kay, formerly of Calcutta.

We much regret to report the death of Mrs. F. F. Gough, of London, on November 3rd, and of Mrs. Russell, of East Africa, on November 12th. The former had been in China many years, having been a missionary widow before her marriage to Mr. Gough in 1867. She has worked earnestly among the Chinese women. Mrs. Russell only joined her husband at Frere Town about twelve months before her death.

Mr. J. B. Read, who went out to Lake last summer, to carry out work begun by Mr. Hinderer, died of fever in a canoe on the lake Dec. 12th. He had entered on his labours in a true missionary spirit, and his removal is a real loss to the Yoruba Mission.

Mr. H. D. Williamson, B.A., of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, who offered himself to the Society last year, was ordained by the Bishop of London on December 21st. The Committee took leave of him on Dec. 21st. Mrs. Williamson on January 8th, when they were addressed by Mr. Sir W. Hill. Mr. Williamson is designated to the Mission among the Gonds, the hill-tribes of Central India. His sister and sister-in-law have lately also gone out to the same station, Jubbulpore, in connection with the Zenana Mission.

The Rev. H. Plume, curate of St. Giles'-in-the-Fields, has been accepted by the Society for missionary work, and has been accepted.

The Rev. A. H. Arden, who laboured with much success in the Yoruba country in 1864-73, is about to return to the Mission to take up evangelistic work. He will be a valuable addition to the staff, especially as the death of the able Native clergyman, the Rev. Ainala Bhusi, has left so serious a blank.

Mr. J. R. Streeter has come home with his motherless children, and will return immediately to Frere Town, to carry on the industrial work he has so well begun. He has shown the Committee two samples of cotton grown from the seed sown by him last spring.

The Rev. Joseph Carter, Native pastor at Benares, whose ordination we noticed last month, died at Lucknow on November 6th.

A fund is being raised to establish two annual prizes, one for Bible knowledge, and the other for secular knowledge, in the Punjab, as a memorial to General Lake.

Bishop Bompas, of Athabasca, writing in August last, reports that during the previous thirteen months he had traversed the extreme breadth of his diocese, from the Youcon, in the north-west, to the borders of Rupert's Land in the south-east, a distance of 2,000 miles, passing over, in the north, about double that distance, and visiting all the Mission stations and other posts on the route. He was about to go through the Peace River district to the south-west, and from thence to cross the Rocky Mountains and visit Metlakatla.

Dr. E. Downes, our medical missionary in Kashmir, reports that during four months last summer during which his hospital was open, he treated 4,180 out-patients and 219 in-patients, and performed 540 operations. Qadir Bahksh, the old Kashmir catechist, held daily services for the poor applicants.

The Rev. James Johnson has sent an interesting report of his inspection last summer to the inland stations of the Yoruba Mission, which will be printed in the *C.M. Intelligencer*.

A Brahmin student at the Noble High School at Masulipatam was baptized by the Rev. J. Sharp on October 7th, after a most painful struggle between the youth and his relatives, who for four hours on Saturday night hung upon him, imploring him not to embrace Christianity. A full account appeared in the *C.M. Intelligencer* for January.

A Mohammedan named Galam Hussain, forty-eight years of age, belonging to a respectable Zemindar family, was baptized at Azimnagar on September 9th, by the Rev. B. H. Skelton.

Mr. P. M. Zenker, of the C.M.S. Mission at Agra, has, says the *Christian Intelligencer*, just completed an elaborate History of the Christian Church in Urdu. "It is an exceedingly valuable work, and supplies a great want and supplies it admirably."

The *Bombay Guardian* says that there are now 116 lady missionaries in India, not including missionaries' wives.

The *Spectator* of November 10th, reviewing the new edition of Hinderer's *Memoir (Seventeen Years in the Yoruba Country)* says, "This deeply interesting volume is one of the most satisfactory records of missionary work in Africa, and also one of the most impressive personal narratives of missionary experience within our knowledge. Hinderer was a woman who must have made her mark anywhere, by her intellectual force and clear-sightedness, her quiet resolution, and her perfect single-heartedness."

THE CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.

MARCH, 1878.

VINEYARD WORK.

Thoughts for those Engaged in Christ's Service.

BY THE REV. G. EVERARD, *Vicar of St. Mark's, Wolverhampton.*

III.—THE GREAT MOTIVE.

"The Love of Christ constraineth us."—2 Cor. v. 14.



OT a cold sense of duty, nor simply a desire to do good, but love to Christ, true, genuine, unfeigned love to the Saviour, a love implanted by the Holy Spirit in the heart. This must ever be the root-principle of all faithful labour.

"Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou Me?" was the thrice repeated question to the apostle. "Lord, Thou knowest all things; Thou knowest that I love Thee," was the response. Then came the commission: "Feed My lambs; feed My sheep."

Let me ponder the Saviour's exceeding great love to me. He loved me when a stranger, a rebel, an enemy. Out of free love He laid down His life for me. In His love He hath brought me out of the horrible pit and the fiery clay. He hath set my feet upon a rock and put His Spirit within me. He hath bestowed upon me the "innumerable benefits which by His precious bloodshedding He hath purchased for me." He giveth me peace unspeakable during my pilgrimage, and hath opened to me the gate of everlasting life.

I would that every moment of my life might prove my love to Him. I would love Him for His own sake, because He is so infinitely worthy to be loved. But I would love Him also for all the tokens of lovingkindness He hath shown to me.

O gracious Redeemer, draw me, and I will run after Thee. May Thy love be as a mighty chain, unseen by the world, yet ever drawing me after Thee in labour and self-sacrifice!

Or make it as the mountain torrent, breaking down every barrier, and ever carrying me onward toward the ocean of Thy love in glory!

Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore,
O make me love Thee more and more!

THE TRIDENT, THE CRESCENT, AND THE CROSS.

Gleanings from Vaughan's Religious History of India.

III.—THE GROWTH OF IDOLATRY.

NET us suppose that some hundreds of years have passed since the sacred Vedas were written. It is now, let us say, the age of Isaiah and the other great prophets. Great changes have passed over India. Some of these, such as the rise of caste and of the power of the Brahmins, will appear in our next chapter. For the present let us look only at the *new gods* that arose, and at the results of their worship upon the people.

The earliest Hindus, as we saw in the previous chapters, tried to see God in His works, but ended in worshipping the works themselves. There now came another step. "It was something," says Mr. Vaughan, "to see God in illimitable space and the starry heavens; better still to discern Him in the fructifying showers and the genial heat of the sun; but best of all to trace Him as *one with ourselves*, able to share our joys and sorrows, and sympathise with our infirmities." The idea of a *Divine Incarnation* sprang up.

This, as Mr. Vaughan indicates in the words just quoted, looks like progress. It was really the exact contrary. The Hindu was trying to get nearer to God, but really going further and further from Him. Why was this? Because he had no revela-

tion, no inspired messengers, no written Word of God. Like many other heathen nations, the Hindu could imagine God becoming man; but it was a man like himself—nay, worse than himself—greater in power, and therefore greater in sin. The Gospel alone tells us of a God incarnate *without sin*. The one degrades God to the level of man: the other lifts man into the likeness of God. How well does the Athanasian Creed express the truth about the Incarnation of Christ—"Not by conversion of the Godhead into flesh, but by taking of the Manhood into God!"

At the period we are now considering, what is called the Hindu *Triad* begins to appear. *Brahmā* (short, neuter gender), the Supreme Being—but not a personal God such as Scripture reveals to us—assumes three forms: (1) *Brahmā* (long, masculine), the Creator; (2) *Vishnu*, the Preserver; (3) *Siva*, the Destroyer. But *Brahmā* soon came to be neglected. As Creator, he had done his work, and now had little to do with the world; so what was to be got by praying to him? And at the present day, says Mr. Vaughan, there is only one place in all India where any traces of the worship of *Brahmā* are to be found. Practically, all the idols of India are forms of, or connected with, the two great deities *Vishnu* and *Siva*. And it is *Vishnu* who, in the later books of Hindu mythology, the *Puranas* and the *Shasters*, becomes incarnate in man for the good of man.

The incarnations of *Vishnu*, it is said, are to be ten in number, of which nine have already been accomplished, while the tenth is yet to come. The first three are connected with the Flood, of which there are records very like that in Genesis, and, therefore, witnessing to its truth. Others are described as being undertaken to conquer certain terrible demons. The seventh is the subject of a beautiful poem, the *Ramayana*, of which it would be interesting to give an account, but we have not space. In the eighth incarnation *Vishnu* takes the name of *Krishna*, and in the ninth of *Buddha*. The tenth is to take place when the world has become hopelessly depraved. *Vishnu* will then appear in the sky, seated on a white horse, resplendent as a comet, with a drawn sword in his hand, and will restore peace and righteousness in the earth.

It is as *Krishna* that *Vishnu* is generally worshipped in India. And a very mournful fact this is. For *Krishna*, in the old sacred books (particularly the poem called the *Mahabharat*) is the hero of every kind of vice and crime; and the legends they contain of his exploits, his tricks, his shameless wickedness, are the favourite stories in every Hindu town and village in India. There is not the least doubt that the painfully low ideas of morality to be met with among the people generally are largely due to the popularity of *Krishna*. They admit that the acts related of him would be abominable if done by a man, but, being a god, he could do no wrong! And how dear he is to them is illustrated by the worship of *Juggernath*, for this far-famed idol is but a form of *Krishna*. "Nothing," says Mr. Vaughan, "could be more hideous than this uncouth, armless idol, seated on his huge car; yet millions of hearts beat with devotion towards this Indian Moloch; and, to gain a sight of him, countless multitudes will travel hundreds of miles, thousands of them dying unpitied and unaided by the road-side."

It is a real and a very solemn fact that a man grows like what he worships. And there is only one Deity in the world that can say, "Be ye holy, for I am holy."

Siva is a god of a totally different character from *Vishnu*. Although his story contains wickedness as gross as that of *Krishna*, he is represented, not as a self-indulgent pleasure-seeker, but as a stern figure, sitting on a mountain, wearing a necklace of human skulls, holding a rosary of the same, and his

hair interlaced with serpents. And his wife, *Parvati*, who is worshipped in Bengal more than any other deity, under the name of *Kali* (whence "Calcutta"), is a most frightful object, and is represented as delighting in blood. "Repeatedly," Mr. Vaughan says, "have we, in passing her temple in Calcutta, seen the sacrificial stream flowing; as many as 200 animals, chiefly goats, are sometimes slain there in one day. In former days children used to be slaughtered at her shrine."

The worship of Vishnu and the worship of Siva, according to Mr. Vaughan's interesting account, represent two distinct "ways of salvation," corresponding to two distinct tendencies in human nature. The Vaishnava (Vishnu worshipper) wants a genial religion; so he lives as he likes, and trusts that his love and devotion to Krishna, the incarnate Vishnu, will secure him salvation. This is *Bhakti-marga*, the "way of faith." The Saiva (Siva worshipper) thinks to earn merit by self-denial. "To hold up an arm till it is withered and fixed, to be scorched by five fires, to lie on a bed of spikes, to gaze on the mid-day sun till the eyes are destroyed—these are so many means of accumulating merit, and hastening the desired emancipation." This is *Karma-marga*, the "way of works." The Vaishnavas and Saivas may be distinguished by the marks on their foreheads, the former having two perpendicular strokes, meeting below in a curve; the latter three horizontal lines, made with white or grey ashes.

But what is the "salvation" looked for? It is to be "absorbed" into Deity—that is, to cease to have any separate existence at all; in fact, to be annihilated—blotted out! But there may be millions of years first, during which the soul may pass into many human and animal bodies; and to reduce that period is the great object of the Hindu's religion.

There is one other way of gaining this "absorption," which is neither Vaishnavite nor Saivite. It is by contemplating God. The religious devotee who adopts this method is thus described in one of the sacred poems:—

That lowly man who stands immovable,
As if erect upon a pinnacle,
His appetites and organs all subdued,
Sated with knowledge secular and sacred,
To whom a lump of earth, a stone, or gold,
To whom friends, relatives, acquaintances,
Neutrals and enemies, the good and bad,
Are all alike,—is called "one yoked with God."

"We have seen," says Mr. Vaughan, "such persons sit for hours and days like motionless, lifeless statues, striving utter self-forgetfulness, and identification with the Deity have watched the expression of their marble features, all calm and passionless—sometimes sublime and spiritual, and have turned away, solemnized and saddened, and yearning the speedy dawn of a brighter light on those who are thus fully 'feeling' after God if haply they may find Him."

A missionary once seated himself by one such devotee.

spoke as if to a tree or a stone. Not a word or sign was vouchsafed to him in reply. The missionary delivered his sage of grace and love, and went his way. But when he went, the word remained, and the Spirit of God. The anxious seeker after truth sat motionless there, the arms of the cross came home to his heart. By-and-by he sought out the missionary, and at length found "a better and truer union with God than he had ever dreamed of before."



HINDU RELIGIOUS MENDICANT.

THE MEDICAL MISSION IN KASHMIR.

DURING the four summer months of last year E. Downes was hard at work at the Mission Hospital, Srinagur, the capital of Kashmir. He writes:—

The old Kashmiri catechist Qadir Bakhsh, addressed the patients each morning, always concluded his address with a few words of prayer. He listened to in a way that I have before witnessed in all my experience as a missionary; and he vent and loud "Amen's" from the poor suffering people, who joined in his prayers with hands upturned to heaven, showing how prominent a field for missionary work a dispensary may become. The poor despised Kashmiris are so low enough indeed, but, I think, not too low for the Gospel of Jesus Christ to raise them, if it can be brought into real contact with them. We look forward to having Mr. Wade with us next year, and it is the greatest comfort to me to think that the more precious remedies of a free salvation will be offered by so earnest and able an ambassador of Christ in the wards of our hospital and to our thousands of patients.

I must mention the kindness I have received from the Maharajah and his officials. His Highness built a hospital while Dr. Maxwell was [see picture in GLEANER, March, 1876]. He is about to enlarge it considerably. He not only has given full permission to the missionaries remain in Kashmir during the winter, but is about to make such arrangements to the Mission-house that the missionary and his family may be able to live during the cold winter months with every comfort without risk.

Out-patients, 4,180; In-patients, 219; Operations, 540; Number of visits in Hospital, 10,490.



OPEN AIR PREACHING IN THE PUNJAB.

SKETCHES OF THE PUNJAB MISSION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MORAVIAN LIFE IN THE BLACK FOREST," &c.

III.—Sikhs and Sikh Converts.

THE Punjab was not always inhabited by Sikhs, nor did they at the time of the establishment of the C.M.S. Mission then form more than a comparatively small part of its population, which is a mingled one of Mohammedans and many varieties of Hindus.

The Sikhs are the followers of Nanak, a Hindu reformer of the 15th century, who taught that forms of religion were not essential, that it was a good intention which was particularly pleasing to the Deity. The object of the reformation which he introduced was the freedom of himself and his followers from mental and spiritual bondage. He did much, but it was imperfect. It was reserved for the disciples of the only and true Redeemer to teach that "if the law make you free, ye shall be free indeed." Nanak's ideas of God and his worship were in the main good and just, but mixed with Hindu superstition. His "gospel" was very successful. It had its apostles, saints, and martyrs. Thousands of Hindus had been converted by the sword to Mohammedanism. These still hankered after the customs and superstitions of their fathers, but the Brahminical form of religion allows no return to those who have abandoned its observances. The creed of Nanak opened a door to the relapsing Mussulman, whilst it gratified the outraged self-respect of the lower castes of Hindus, for he made all the castes eat out of one dish, saying that they henceforth formed one brotherhood.

"You make Mohammedans out of Hindus," said a Guru, or Sikh priest, on one occasion to the Badsha of Delhi, "I shall make Hindus out of Mohammedans." On this account they were cruelly persecuted by the Mohammedans. Tegh Bahadur, one of their Gurus, ninth in descent from Nanak, was dragged into

the presence of the great Aurungzebe, and ordered to give some display of his power, for he was held to be a mighty magician. Writing a few words on a piece of paper, he stretched out his neck, and bade the executioner strike off his head. The credulous court, expecting to witness an exhibition of magic art, was astonished to behold the head fall on the ground. On the paper was found written one short sentence, "He has given his head, but not his secret," with a play upon the words, untranslatable into English.

His death made a deep impression upon his followers, and led to his son and successor, Guru Govind, giving a new form to their religion. The Sikhs were henceforth to follow the profession of arms, always to carry steel upon them (as they do to the present day), and never to show any hair. To the mild toleration of Nanak was also added a political rancour against the Mussulmans. A prophecy was cherished that God was to grant them revenge for the death of their martyred Guru, and that the time would come when they would storm and sack Delhi. Govind's great aim was to free his followers from the hated Moslem rule, and his reforms ultimately resulted in the establishment of the Sikhs as an independent and powerful nation.

"The subjugation of the Punjab is one of the most wonderful events in the history of India," wrote Mr. Fitzpatrick to a friend in England, on June 22nd, 1852, from Amritsar. "Its completeness is astonishing. You know that only three years have elapsed since the last battle. Well, now the whole country, up to the frontier, is as settled under our government as Kent is under our Queen; and not only so, but the people are becoming true friends. Our brave opponents, the Sikhs, are becoming our best soldiers. Many of those who have not entered the regiments of the line have enlisted in our police, and are happy indeed in the change which has thus taken place. And so also with all other departments. But this change has more than ordinary religious importance attached to it, because the Sikhs

were told that it was the divine purpose to make them the conquerors and masters of the world, a prediction which is now so hopeless of fulfilment that it will serve as one of the many means of sapping their faith in the doctrines of Nanak."

The first two Sikh converts were not the fruit of the Punjab Mission. They were baptized by an S.P.G. missionary at Cawnpore. But they were employed almost from the first as C.M.S. catechists at Amritsar, and one has now for many years been an ordained pastor. We cannot do better than give his story in the words of Miss Tucker (A.L.O.E.), herself also an earnest worker in the Punjab Mission:—

"The days of romance are not passed. I thought this on hearing something of the history of the aged man who is now officiating here. Before any other of the bold and warlike nation of the Sikhs had received the religion of our blessed Saviour, the story of the Cross found its way to the hearts of two wandering fakirs. They were considered very devout Sikhs, and had many disciples, but they gave up the honour which they received as holy fakirs to become followers of the Lord. As far as I know, only one of their disciples followed them in their new faith, and this man is now a catechist here. But if the two fakirs had given up other friends, they, at least, were still united. When they confessed Christ at the font, in token of their friendship they received the names which (translated from the Urdu) signify David and Jonathan.

"David has for about a quarter of a century been a Christian. He has translated a considerable portion of the Scripture into Punjabi poetry, sharing in some degree the gift bestowed on the royal poet whose name he bears. He appears to be a gentle, meek-spirited old man, who seeks no great things for himself. His countenance is pleasing and mild in expression; the complexion not very dark, but of that reddened bronze which is sometimes seen on European faces after long exposure to a tropical sun. David's sons and daughters also promise to be a credit to their parents.

"But where is Jonathan? No one knows; for twenty years he has disappeared from view. It is thought that the Christian convert, accustomed to the wandering life of a fakir, resolved to keep afar from cities and to pursue a kind of itinerant life. His faithful David still cherishes a hope of seeing his brother again. He seems, according to the information which I received, to have an idea floating in his mind, that in some wild jungle his Jonathan is gathering a little flock for his Master. There is something to me of touching interest in this enduring friendship, this patient hope. It is just possible that the aged Sikh may see his Jonathan before he dies; but it is far more probable that the Christian brethren will never meet again until they are re-united in the presence of Him whom, of all the Sikh nation, they were the first to confess."

Of David's work in the early days one of the missionaries wrote: "David is a great help; he is so perfectly sincere and honest. You would smile if you were to see him beginning his work. We go into the most crowded parts, and he takes his large Bible and opens it, and shouts at the top of his voice, 'Come along, come along, good people. Listen to the Word of God. Come along, my brothers; this is what you have never heard before. Come, listen to the way to heaven, which the Sahibs have come all the way from foreign parts to teach us. We should not have known anything without the Sahibs. So come and listen to the words which they have brought us.' This at once arrests attention, and three or four come together, and then he begins to read at the same pitch of voice, and in five minutes we have often sixty or eighty people."

It is said that Alexander the Great, on his conquest of the Punjab, erected upon the south-eastern banks of the Hyphasis (the Beas of modern times) twelve altars of hewn-stone, each seventy-five feet high, to commemorate as many victories, upon which he offered sacrifices. They were "equal in height to

towers, but far exceeded them in bulk." These or their remains have been in vain sought for, and it may be said of that conqueror that his memorial perished with him. Our Missionaries hoped and prayed that in the conversion of the Punjab Christianity, England might be permitted to erect one of its imperishable materials.

"I thought," exclaimed Norman Macleod, awakening from a dream, as he lay upon his death-bed, "I thought that the whole Punjab was suddenly Christianised; and oh! such rough fellows, with their native churches and clergy."

May the words prove prophetic!

LEAVES FROM THE HISTORY OF A MISSIONARY AUXILIARY.

BY MISS E. J. WHATELY.

CHAPTER XI.



OUR friend Miss Thornley accordingly began her account of a "missionary lady's" day in India as follows:—

"I take the case, of course, of one who has a board school, or orphanage, under her direction, because the case we are considering. She generally begins her day by going (as soon as it is light in the morning) to the dormitories to see that the girls are up and putting their room in order, &c. Of course, there is a sub-matron, and probably one or two teachers, but you can never venture to leave all in the care of natives. Then follows the girls' breakfast, and the prayers, which the lady probably takes herself, unless she has very satisfactory helpers. Then, of course, there are her husband and children to attend to, the family breakfast taken, and the orders for the household given. She must go into the school, give general supervision there, often take one or two classes, see that the pupil teachers are doing their duty, &c. We know how much care and watchfulness even our English day-schools require to be efficient; for India, with native teachers and half-reclaimed children, you must multiply all this by a high number to form an idea of the duties of our missionary lady. In the midst of all this, she has incessant interruptions from people coming up to speak with her—one woman wants medicine for a sick child, another eye-water, a third a piece of cloth, a fourth has a quarrel with a neighbour, and comes to the 'Sahib' to have it settled—a very common case this last."

"Not a Christian convert, I suppose?" said Mrs. Elwood.

"Do English Christians never quarrel?" said Miss Thornley, smiling.

"Not real, consistent ones, I am sure."

"Of course, it is a sad inconsistency in any real Christian to give way to temper; but when we see those who have had every advantage of early training still occasionally yielding to temptation, are we to wonder if these poor creatures, just brought out of heathenism and exposed to the most demoralising influences, should sometimes fail, even when they are in real grace at work? I really think some of our good English friends act as if they thought an early heathen education was about the best preparation for Christianity in the world, they expect such very bad effects from the teaching of the missionaries. Well, some of the worst work of this kind falls to our lady friend pretty often; and if perhaps a visitor will come to see her and 'do the civil'; and taking a seat on the ground, will remain for an hour or more, expecting to be talked or attended to, and the poor lady must run backward and forward from her school to her visitor and try to satisfy all claims. Then comes the Bible Woman, if she has one, which now is very generally the case; she must be directed and looked after far more assiduously than a capable one at home would need. If in addition to this there is zealous work, that is alone enough to tax strength and time to the uttermost, but in that case more help is essential. Then there is the language to be studied for some part of every day, in most cases until it is mastered, for no sensible Missionary will be content with making a fair working suffice. And the comfort of her husband must be attended to, and if she has young children, of course they must be watched, how careful their attendants. The mistress's eye must be everywhere. In hot weather, too, a little rest in the middle of the day is absolutely essential to health. In the evenings, when it is cool enough, the lady goes with her husband or with the Bible Woman to visit the families of native Christians, or the parents of the children who attend the school. This is a most important part of her work, as if it is neglected her hold on the people is lost. She comes home late, sits down to write letters in the first quiet moment she has had that day, and is often overpowered with fatigue that she can hardly form a letter on the paper. I have often fallen asleep with the pen in my hand."

"And there is, I suppose, a considerable amount of necessary correspondence?" I added.

"Certainly; besides family letters, those who help the school with money or work must be written to, and many such letters spring up naturally in the course of her labours. Now to ask that, in addition to this, two or three letters should be written every month, to give details of each individual orphan, does seem to me hardly reasonable."

"The wonder is," said Mrs. Weston, "that so much can really be accomplished in such cases. Looking at it from a distance, one would say it would be impossible."

"It does need a continual looking upwards for help," said Miss Thornley; "and then, next to that, a good deal of management, making the most of the cool season, and distributing one's work as far as one can. But I can speak from personal experience, having had at one time the sole direction of a boarding-school; I had no family cares like the Missionary's wife, and my task was so far an easier one; but I can truly say that even so I should have found it utterly impossible to write several letters monthly about individual children in addition to my other cares. And I should add that I have been describing a day under favourable circumstances, that is, when the general health of the pupils is good; but as you may often see from letters, epidemics of severe sickness will come from time to time on these schools, and perhaps a third of the children be laid up; and you can imagine in some degree what an additional burden this brings to the 'Mem Sahib,' all the more because she must see herself to the administration of the medicines, the preparing proper food for the sick, the use of disinfectants, &c. The most careful native matron could not be trusted with such supervision; and if the lady's back is turned for a moment, she may reckon on some serious and perhaps dangerous blunder being made."

"What an overwhelming work!" said Mrs. Elwood. "I had not at all realised what it must be!"

"But still," said Mrs. Lambert, "though the lady may be unable to write any but a general letter, such as Mrs. Jackson has just sent, I do not see why she should not in such a letter give some interesting details about those dear children. It was such a meagre report—'doing well'—and that was all!"

"But suppose there were no more to tell?" suggested Mrs. Weston.

"My dear Mrs. Weston! surely——"

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Lambert," replied that lady; "how many, do you think, of the children in your parish schools at St. John's, of which my husband is inspector, for instance, would furnish matter for an interesting story?"

"I am sure that wonderful little Martha Wilson would," exclaimed Miss Lambert; "don't you remember that dear little thing who answered so beautifully, mamma, on the examination day?"

"Oh, yes, charming little creature, indeed I do!"

"But she is only one out of fifty girls. Could we expect that all our orphans should be Martha Wilsons, merely because we have been so kind as to collect a few pounds a year for their support?" said Mrs. Weston, smiling.

"But I thought those Eastern children were always so forward and so intelligent?" said Miss Jenkins, in her softly emphatic tone.

"More precocious, I think they are," said Miss Thornley; "older, that is, for their age, when quite young; but that does not make them more really intelligent, even where they have had good care and nourishment when young. But, then, the poor famine orphans have not had such advantages; they come to us often not only prostrated in body but stupefied and crushed in mind."

"Yes," said Mrs. Weston, "people don't always remember that starvation acts on the brain as well as on the outward frame. In romantic stories, a half-starved child is always ready to gaze with an expressive look of gratitude and a sweet smile on its benefactor; but I suppose you did not see much of that?"

"Oh, no, indeed," said Miss Thornley, with a sigh and a smile. "No one can conceive, who has not seen it, in what an utterly wretched state these poor little ones are sometimes found—almost idiotic, often, at first; gradually the mind wakes up as the body gets stronger, but in the early days the care of them was often most trying; some of them were really almost repulsive objects, so diseased and neglected! One felt it was an effort not to shrink from them, though of course such a feeling would never be yielded to."

"I am afraid I should yield to it," said Miss St. Clair; "I never can bear to go near any 'dreadful objects,' and I can't think how any one else can! It quite prevents my visiting ragged schools and very poor districts; but I can't help it, my nerves won't stand it."

"No more will mine," said Miss Lambert. "I should absolutely faint away, I am sure."

"And how could any one love such creatures?" added another lady.

"Not in the sense of personal liking, of course," said Mrs. Weston, "at least at first; but with the love of compassion, and the longing to bring these poor neglected little ones into the Saviour's fold."

"Yes, it is just that; when one thinks it is for His sake, you know

everything seems easy, of course," rejoined Miss Thornley, in her quiet, matter-of-fact tone, but with a light in her eye that showed, more than words, that the love, which is the mightiest engine of power and activity the world has ever seen, was so much a part of her being that whatever she did under its influence seemed too much a matter of course to need explanation. "But, then," she resumed presently, "this does not last long. Sometimes, to be sure, the poor things are too far gone to recover; but even then the mind often grows clear when the body is sinking. We have had some very happy deaths among our orphans; but the greater number recover when they have good food and care and cleanliness, and some of those dear children become extremely interesting to those on the spot, living with them as we did. But that, you know, does not always imply that they say things one could make into an anecdote or story for a report or a tract. I don't think that we often find such show-pupils in any country."

"But it seems hard," said Miss Lambert, "that those who have adopted the children should have none of the pleasure or interest in them."

"Dear Miss Lambert, will you pardon my plain speaking?" I could not help replying: "Is it to please yourself and be interested by pretty stories that you collect the money for an orphan, or for the sake of doing good to a child who is in need, and ministering to one of those 'little ones,' of whom our blessed Lord said that a 'cup of cold water given to them should not lose its reward'?"

"Oh, of course we want to do good, and all that," said Miss Lambert, in a somewhat annoyed tone; but several of the others seemed struck.

"I am sure," said Mrs. Curwen, a quiet, retiring woman, who hardly ever spoke in a committee meeting, "I am ashamed to think how much more I have cared about the interest of the letters than the good of those poor children."

"And so am I," put in Miss Jenkins, with tearful earnestness. "I see how selfish and thoughtless I have been, and I will try to do better, indeed. If you will give me a card, Mrs. Weston, I will try to collect for an orphan among my friends at Sea Cove, where I am going, and that good Mrs. Jackson may select any she chooses for me to support; I don't care who it may be, and I won't ask for any anecdotes, though of course I should be glad if there were any."

"If all Christians were as candid in owning their failures, I think we should have more real work done," whispered Mrs. Weston to me as she went to the drawer of her davenport where she always kept her collecting cards.

"And will you put down my name as a subscriber to maintain one orphan?" said Mrs. Curwen, drawing out her purse. "Here is the sum for the first half-year; and if the child dies or is withdrawn, tell Mrs. Jackson, please, that I will leave it to her to choose another for me to support. I won't call it 'adoption,' for, after all, it is not quite correct to use the word, when one only pays a small annual sum for the child's education while it lasts, and others have all the care of her. One does not talk of adopting a girl or boy at home if one pays for their schooling for a few years. And here is my subscription, and a donation for the general fund, Mrs. Weston, for I know that must not be neglected."

"No, indeed," said Mrs. Weston, "for without that the missionaries, who are like parents to these poor children, could not be supported. Thank you, Mrs. Curwen, you have done good to more than the orphans, for you have cheered me up when my heart was beginning to fail."

The impulse was given now, and money came in quickly from several present. Mrs. Lambert, always impressionable, laid down her contribution at once both for "Violetta" and the general fund; and several more took cards and promised both to collect and subscribe.

Another working party was arranged to be held at Mrs. Curwen's, and Miss Jenkins was sure she could procure us contributions for ours from the friends she was going to.

The only person who still looked dissatisfied was Mrs. Elwood. "It was not amusing details I wanted," she said, "but evidence that a work of grace had been done in the child. Where is the use of education if conversion does not follow?"

"But of how many children in our schools and homes, in our own country, can we venture to affirm confidently that they are converted to God?" I asked.

"I suppose if we had more faith and prayer we should win more," said Mrs. Elwood.

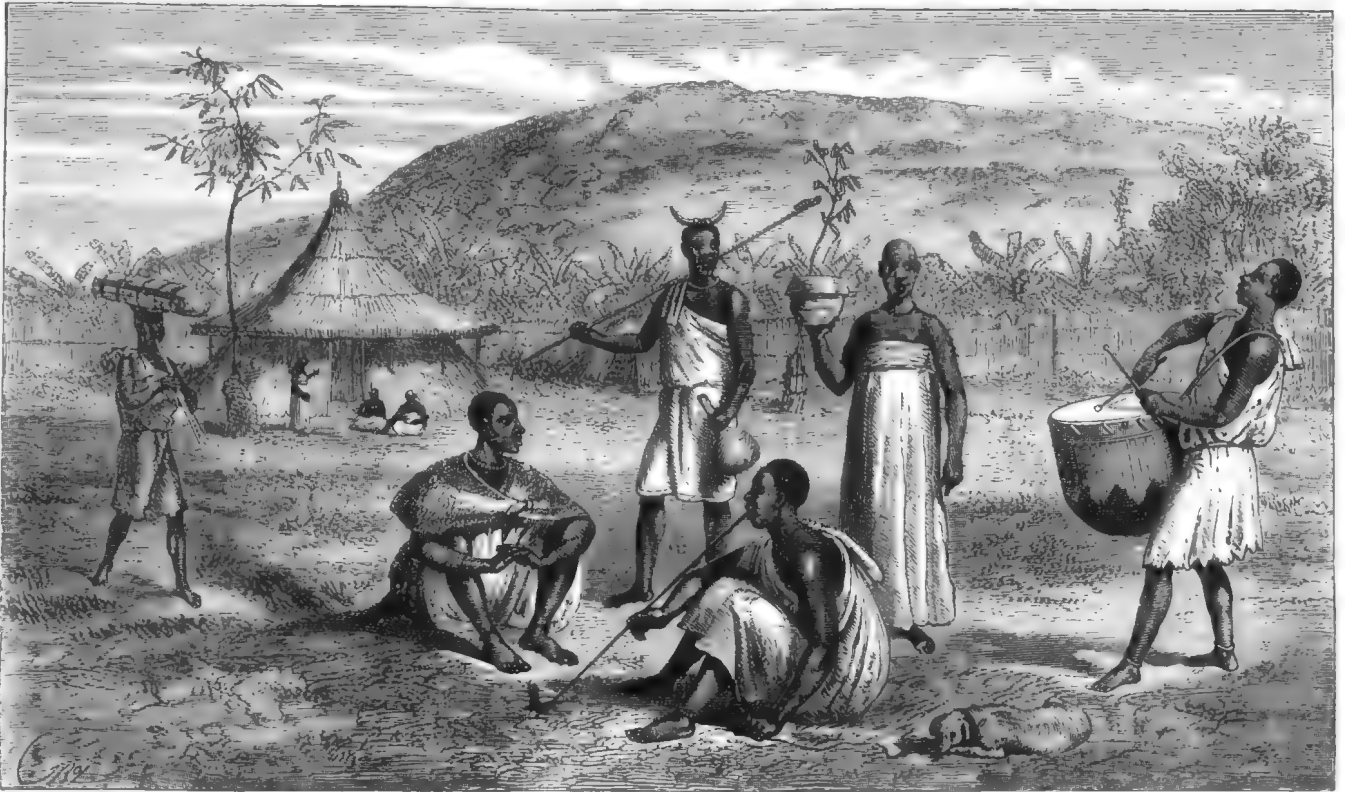
"Most true; but we must await God's time for the answer. How many Christian parents and teachers have to wait long before they see the result of prayer and labour! And here are children brought up in the midst of heathenism, and we expect them to outstrip our own carefully trained little ones!"

"There is something in that; but I trust we may not have long to wait in this case."

"So we all do, I am sure," said Mrs. Weston; "but now our time is more than expired, and we must close the meeting and thank Miss Thornley for her kind and efficient help. I trust we shall be able to show her it has not been in vain."

My second letter
To My Dear Friend
Wite men

~~And~~ I send this my servant
that you may come quickly
and theretofore I pray you
come to me quickly and
let not this my servant
come without you
And send my Salame to
Lukonye king of Ntherewe
and Haduma Muwandawa
of Hageye and Longo
This from me Mtesa king of Uganda



RECEPTION-HUT OF KING MTESA'S UNCLE IN SPEKE'S TIME. (From Speke's Journal.)

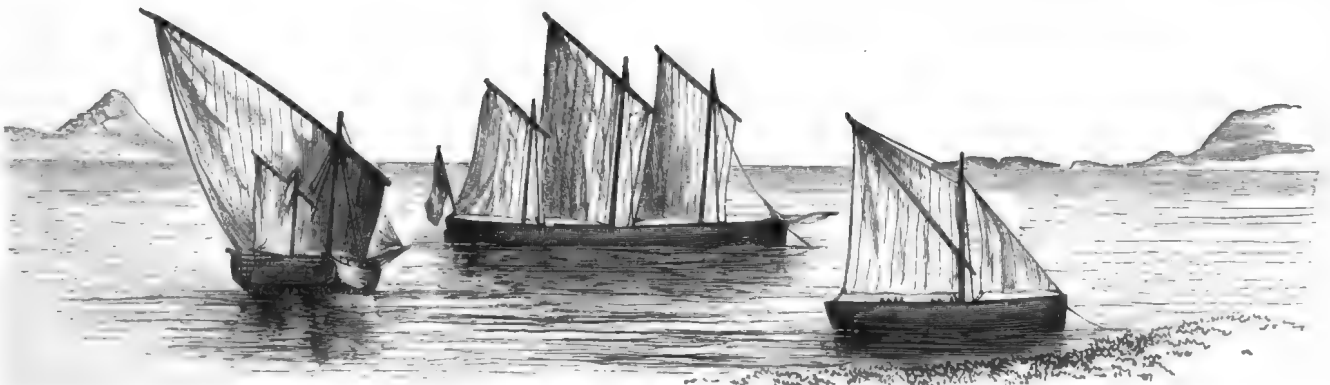
LIEUT. SMITH'S LETTER FROM MTESA'S CAPITAL.

IN our last number we gave a brief summary of the news of the arrival of our Nyanza Mission party at the capital of Uganda, and their reception by King Mtesa. For the full regular despatches we must refer our readers to the *C.M. Intelligencer* for Feb. and March. The following is a private letter from Lieut. Smith, not published elsewhere. The map in the *GLEANER* of Jan., 1877, shows the positions of Ukerewe, Ukara, and Mtesa's capital.

Rubaga, Uganda, July 8th, 1877.

A stone thrown by a native of the island of Ukara has left me three parts blind, so I must write large. It happened thus: We left Ukerewe, Monday, June 25th, at 9.30, with a fresh breeze from the S.E., and soon

covered the twenty miles of water separating our building yard from Ukara. Unsuspecting any hostility we made for a good landing-place on the N.E. side of the island, where we hoped to be able to cook the bullock given us by the King of Ukerewe before leaving. Whilst beating into a small bay we heard a singular and musical cry uttered by the assembled natives, very unlike the war-cry of the mainlander. Making our best tack and standing in for the shore, "rock ahead" was reported. I at once put the helm down and luffed up into the wind, so deadening her way, but the keel gently scraped up it. This rock, by God's providence, saved our lives, for immediately the natives saw we could approach no nearer, they commenced shooting arrows, throwing stones and spears. We made signs of friendship, and exhibited no weapons. This rock was about 25 yards from the shore, and as the crew with one exception had early sought the safety position, we were exposed longer than necessary to their missiles. Wilson, the interpreter, and one of the crew were struck by arrows, and then the stone came to my



THE C.M.S. FLEET ON THE VICTORIA NYANZA. (From a rough Sketch by Lieut. Smith)

[The view is taken from the "building-yard" on the island of Ukerewe. The "Daisy" is in the centre, the dhow on the left, and the dingy (the "O'Neill") on the right. The land on the right is part of the mainland.]

eye, almost blinding me from blood. The six extra inches of gunwale happily received the spears intended for us. It was a merciful preservation, and I shall ever thank God for putting that rock in our way. The "one exception," Msah, a bowman, sculled the boat's head round, and the stiff breeze took us rapidly out of range. Don't blame the natives; they gave us warning not to approach by their war-cry, which I mistook for a note of welcome. Doubtless they thought we were come to attack them. We did not fire, so I hope they may learn we were well-disposed toward them. I noticed one chief endeavouring to stop the men from shooting, but it appeared unavailing.

I often wondered, looking at it from a sailor's point of view, why Christ was so often called "the Rock," seeing how fatal to mariners rocks generally are. It is different now.

The arrows were poisoned, but thick clothing, sucking the wound, and a plentiful supply of nitrate of silver, in Wilson's case rendered the poison innocuous. Wilson drew the arrow out as soon as possible, and a copious flow of blood probably brought out with it some of the poison, a very deadly one, which on the naked bodies of the natives usually proves fatal. [Mr. Wilson mentions that Lieut. Smith himself sucked the wound, though blinded and covered with blood from his own injury.] The wound was just below the shoulder on the back of the arm.

A day brought us to the coast of Uganda, and nine hours more to our halting-place, thirty miles from here. The king sent us bullocks and goats and men to carry our goods. We arrived here June 30th; were put into neat tiger-grass huts. Deer abundant, and a rich present of cooking utensils, plantains, potatoes, sugar-cane, milk, pombe, and firewood sent us. Nothing can be bought in way of provisions. This is a central government; an absolute despotic will centres all in Mtesa. The king receives all, and gives to whom he will. Yet slavery does not exist in name. Chiefs send their sons and daughters to the king, and they are kept, fed, and worked, but receive no payment.

This was our reception. I could not see, so my report must be that of ear. On we went to the palace by invitation, passed by lines of musket-armed soldiers, cleanly dressed in white, standing with arms at the "present," and motionless as a wall. A bugle rang out clearly—our call for dinner; and before us marched a drummer beating his drum, and crying a plaintive y—a—a—a; four gates opened to admit us, and closed behind us—lines of soldiers drawn up between each.

The reception hall is a lofty building 40 feet high, supported by straight wooden pillars on each side. It is about 70 feet in length, and the yellow graceful stems of tiger-grass form its walls. Seated on stools were all the chief men ranged round, and the king sat on his throne, a wooden chair at the end. At his back and overhead ran a broad white band of white, with a deep stripe of black in the centre. His leopard skin was at his feet. All wore rich Turkish costumes, said to be made here.

The king rose as we entered, and advanced to the edge of his carpet and shook hands. A fine fellow, over six feet, broad shoulders, and well made; grace, dignity, and an absence of affectation in his manner. He motioned us to seats. Then five minutes were allowed for drum-beating and looking round. I longed for sight to see.

Calling one of our guides, I heard his animated report. Then the Sultan of Zanzibar's letter was read, after which the C.M.S.'s.

It was read in Suahili by a young fellow named Mufta, one of the boys Stanley had brought with him, and left with the king, at his request, to teach him to read the Bible.* At the first pause, the king ordered a *feu de joie* to be fired, and a general rejoicing for the letter; but at the end, where it was said that it was the religion of Jesus Christ which was the foundation of England's greatness and happiness, and would be of his kingdom also, he half rose from his seat, called his head musician, Tolé, to him, and ordered a more vigorous rejoicing to be made, and desired the interpreter to tell us that this which we heard and saw (for all the assembly were bowing their heads gently, and noiselessly clapping their hands, and saying "Nyanzig" five or six times) was for the name of Jesus. This from the centre of Africa, dim as his knowledge may be, must rejoice the hearts of all Christians.

The king then asked, "Have you seen my flag? I hoist that flag because I believe in Jesus Christ." He then told us that two Egyptian officials had ordered him not to hoist that flag, and that if white men came into his country they would come and kill them.

The following day we went twice. In the morning it was a full court as before, and from some cause he seemed suspicious of us, and questioned us about Gordon, and rather wanted to bully us into making powder and shot, saying, "Now my heart is not good." We said we came to do as the letter told him, not to make powder and shot; and if he wished it we would not stay. He paused for some time, and then said, "What have you come for—to teach my people to read and write?" We said, "Yes, and whatever useful arts we and those coming may know." Then calling the interpreter, he said, "Tell them now my

heart is good; England is my friend. I have one hand in Uganda, the other in England."

He asked after Queen Victoria, and wished to know which was greater, she or the Khedive of Egypt. The relative size of their dominions explained to him, and referring him to our letter, I said how desirable England was that his kingdom should be prosperous.

He asked also what he should do if the Turks (*i.e.*, the Egyptians) came into his country. I told him that when a robber entered our house we turned him out. Politics are so necessarily mixed up with this kingdom that the king's mind is distressed with fear of Moslem revenge, since he hoisted his Christian flag, a medley of all colours, certainly suggestive of the universality of Christ's kingdom. North of him he has the Koran or sword, and south of him the Lake; and he rather than the North wishes to push him into it.

The evening "baraza" or quiet talk was far more profitable, seated side room with a few chief men and a wife. He said, "There is one word I want to say to you. I was afraid to speak it this morning because the Arabs were present. This is it, 'The Book,' that is all I want." We told him we had it in English and Arabic, and part in Kiswahili, but he would soon to give it him in Kiganda. Then his heart was very good, and he showed us sites for mission grounds. "I want a church built near the schools." We said, "When?" He said, "To-morrow my people shall bring wood," &c. He is as good as his word. His people were ready to begin work yesterday. Better still, to-day, Sunday, Wilson held short service in the palace, more than a hundred being present. I was unable to go owing to a slight attack of fever, and the eye, but Wilson was much pleased; he says the responses [*Amens*] were hearty.

The king has some pretty sayings. On giving him the presents (Turkish rug, handsome Arab, photos, musical boxes, &c.), I remarked that a few little things were lost owing to theft on the way. He replied, "Givers swallow up small. Now I have seen your faces, I do not look for the presents."

Executions such as Speke describes have ceased. The drawings in the book are most faithful. [We give one on the preceding page, by mission of Messrs. W. Blackwood & Son.]

Eye says, you must stop.

GLEANINGS FROM RECENT LETTERS.

The Late Rev. Matiu Taupaki.



THE death of this excellent Maori clergyman, which place on July 11th, was reported in our November number. The Rev. B. Y. Ashwell, one of our oldest Zealand missionaries (he went out in 1835), who was visiting that part of the country (the extreme north) at the time, gives a touching account of him:—

July 6th.—I heard that my dear Native brother minister, Matiu Taupaki, was very ill. He had just returned from carrying a brother minister for medical advice to Kanchan. Over-exertion at the oar and sudden chill brought on acute bronchitis. He was in great pain, prayed with him, and he afterwards said to me, "God would not pain if it were not necessary for us; He loves us too well—and know 'God is love.'" "Yes," my reply was, "all His will is love. How universal the feeling of God's children in their estimate of Christianity, in their view of God's character, and dealing with Him! What a family likeness (if I may so express myself) in all! The language, 'God is love,' 'He so loved us,' &c., 'All things work together for good,' &c.; and all feel, and many say, of their Lord and Saviour—

"His way was much rougher and darker than mine;
Did Christ my Lord suffer, and shall I repine?"

I felt cheered with the simple faith of my Native brother.

July 7th.—I again visited him. He was in great pain but in much peace. He said to me, "Christ, my rock and my salvation—no name for lost sinners. Oh, speak of Him to my poor people." I prayed with him. He said, "It is so kind to come and see me."

July 9th.—I again visited him. I now felt sure that he was near departure; his breathing was difficult; he put his hand to his breast, pointed up. When I said to him, "Matiu, is Christ your only hope? His precious blood? His spotless righteousness?" He then whispered "Christ only! in whom we have redemption, through His blood, forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of His grace."

July 10th.—I again went to see him. He had been in less pain, slept a little during the night; but with returning daylight came pain and fearful breathing—still much peace. I prayed with him the last time in the evening. Archdeacon Clarke arrived from Auckland and he was with this dear good man in his last moments.

July 12th.—Our dear Christian brother, the Native minister Matiu (Matthew) Taupaki, was buried at Paihia. About 100 Europeans

* This boy, Mufta, or Dallington Scorpion, was brought up in Bishop Steere's Mission School at Zanzibar.

100 Natives—200 in all—attended his funeral, a solemn and comforting service. After a lengthened experience in many parts of New Zealand, I can conscientiously say I never met with a Native teacher or minister so universally respected and beloved as Matthew was by Natives and Europeans.

A Tamil "Walking Concordance."

The Rev. Hugh Horsley, of North Tinnevely, thus writes respecting the Native head-master of the Boys' Boarding-school at Sachiapuram:—

Our two boarding-schools—one for boys and the other for girls—are quite full, each containing forty children. I am now teaching the highest class of boys two hours a day, when at home. Mrs. Horsley takes the girls in some of their subjects. I cannot leave the subject of boarding-schools without expressing my gratitude to God for the valuable help I have in the head-master of the boys' boarding-school. Mutthu, a "pearl," as his name signifies, is no ordinary man. He is remarkable both for his piety and ability. Patient under domestic affliction, he is a striking example of the power of the Gospel. His knowledge of the Bible is also a striking feature in him. The boys declare he is a "walking Concordance," and often go and try to puzzle him regarding the whereabouts of a text, and I am told that he seldom fails. His remarkable knowledge of the Bible acts well upon the boys, as it emulates them to study the Word for themselves.

Another point about Mutthu is his eloquence. Although he generally preaches without even the use of notes, his sermons are always well arranged, and delivered with much earnestness and power. Mr. David Fenn, on one occasion, after hearing him, said, "I wish I could go straight to Madras and preach that same sermon in the cathedral there." He preaches here every Sunday morning, and it is indeed a pleasure to hear him. I may indeed say of him that "I thank my God on every remembrance of him," and pray that he may long be spared to this place, and be much blessed.

A Yoruba Woman Saved from "Oro."

"Oro" is the well-known but mysterious Yoruba custom by which order is maintained in the towns. The Rev. James Johnson, during his recent visit to Oyo, the Yoruba royal city, was able to save a poor woman from death on account of her alleged transgression against "Oro."

June 5th was an interestingly sad day; it was in the "Oro" season. "Oro" is the chief instrument of Government. When he is on patrol, and his voice is heard in the streets, it is death for any woman, whoever she may be, to be seen out of doors or in any position within premises from which she may lay herself open to the charge of having seen him. A woman was charged with the crime, and instant execution expected. This is spoken of as a "giving one over to Oro." Markets were disbanded, and all women driven to a close and long confinement. The voice of the offended one, as he marched through the streets, was terrible as that of a wounded leopard. He demanded the offender, and would wreak his vengeance upon her for high insult and wrong. An awful stillness prevailed in some districts; but in the heart of the town, where "Oro's" growling was loud and long, men ran to and fro. The husband of the accused woman was wild with grief and surprise.

It happened to have been a Church meeting-day with us. A few women had come into our premises before "Oro" took the streets from their sex. We prayed the Lord mercifully to spare the poor woman's life, if it pleased Him. The Jabata, "Oro's" chief officer, was out with his party to apprehend her, and deliver her over to death. But the men of her township, accounting the charge malicious, were determined to fight for her, and defied him when he would cross the threshold of her house. He was not prepared for this, nor prepared for the death he so wantonly desired to visit on a poor weak woman; and, contrary to all precedent, and the history of "Oro" in the Yoruba country, he was forced to beat a shameful retreat.

Our agent, Leader Thomas, Mr. Doherty, and myself, hastened to the king to entreat him for the poor woman's life, and ask that the sentence of death might be commuted for a fine if she should be proved guilty. As we could not see him, we sent him a message to that effect, telling him, at the same time, that in Christian countries we punish murder only with death. He was very gracious, and assured us the woman should not be killed, though he was opposed by a strong priestly power. He was not satisfied about her guilt. Our interference and request would be laid before his court, and he said it would much help him. He at last prevailed, and had the sentence of death commuted for a fine of five bags of cowries (50s.) paid to the "Oro" priesthood to satisfy them. It surprised many, and well it might, for who had ever heard of a woman publicly accused of seeing "Oro," be the charge true or false, escaping death, and the Jabata returning home as empty-handed as he had gone out? We regard it a gracious answer to prayer, and are thankful for it. The king was very grateful, and sent specially to thank us. This, if I mistake not, has a little discredited "Oro," and weakened his power in the Yoruba capital.

THE GOSPEL IN GREAT VALLEY.

[The Rev. G. E. Moule writes to us as follows, from Dorchester:—]



LETTER received from my brother Arthur at Hang-chow contains news which I think you may find interesting enough to secure its early insertion in the GLEANER, although I am free to confess you have given China a fair share of notice during the past year.

In order to make the contents of his letter intelligible, it will be well to prefix an extract or two from a paper he sent me some months ago:—

During the summer and autumn of 1876 one of our catechists (Matthew Tai, the artist), accompanied by two young men who are preparing for Church work, made very frequent visits to the suburbs outside the gates, called Peace Gate and Periwinkle Gate. After some time, as a few persons seemed interested in the Gospel, they begged me to hire a small room, in which earnest inquirers might meet for conversation. The room (hired and fitted up at private cost) was opened last winter, and at first no definite fruit appeared to result from it. One day, however, the catechists and pupils were reading with me when word was brought that a gentleman from outside the city wanted to see Mr. Tai (Matthew, the artist). After two hours' absence, Matthew returned, bringing the visitor to see me. He was a tall man, six feet high, and he described himself as a schoolmaster, from a district seventy miles to the south of Hang-chow, who, having business in the city, had left his school under the care of a friend, and was now lodging near our mission-room. Passing it one day, he noticed the words on our sign, or notice-board, "HOLY RELIGION OF JESUS," and asked what they meant. Being directed by an old woman to my house, he came at once to us, and began, with great apparent eagerness, to drink in the word of life.

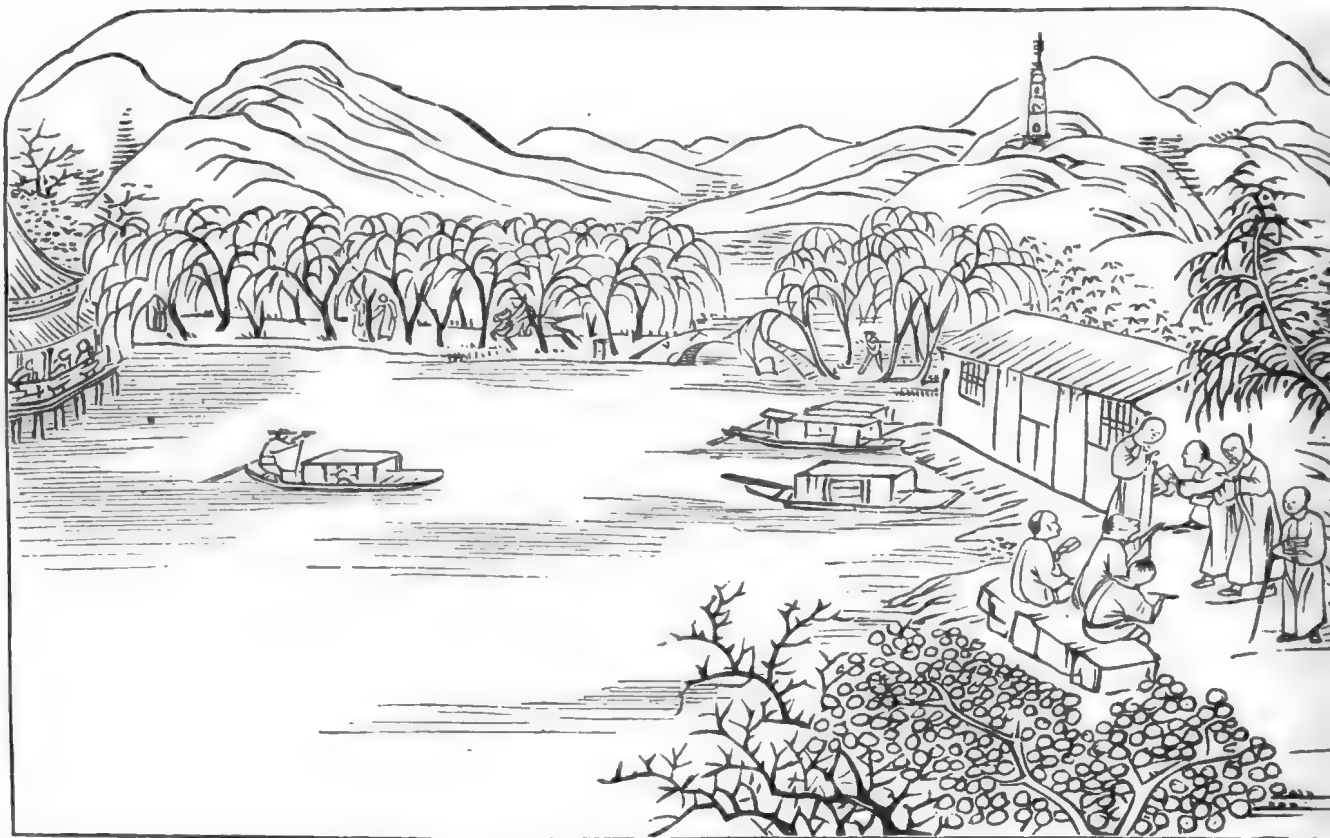
When the man returned to his village, Matthew Tai accompanied him to see for himself whether the stranger's account of his circumstances was correct. The latter welcomed the visit, but stipulated that nothing should be said for the present by Matthew about religion, lest the four elder brothers of the inquirer should take alarm. After another visit to Hang-chow,—

He went home, purposing to hide his light again, but God ordered it otherwise. He arrived on Saturday night. Next day, the weather being fine, every one was out gathering mulberry leaves for the market, but Tsui, who stayed at home, reading the Bible in secret. His brothers, hearing of his strange idleness, came over on Monday to upbraid him. He now boldly confessed that he was a believer in the Heaven-sent religion of Jesus, and that, in obedience to God's command and the custom of the religion, he was henceforth to keep one day in seven holy. Then gathering courage, with constant prayer for the Holy Spirit's help, he began to talk to his friends. Every day during his three weeks' stay at home people came to see him. Three of his dreaded brothers came, amongst the rest, to hear. The head of a vegetarian sect declared that he would give up all, and become a Christian. Sometimes they sat till midnight, our friend reading chapter after chapter of the Bible, and explaining as well as his own brief acquaintance with it would allow. His journal is now before me, and in it he has noted all the chapters read by him. Some of his hearers copied out the Lord's Prayer and grace before and after meals. Some learnt by heart a short form of prayer, others the Creed, Lord's Prayer, and Ten Commandments. Every evening four or five, and on one occasion eleven, persons knelt with him in prayer.

From time to time during the six months or more since the narrative reached me from which I have been extracting, his letters refer to the work, and always in a way to encourage the hope that it was in the main genuine and lasting. In one of them he mentions the fact that in six households the idol of the kitchen furnace had been voluntarily displaced and destroyed. In another, that four or five boys had been expelled from the village school, because they refused to conform to idolatrous usages, and that it was becoming known in the country round that many in the village were forsaking the customary worship and embracing the religion of the foreigner. But I was by no means prepared for so speedy and so hopeful a gathering of first-fruits as he now tells me of.

The village in question is called *Da-kyien-ky'i* (nearly Dä-keen-chee), which for convenience I will render Great Valley Stream or Great Valley. It lies among the mountains, some seventy miles south or south-west of Hang-chow, on the right bank of the river, in the district (*Heen*) of Chu-ki. My brother writes (date October 8):—

The work at "Great Valley" has thus far through God's great mercy disappointed all our fears. I trust it is of Him, and will stand. Hearing through the summer a good account, I promised to go in September, and baptize on the spot any who might be sufficiently prepared, instead of having them up here. The inquirer (Tsui) who has been the means



CHINESE CATECHISTS SELLING BOOKS BY THE WEST LAKE, HANG-CHOW.
(Fac-simile of an Original Drawing, by Matthew Tai.)

of awakening so many was baptized here (Hang-chow) on September 2nd. He went home at once and prepared the inquirers.

We started Oct. 1st, and reached Chu-ki next day at 3.10 P.M., very hot and tired, and after selling many tracts on the great bridge, we started in three chairs (sedans) for the other fifteen or sixteen miles. At 9.30 we reached Li-p'u, a town about five miles from our object. Here inquiries were made as to the Christian's house at Great Valley. "Oh," said one, "we have heard of that man; about thirty or forty people are following him." No one however could direct us to his house, so we slept at Li-p'u, in a queer place, partly open to the sky, upon two tables. At dawn I was up, and by 7.30 A.M. we reached Great Valley.

After a good wash and breakfast in the upper room rented by the Christians (*i.e.*, catechumens) as a school-room and chapel, I began work, and from 9.30 till 4 P.M. I was engaged in questioning the candidates, and hearing them repeat what they had learnt. Some knew the whole Catechism, and all had a remarkable amount of Christian knowledge, and apparently earnest, hearty faith. There were nine men, five women, two boys, and two infants accepted. The men were the three elder brothers of Tsiu (whom he so feared last April), their three cousins on the father's side, a maternal cousin, and two young men of other families. The women were Tsiu's wife and sister, his second brother's wife, and the mother and the wife of one of the cousins. The boys were the two eldest children, and the infants the youngest children of Tsiu and his fourth brother respectively. One of the adult candidates has a fierce father, who hates his earnest efforts to keep holy the Lord's Day, and another has an uncle, who wishes to compel his taking part in ancestral feasts; but both seem firm in their resolve.

One of the women has a bad temper, and we hesitated long in her case. She spoke with singular earnestness, admitting her fault, and not in the least objecting to its discussion, but asking minutely how far anger might go without sin. "May I cry if I am vexed? May I holloa at the children if they are naughty? I do pray for the Holy Spirit's help!" I could not reject her, and she came very happily, with her eldest boy and her baby. She repeated her lesson very well, and is very intelligent.

At 4 P.M. we went for a walk, and, to the astonishment of the people, climbed the highest peak in the neighbourhood—about 1,800 feet high, I fancy—and with a grand view. We prayed (Sedgwick and I) on the top for "Great Valley Stream" lying at our feet. At night we had prayers in the family hall, lent for the purpose. About 150 people were present. I

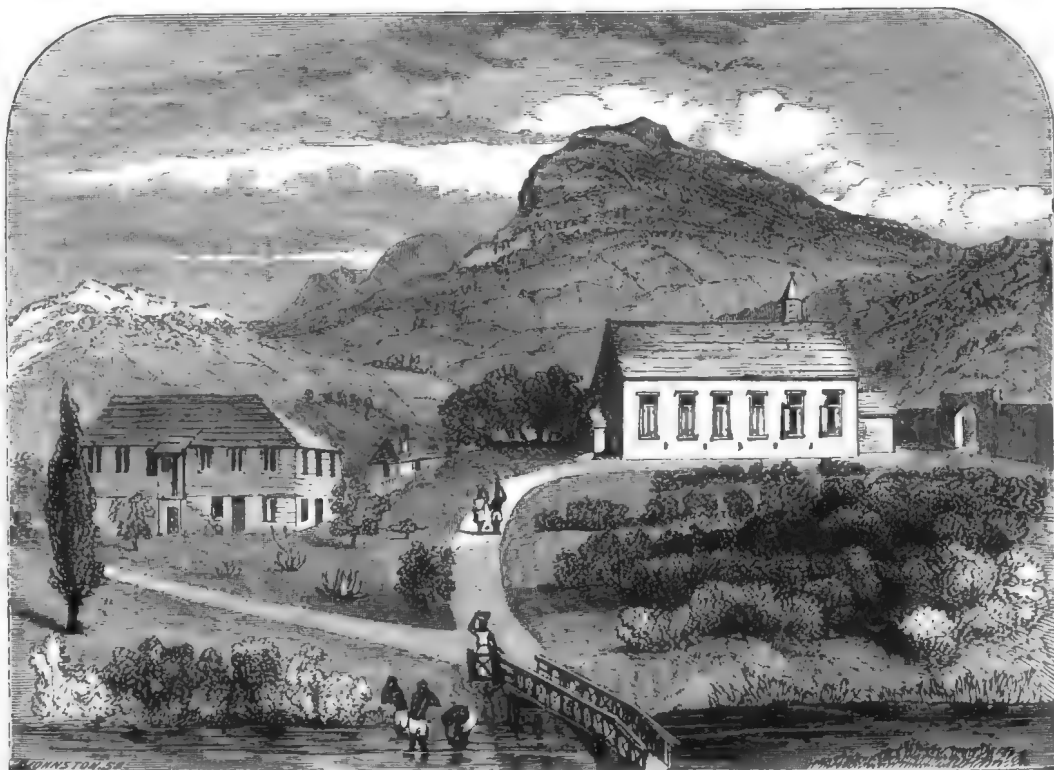
spoke long on the Sabbath from the Evening Lesson (St. Luke vi. 1— in connection with Creation and Redemption. Some grumbling occurred from an opium-smoking brother of a candidate: "Well," said he, brother is going to join you, but I won't."

On Thursday, Oct. 4th, I rose early, and had special prayer. Matthew Tai appeared, anxious. There were rumours of a feast at night, and of plots to defeat the foreigner. M. T. and others went to reconnoitre, and soon came back, saying that one candidate had decoyed home by his father, and tied up to prevent his baptism. I could not wait, and at 8 A.M. we held service in the hall. Just as I began, the escaped son, looking so pleased. The neighbours had intervened and got him released; and the father himself was outside the hall when we finished, and I had a word with him. It was a solemn service. May it have been owned and ratified in Heaven! and may the inward and spiritual grace accompany the baptized to the end!

In a subsequent letter, dated 27th October, my brother gives further information:—

I have just returned from a trip into the country. . . . In the letter Matthew Tai read to me a very long letter just received from Luke, the leader of the band of twenty Christians, old and young, at Great Valley. I had not heard of them for nearly three weeks since their baptism, and was rather anxious. It now appears that, on the occasion of one of their great feasts—the 9th day of the 9th month—the gentry and headmen of the village held a council of war; and sent the village constable to summon Luke before them. He declined to go down, telling the constable that, as he was guilty of no crime, he could not be summoned in that way. Then two leading members of the clan came, and, with angry threats, ordered him to come. He still refused; "I said he, 'if you, sirs, wish to hear this doctrine, suppose you come to our upper room.'" They actually went, more than twenty of them, filling the room. They then, through a scholarly spokesman, attacked Luke; first, as to the unity of the Deity, and then as to Confucius and the Lord Jesus—their respective claims on a Chinaman's reverence. Luke gives Matthew Tai his arguments, which seem to have been both sound and good. He used his Bible well; and he says that, before his opponent came, he knelt and prayed specially for the Holy Spirit's guidance. Also showed them the Toleration Articles of the Treaty.

Upon this they said: "Well, at all events you have joined



REGENT, SIERRA LEONE, WHERE SAMUEL CROWTHER WAS SCHOOLMASTER IN 1830.

foreigners!" "How, when, and where?" was his reply. "You ought, at least, to have appeared before the Headmen." "Why," he rejoined, "if I have not done wrong?" Then, after much altercation amongst themselves, they one by one went down-stairs and dispersed; having failed, through God's great mercy, *so far*, to find cause for violence. It seems to me a remarkable and cheering event; though one cannot tell what they may try next. But God will lovingly guard His own! I think it will be wise to leave Luke as much alone as possible; only having him up (to Hang-chow) for instruction from time to time.

If you are able to give insertion to this, to me, strangely interesting narrative, I trust it may help to stir up some of the Lord's people to earnest special prayer on behalf of the young Christian community of Great Valley.

G. E. MOULE.

BOOK-HAWKING BY THE WEST LAKE.

THE foregoing deeply interesting narrative cannot be better illustrated than by presenting with it a drawing by the Christian artist, Matthew Tai, who has taken so active a part in the good work it describes. Our readers will be glad to meet again the designer of the pictorial illustrations of the Parables in our last year's volume. Mr. G. E. Moule, in sending us the sketch engraved on the opposite page, adds the following note:—

The scene is the north-east corner of our pretty lake. In the background the steep and picturesque hills which gird the lake on all sides but the east, where it washes the foot of the city wall. A pagoda, or Buddhist relic tower, built eight centuries or more ago by the monk Paou-shuh, after whom it is called. It is a solid pile of brick forming a graceful polygonal spire, capped with an iron pole and spiral wire, the whole perhaps 150 feet high. Nearer to us, a causeway crossing the lake, linked together by three fine stone bridges, and planted on either side with weeping willows. Pleasure boats of the smaller kind plying or waiting for hire at the door of a boatman's cottage. In front, three of our Native brethren, with gospels and tracts, offering them for sale or explaining their contents. Pleasure-seekers, or perhaps pilgrims to the various shrines that fill every nook and valley of the picturesque shores, purchasing, listening, or reading. The artist Matthew, his dear young son John, and another Christian pupil, Kyi-doh, brother of one of the late ordained deacons and son of Stephen Dzing, are zealous evangelists in this way.

BISHOP CROWTHER: HIS LIFE AND WORK.

III.—THE YOUNG TEACHER.



FOR four years the Mission school at Bathurst numbered among its young learners the Yoruba boy who, in the fourth year, was baptized by the name of Samuel Crowther. In 1828, the kind schoolmaster and mistress, Mr. and Mrs. Davey, to whose charge he had been committed, came over to England, and wishing to bring with them a young African for further education in this country, they chose Samuel for this purpose; and the boy, whose face in maturer years was to be so familiar amongst us, first set foot on English ground in that year, landing at Portsmouth on August 16th. He was only here for a few months, however, during which time he attended the parochial school in the Liverpool Road, Islington. Other arrangements were made for him, and he was sent back to Africa early in the following year.

One of the earliest of the Society's agencies at Sierra Leone had been an Industrial Boarding-school, called the Christian Institution. In course of time the general establishment of schools in the towns and villages to some extent superseded this central school, and it was resolved to merge it into a College for the training of Native Teachers. In February, 1827, the Rev. C. L. F. Haensel arrived in the colony, commissioned to carry out this plan. An estate and buildings belonging to a previous governor chanced to be for sale. These were at once secured, and the Fourah Bay College was opened. Six of the most promising African youths were taken in as students; and the very first name on the list is that of Samuel Crowther.

So rapidly did Samuel's mind now expand and his abilities become manifest, that in a very few months the scholar was promoted to be an assistant-teacher in the college. It was about this time that, in the retrospect of his strange career, he was led to call "the day of his captivity a blessed day, because it was the day which God had marked out for him to set out on his journey from the land of heathenism, superstition, and vice, to a place where the Gospel was preached." And a crowning earthly blessing was soon granted to him. In the year 1829 he married Asano, the very little girl who had learned to read with him at Bathurst, and who was now a baptized Christian named Susanna. Half a century has nearly elapsed since that marriage; if it please God to spare their lives another year, the golden wedding may be celebrated; and they have seen their children's children to the third generation. One son is now the Rev. Dandeson Coates Crowther (so named after a former C.M.S. Secretary), a faithful missionary under his father on the Niger; two

other sons are in good positions as laymen; and three daughters have been happily married, two of them to excellent African clergymen.

An addition from home to the teaching staff of the College set Crowther free from his duties there after a short period of service; and in the same year that he married he was appointed schoolmaster at Regent's Town. The missionary there was his old friend Mr. Weeks (afterwards Bishop of Sierra Leone), who writes in the same year, "I have now a good assistant in Samuel Crowther; he promises fair to be very useful. The Lord give him grace and keep him humble." In the Society's Annual Report for 1830, we find the following in the List of Mission Agents:—"Mountain District: Regent—Samuel Crowther, *Schoolmaster*; Susan Crowther, *Schoolmistress*." In 1832 he was transferred to Wellington, a village in the "River District"; and the school there is spoken of as doing well under his management.

The year 1834 saw him back again at Fourah Bay, as a regularly appointed tutor, under the Rev. G. A. Kissling (afterwards Archdeacon Kissling, of New Zealand), who had succeeded Mr. Haensel in the Principalship. For nearly seven years he laboured faithfully in this responsible post, and among those who came under his instructions at the time were George Nicol and Thomas Maxwell, who were afterwards the second and third natives ordained to the ministry of the Church (Crowther himself being the first), and who both ultimately became Government Chaplains on the West Coast. Nicol also became the husband of one of his daughters. It was the custom—as it still is—for the Fourah Bay students to engage in Sunday-school teaching, and other works of Christian usefulness in the colony. The school in which Crowther taught was one attached to "Gibraltar Chapel," a building used for Divine worship, which was afterwards destroyed by fire. Mr. Kissling's Reports speak once and again of the zeal and diligence of the teachers in this Sunday-school, and mention that, in his absence, Samuel Crowther officiated as Superintendent.

But a wider sphere of usefulness was soon to open out before him. In 1841 was projected and fitted out the celebrated Niger Expedition, to open up the great river to lawful commerce. We shall have more to say respecting it in a future chapter, and need only now mention that, on the Government granting permission to the Society to send with the Expedition two missionaries, with the view of ascertaining something of the languages and religious customs of the tribes on the river, the Rev. J. F. Schön and Samuel Crowther were appointed to this special work. Sad disappointment rested upon this first attempt to open up Central Africa to commerce and Christianity. Sickness prostrated almost the whole of the European crews, and the hand of death fell, within two months, upon 42 out of 150. But Mr. Schön and Mr. Crowther were both mercifully preserved; and their journals of the Expedition were afterwards published, and formed a deeply interesting volume.

The time had now come, in the providence of God, for Samuel Crowther to be set apart for the higher and more sacred duties of the ministry. Fourah Bay had proved his ability as a teacher, and the Niger had witnessed his energy as a missionary—so much so that Mr. Schön had written from the river to the Society recommending him for ordination. The Committee accordingly summoned him to England, where he landed for the second time, September 3rd, 1842, bringing with him in manuscript a grammar and vocabulary in Yoruba, his mother-tongue, the work of his leisure hours while on board ship; and was placed at the Islington Church Missionary College under the Rev. C. F. Childs.

Among his contemporaries at Islington it is interesting to notice the names of Henry Baker and James Hunter. The latter (afterwards Archdeacon Hunter), the well-known and enterprising missionary in North-West America, was ordained with him. It was on Trinity Sunday (June 11th), 1843, that the first on the goodly roll of Native African clergy received holy orders at the hands of the Bishop of London (Dr. Blomfield); and on the 1st October following, the young deacon was ordained a presbyter of the Church by the same bishop. In preaching the Society's Anniversary Sermon in 1844, Bishop Blomfield referred with much satisfaction to his share in an event so pregnant with hope for Africa:—

"What cause," he exclaimed, "for thanksgiving to Him who hath made of one blood all nations of men, is to be found in the thought that He has not only blessed the labourers of the Society, by bringing many of those neglected and persecuted people to the knowledge of a Saviour, but that, from among a race who were despised as incapable of intellectual exertion and acquirement, He has raised up men well qualified, even in point of knowledge, to communicate to others the saving truths which they have themselves embraced, and to become preachers of the Gospel to their brethren according to the flesh!"

The ordination day was twenty-one years less one week after the poor frightened slave-boy was landed by H.M.S. *Myrmidon* at Sierra Leone. Truly we may perceive concerning him as Eli perceived concerning the little Hebrew boy who first bore the name of Samuel, that "the Lord had called the child!"

EPITOME OF MISSIONARY NEWS.

The 1st of May falling this year on Wednesday, the Anniversary of the Church Missionary Society will be on Tuesday, April 30th. Annual Sermon will be on Monday, the 29th, when the Bishop of Calcutta, Dr. Maurice Day, will (D.V.) preach.

The C.M.S. Committee are appealing for fresh funds for the Nyangwe Mission, to carry on the work begun with so much promise in Uganda, and also to occupy Karagué and the island of Ukerewe. A sum of £10,000 is required at once, towards which a friend has given £2,000 anonymously. Fresh men also are needed, especially an engine-fitter.

Later letters, to Oct. 12th, have been received from Lieut. Smith. He was still at Ukerewe. No news from Mr. Wilson in Uganda. Others all well.

Two long-tried friends of the C.M.S., the Rev. Joseph Fenn and General A. Clarke, have been taken to their rest since our last number went to press. Mr. Fenn was a missionary sixty years ago, being the first English clergyman (educated and ordained independently) to go out to the Society. He laboured nine years in Travancore. On his return he was a valued member of the Committee for many years. He was father of the Rev. C. C. Fenn, Secretary of the Society, and of Rev. D. Fenn, Corresponding Secretary at Madras. General Clarke also a much esteemed member of the Committee from 1858, and regularly in attendance to the last. When an active Indian officer thirty years ago he took a great interest in missionary work.

The Rev. E. C. Stuart was consecrated to the Bishopric of Waikato at St. John's Church, Napier, New Zealand, on Sunday, December 1st. The Bishop of Christchurch, as Primate of New Zealand, officiated, assisted by the Bishops of Auckland and Wellington. The Bishop of Auckland preached from Acts xx. 28.

Bishop Crowther, with the full concurrence of the Archbishop of Canterbury, has appointed two of his Native clergy to the office of Archdeacon; viz., his son, the Rev. Dandeson C. Crowther, for the Lower Niger, and the Rev. Henry Johnson, who will be transferred from the Yoruba Mission, for the Upper Niger.

The *Henry Fenn* steamer, for the Niger Mission, was launched January 23rd, at Renfrew, and sailed on February 5th for Africa. She is a paddle steamer, schooner-rigged; measures 120 feet in length, and 16 feet in beam; draws about 3 feet 9 inches when full; and will steam at the rate of ten knots an hour. She is to be a "total abstinence ship," and the Church of England Temperance Society has presented medals to Bishop Crowther, Mr. Ashcroft (the C.M.S. Industrial Agent, who will be in charge of her), and the crew.

The Rev. W. Romaine, the oldest of Bishop Crowther's Native agents, who has been connected with the Mission since its commencement in 1857, and was ordained in 1869, died at Onitsha on Nov. 7th. The Bishop writes, "To his last breath our departed brother steadfastly placed his hope of salvation solely on the merits of the Lord Jesus Christ."

The Rev. Henry Johnson has sent a most interesting report of his journey up the Niger with Bishop Crowther last autumn. He describes the prospects of the Mission as very promising, especially at Brass, Onitsha, and Lokoja. At Brass, on Sunday, Nov. 4th, there were 480 persons at church, including King Ockiya and several other Christian chiefs; and two days after, the Bishop confirmed 58 persons. At Bida, 350 miles up the river, Mr. Johnson was received by Umoru, the Mohammedan King of Nupe, with great cordiality, as an Arabic scholar and as one who had seen the holy city of El Kuds (Jerusalem). From seven places indications for teachers have been sent to Bishop Crowther; one of them being Yimaha, an important town on the Benue. At Bonny the persecution continues, and one convert has been deliberately starved to death for refusing to partake of the idol sacrifices.

On October 28th, at Otaki, New Zealand, the Bishop of Wellington admitted to deacon's orders Aroma Te Uaua, a native Maori, who was stationed at Wanganui.

The Bishop of Madras, in his fifth charge, delivered at Madras, November 1st, estimates the number of Native Christians in his diocese connected with the Church of England, to be 79,917, an increase of 65 per cent. in fifteen years. About three-fourths of these belong to the C.M.S. The Native Clergy have increased threefold in the same period. They now number 103, of whom 71 are C.M.S. During his episcopate Bishop Gell has confirmed 25,541 Native Christians.

The Rev. R. T. Dowbiggin sends a gratifying report of the educational work at Cotta, Ceylon. There are forty-four schools in the district, with 1,221 boys and 962 girls. The numbers have more than doubled in seven years. Sir C. Layard, K.C.M.G., in his Administrative Report for 1876, says, "It is a cheerful sign of progress that schools for females are now generally resorted to. I do not know a more gratifying example than that which may be witnessed on any occasion of a collective examination of the girls educated in the C.M.S. schools at Cotta." Fourteen young people from these schools were baptized last year on their personal profession. One of them is the daughter of a devil-dancer, and is enduring much persecution for Christ's sake.

THE CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.

APRIL, 1878.

VINEYARD WORK.

Thoughts for those Engaged in Christ's Service.

By THE REV. G. EVERARD, *Vicar of St. Mark's, Wolverhampton.*

IV.—THE SECRET OF STRENGTH.

"When I am weak, then am I strong."—2 Cor. xii. 10.



STRANGE paradox, yet constantly beneficial in the believer's walk. Not when my natural vigour is sufficient, not when I think I can do any thing and every thing, but when I see my own power gone, when I can do nothing of myself—then, looking off from self—looking up for Divine help—then "am I strong," for "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."

We think we are too weak to do the Lord's work: the fact is we are too strong. We think of what *we* can do instead of what *the Lord* can do. Our strength is our weakness, and our weakness is our strength.

I see this very plainly in the life of the Apostle. We have it in 1 Cor. xv. 10, "I laboured more abundantly than they all: yet not I, but the grace of God that was with me." So, too, is it in this passage in 2 Cor. xii. He had the promise, "My grace is sufficient for thee: for My strength is made perfect in weakness," ver. 9. So he gloried in those things which manifested his powerlessness. And why? "That the power of Christ might rest upon him." So, too, in Col. i. 29. He did not strive and labour through his own natural energy and determination. He recognised a power working mightily in him and with him. "I also labour, striving according to His working, which worketh in me mightily."

If I would work successfully, I must cherish the same spirit. I must constantly remember my utter inability to do the least thing aright of myself. I have neither the will, the wisdom, the strength, nor the perseverance to labour in His vineyard. I have a mighty foe ever at hand to hinder me. I have to contend with sloth, deadness, love of praise, worldliness, and the fear of man, in my own heart. I have to work for souls in a world at enmity with God.

But my sufficiency is of God. He chooses "the weak things to confound the mighty," that His may be all the glory. He hath promised me the almighty aid of His Holy Spirit. All power in heaven and in earth is in the hand of Christ, and He imparts it to all who rely solely upon Him. Therefore why should I doubt or fear? I shall go forth in the strength of the Lord. And in His strength will I labour on, and fulfil the work He hath given me to do.

SKETCHES OF THE PUNJAB MISSION.

By THE AUTHOR OF "MORAVIAN LIFE IN THE BLACK FOREST," &c.

IV.—New Stations: Peshawar, Kangra, Multan.



MRITSAR, the sacred city of the Sikhs, the religious metropolis of the Punjab, the emporium of commerce for North India, had been chosen as the great starting-point and centre of missionary work in the Punjab, and we shall have by-and-bye more to say about it; but for the present we must leave the work to progress there, while we turn to other scenes and places.

On the 19th of December, 1853, a public meeting was held at PESHAWAR in favour of the immediate commencement of missionary labour in that town. The meeting was presided over by Major (afterwards Sir Herbert) Edwardes, who had so greatly distinguished himself in the Punjab war; and Captain James, the

Deputy-Commissioner of Peshawar, moved the first resolution, which was cordially adopted, £3,000 being at once subscribed.

Peshawar is an important city of about 60,000 inhabitants, next to Cabul the most important in Afghanistan. It stands at the mouth of the celebrated Khyber Pass, and is constantly visited by numbers of Affghans from beyond the mountains, and by people of all the neighbouring nations, especially in the cold weather, when caravans and strangers daily arrive.

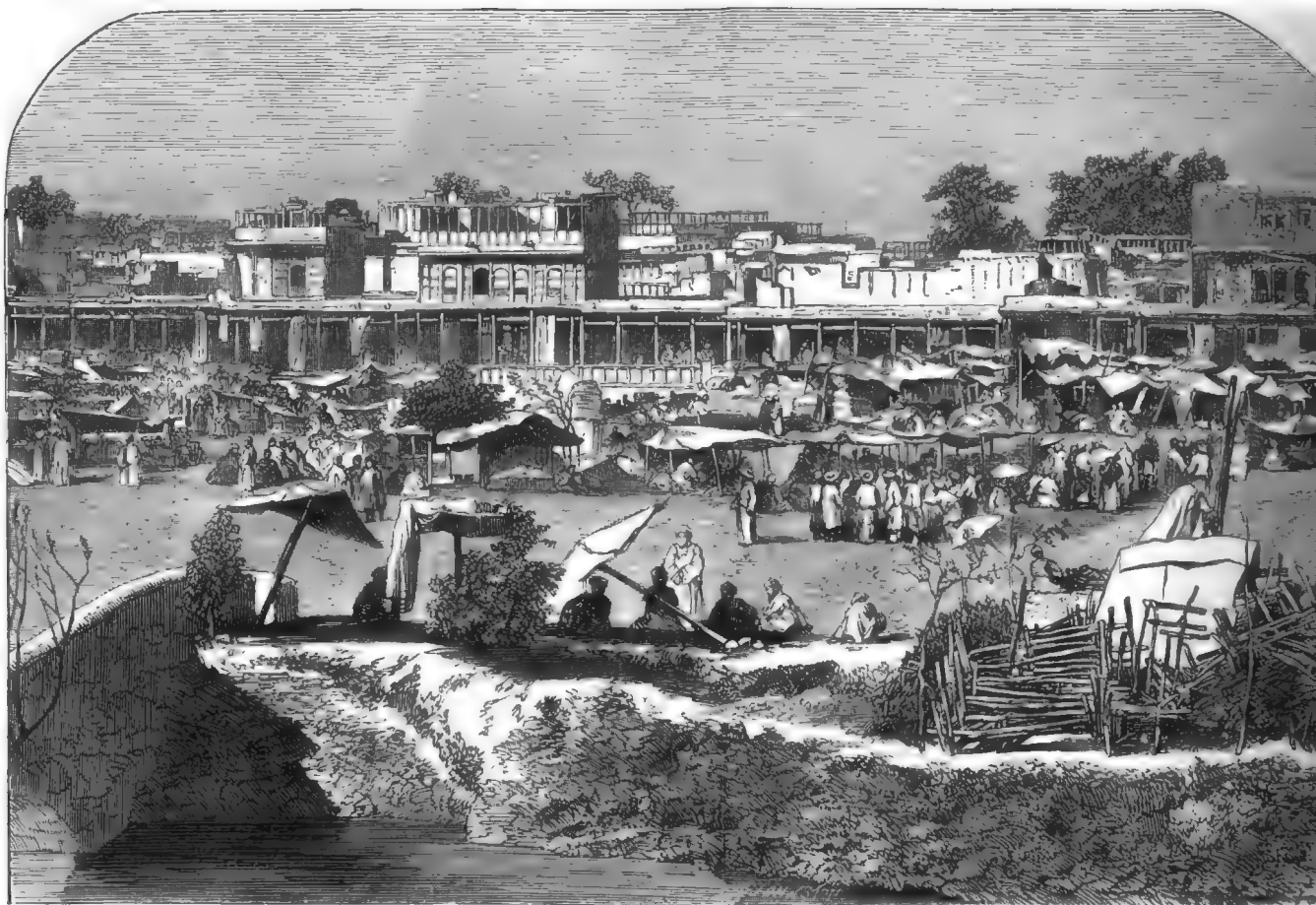
The result of this meeting was a memorial to the Church Missionary Society, signed by the chairman on behalf of "a number of residents and friends at Peshawar." On receiving the memorial the Committee decided upon occupying Peshawar as one of their stations, and as pioneer they sent forth to the frontier the Rev. Robert Clark, to co-operate with Dr. Pfander, who had hitherto been labouring in Agra; and their hands were strengthened by the assistance of an earnest worker and liberal friend, Colonel Martin, who at this juncture retired from the public service to give himself up more entirely to the Lord's work.

Six years later, on the 1st May, 1860, when the Indian Mutiny had come and gone, Sir Herbert Edwardes stood on the platform at the anniversary meeting of the Church Missionary Society in Exeter Hall, and said: "The outpost of Peshawar is one of the most difficult and arduous posts in India. But safety reigned there throughout the whole time of the Mutiny. Why? Because we honoured God from the very first in that place; because we established a Christian Mission there. And I can tell you that Dr. Pfander, one of the best and most able Christian missionaries who was ever sent forth, went down into the streets of Peshawar, where 60,000 heathen and Mohammedans met him face to face, and there he opened his Bible and preached to them the Gospel of Jesus Christ. He did not fear but that God would take care of His own. He did his duty; and I believe in my heart, and bear testimony to it this day, that at Peshawar we derived our safety from the presence of the Christian Mission like an ark amongst us."

Our scene must now again shift, and while our pioneers are establishing the Mission at Peshawar, let us turn to the hill-district of KANGRA. Here, too, early in 1854, a Mission had been commenced. The Rev. J. N. Merk was at work, assisted by a European schoolmaster and three native teachers. The Mission-house, a bungalow purchased from an English civilian, stood on the point of a hill between the two towns of Kangra and Bhehanna. At the latter place is a very ancient and famous Hindu temple, the resort of vast multitudes of pilgrims from various parts of the country twice in the year, and esteemed of such sanctity that Runjeet Singh, the last king of the Sikhs, when he was dying, directed, amongst his other acts of supposed merit, that the top should be covered with plates of gold,—which was actually done.

Twenty miles off is another place of eminent Hindu sanctity, Jowala Mukhi, where a sacred flame of fire issues from the bituminous rock. There is a tradition that if a man cut out his tongue, and lay it on the idol's head in the temple here, he will not only go to heaven, but his tongue will grow again in four days' time. Instances of people cutting out their tongues in consequence have frequently occurred.

A large number of villages and towns are thickly scattered about the rich and beautiful valley of Kangra, one of the most fertile spots in India, and here it was that Mr. Merk began to break up the fallow ground, and to sow abroad in it the incorruptible seed of the Word of God, by daily preaching in Kangra itself, and by missionary excursions to other places in the



THE MARKET PLACE AT PESHAWAR.

district. The people proved to be a simple, quiet race, very superstitious and credulous, but alive to kindness, and easily won by judicious and gentle treatment. The missionary's influence was the more readily felt from the fact that the Native priests were a most dissolute and immoral set, and not at all looked up to by the inhabitants of the country.

Mr. Merk did not have long to wait for a first-fruit of his labours here. While on a preaching visit at the Jowala Mukhi mela, or fair, a respectable young Brahmin, formerly a schoolmaster of the place, came to his tent for some books. He had some knowledge of Christianity through intercourse with Native Christians, especially the earnest-minded, gentle-mannered Pastor Golaknath, of Jullunder. He now asked for further instruction in the Christian religion, and he was ultimately baptized on October 16th, 1864.

The founding of yet another station, that of Multan, must be noticed. Its occupation was owing to the desire of the Rev. Thomas Fitzpatrick to spread missionary labour and influence as widely as possible. He had already, with his colleagues, preached and itinerated in all directions in the densely-populated country around Amritsar, but he felt that the Punjab was lying wide before him, and that everywhere was spiritual destitution. As soon as the arrival of a new missionary—the Rev. A. Strawbridge—at Amritsar set him free, he set out on a missionary tour to Multan, to ascertain its fitness for occupation. The European residents received him gladly; liberal aid was promised him; and hither he transferred himself, with the consent of the Parent Committee, in the beginning of 1856. As at Amritsar so at Multan, he exercised a beneficial and happy influence on all with whom he came in contact.

The opportunities for usefulness at this time in a direct missionary point of view were small, but they were not neglected. "Perhaps," observed Mr. Fitzpatrick, "there is not another missionary in India without a colleague or a Native assistant; this is my portion. I go to the city alone, and preach a short time every second day. I feel it is a great cross to stand up alone before a very degraded, polluted people, who gain nothing from their hearts every word that I say, or pity my folly."

Eventually the health of himself and of Mrs. Fitzpatrick, having severely suffered, he was compelled to return home. He had baptized two adults, "the first-fruits of a difficult mission carried on in difficult times." Whilst in England he was not idle, but occupied his resting-time in editing the works of Dr. Parnell in Persian and Hindustani. In 1863, his wife having died, he returned to the Punjab and his old missionary field, but only to become aware, through prostrating illness, that his constitution was now utterly unequal to the exigencies of the Indian climate. He bade a final farewell to India in 1864; the following year he married a second time, but ten years of mission work in India had exhausted health and vigour, and a short illness terminated his earthly career in February, 1866.

He was not the first of the Punjab missionaries who had been called to a heavenly home. No less than five were already dead before him, all of whom had died in India; two at Peshawar, one at Multan, one at Amritsar, and another, belonging to the same station, at Dalhousie. These were years of trial in the Mission, but the Lord doeth what seemeth good in His sight. His ways are not as ours, and we know that what He does is best.

THE REV. W. T. SATTHIANĀDAN.



SEVERAL of our African clergy are well-known personally to large circles of friends in England; but not one of the ordained Natives of India connected with the C.M.S.—the number of whose names are about a hundred and twenty—has ever visited this country. By the time, however, that these lines appear, we hope that the respected clergyman and his excellent wife whose portraits we now present, will have landed on our shores. A few lines concerning them will therefore have a special interest for many of our readers.

A year and a half ago there died, at Poonamalli, near Madras, an aged schoolmaster, William Cruickshanks, who had for more than a quarter of a century, although totally blind, laboured most earnestly as head-master of the C.M.S. high-class school at Palamcottah. His earnest and spiritual teaching had been instrumental in leading many of the young Hindus under his charge to embrace the Gospel. In season and out of season the good man sought, by all manner of innocent stratagems, to draw his pupils to study with him the Word of God; and not a few who are now bearing witness for Christ among their countrymen delight to dwell upon his happy influence over them. One of these is now the Rev. W. T. Saththianādan.

Mr. Saththianādan had to endure the usual trial of a well-connected Hindu when he becomes a Christian. He had literally to give up all for Christ. But he was warmly welcomed by the Tinnevely missionaries; and after pursuing his studies, first under the late Rev. J. Thomas, and then at Bishop Corrie's school at Madras, he was attached as an evangelist to the Itinerant Mission commenced by the Rev. T. G. Ragland. His zeal and ability marked him out for the sacred ministry, and he was ordained by Bishop Dealtry in 1860.

His first pastoral charge was in the Sivagasi district, North Tinnevely, where he worked in company with his excellent brethren the Revs. J. Cornelius and V. Vedhanayagam. In 1868 he was appointed to the Native congregation of Trinity Church, Madras, where, for the last fifteen years, he has laboured both as pastor and as missionary, and has been privileged to gather round him a band of educated Christian men and fellow-workers for Christ. From this last Annual Report, dated November 30th, 1877, it appears that the congregation numbers 366 souls, of whom 184 are communicants.

Mrs. Saththianādan is the only daughter of the late Rev. John Devasagayam, so well remembered still by the elders among us

as the first Native clergyman of the C.M.S. in South India. She and her daughters have for some years carried on an extensive and successful work of female education in Madras, besides being devoted evangelists to their heathen sisters in the zenanas of that great city. The same Report gives the number of girls in her six schools as 444, and of the zenanas visited by her, with the assistance of some Christian women, as 50, comprising 105 lady pupils. "The Gospel," writes Mr. Saththianādan, "is thus silently winning its way, and may, in God's good time, produce fruit in the conversion of many of the daughters of India."

We are sure that Mr. and Mrs. Saththianādan will meet with a hearty welcome when they come amongst us.



THE REV. W. T. AND MRS. SATTHIANĀDAN, OF MADRAS.

A HINT TO WORKING PARTIES.

IN a private letter dated Nov. 27th last, Archdeacon Kirkby writes from York Factory, Hudson's Bay:—

"My dear wife bids me thank you very much for sending such suitable and nice things. The garments were all good, and of a kind most suited to the wants of the people. One has no desire to find fault, neither would I dry up any stream of benevolence, for our needs are great; but it is just that which makes me feel very sorry to see what useless things are often sent. Old missionary magazines, railway guides, gardeners' chronicles, and all sorts of rubbish that one would be sorry to have to pay the freight for from London to Cornwall, much more a voyage across the ocean! And unless you saw them, you would never believe how absurd some of the articles of clothing are. I often wish that I could give the dear working parties a few lessons in cutting out women and girls' clothing! Many of them do not appear to have the least idea of proportion or shape, others seem to think the more fantastical they can make the things the better."

LEAVES FROM THE HISTORY OF A MISSIONARY AUXILIARY.

BY MISS E. J. WHATELY.

CHAPTER XII.

IE have another 'auxiliary trouble,'" said Mrs. Weston to her husband, about a week after the occurrence last related, on his return from a two days' absence at a clerical conference. "You told me to open your letters while you were away, and here is one from Captain Austin, announcing his determination to retire from his honorary secretaryship. He had been such a help to us! I do not know what we shall do without him."

"Mr. Heath gave me a hint of this a little while ago," said Mr. Weston; "I am very sorry it has come to pass at last."

"And his cousin Mrs. Benson, who thinks very much of his opinion, has been persuaded, it seems, to follow in the same line. She writes that

she must give up her collectorship. She says the captain has convinced her that missionary collections are really quite as worldly things in their way as balls and parties; and he says he feels that as a Christian man, he cannot continue to help that which is so tainted with a wrong spirit."

"I see how it is. It is not an isolated case. These samples are becoming very rife, and in many instances have drawn off most valuable workers both from home and foreign missions."

"Then what *shall* we do?" sighed Mrs. Weston, who, like many habitually bright and sanguine persons, was liable, if once fairly disheartened, to sink proportionably low. "If one half of our helpers fall off from caprice or half-heartedness and the other from morbid scruples, whom shall we have left?"

"You judge like the two executioners in Holland in the Duke of Alva's time, who agreed that if one was to put the bad subjects to death as criminals, and the other the good as heretics, the country would be depopulated! Well, I don't think it will go as far this time. But we must not let Austin and Mrs. Benson go without an effort. I will try and see both myself."

A day or two afterwards we were returning from a walk to an outlying hamlet where Mr. Weston held an occasional cottage lecture, when we met the very persons we had been speaking of, and also our friend Mr. Heathfield, the banker, who acted as our treasurer, who broached the subject as soon as he came up to us.

"Here, Weston," he said, "you will be able to argue the matter better than I can, and I leave it to you. I want to persuade our good friend here to reconsider his decision of 'leaving us in the lurch.' He has been such an efficient helper that we can ill spare him."

"I hope never to give up helping Mission work in one way or another," replied Captain Austin; "the cause is one I have truly at heart; but I do not think the usual machinery of missionary societies is carried on in a spirit worthy of Christians, and now I am convinced I ought to leave."

"Will you tell me in what way we are going wrong, my good friend?" said Mr. Weston. "I am always grateful for the rebukes and warnings of a Christian adviser; and if you can show me that our Missionary Auxiliary is carried on in a wrong and worldly spirit, I shall be only too happy to try and remedy the evil to the best of my power."

"Indeed, Mr. Weston, I can say nothing against the spirit in which you and Mrs. Weston and some like you are labouring. The fault I find is not with this individual association, but the *general* machinery of missionary and charitable societies in our day is not carried on in the simple, unworldly spirit of the New Testament."

"Will you kindly explain a little further?" asked Mr. Weston, calmly.

"Willingly. In the first place, look at the crowded meetings, the show, and luxury, and fashion we see. Are not some of these great gatherings almost as full of the 'pomp and vanity of the world' as a merely fashionable entertainment could be?"

"I am afraid it is too true. But how are we to help this? We cannot read hearts. As soon as any association, religious or otherwise, becomes large, we shall have the worldly element creeping in. So early as the apostle James's time they had men with gold rings and sumptuous apparel taking the best places in their assemblies. St. James reproaches his hearers for 'respecting persons,' but he does not tell them to turn the rich man out of church."

"I think more care might be taken, even so," rejoined Captain Austin, "to discourage such persons from coming; and on the contrary, every pains is often taken to urge Lord This and Lady That to honour a missionary meeting with their presence, as if it were a ball or an exhibition. Then there is that habit of choosing as the principal speakers, as we so often see, those who have no recommendation but that of rank or wealth, or high social position. At the last two country meetings I attended we had the most utterly inane and tedious speeches made by two of the wealthiest men in the neighbourhood; had they been persons of less distinction they would not have been tolerated. They were not even professedly religious men, I believe; one came to please his wife, and another was persuaded by somebody else, and it was thought a great point gained to secure them."

"I do admit these to be abuses," said Mr. Weston, gravely, "and very serious ones. I dislike greatly the habit of canvassing for support of rank and wealth, irrespective of character, and I myself, and many who think with me, would never be a party to such proceedings. They are abuses, but you know the old proverb, 'the abuse of a thing is nothing against its use.'"

"But we are told," said Captain Austin, "to keep *ourselves* pure, and to 'touch not the unclean thing.'"

"True; but what is 'touching the unclean thing?' If the work of the Society itself were carried on in a wrong manner, if I had any reason even to doubt that its objects were attained in a right and Christian spirit, I should be bound to avoid all connection with it; but while I am firmly convinced that the work is a good one, and done in an irreproachable manner, should I be right in refusing to help it because others who are also helping may do so in a wrong way? The main stream is pure, and if some of the lesser channels may have mud and

mire in them, is not that the case in every thing in this world long as the earth contains weak and erring men, so long must mixtures be inevitable?"

"But would not Christian men be serving their Master's cause by avoiding everything that has such a mixture?"

"To do that one must imitate the ancient hermits and retire from outward activity. They could thus keep clear of all mixture *except* was in themselves; but short of this, how can contact with mixed conduct and motives be avoided? We cannot go to the carefully guarded place of worship without the risk, nay, the certainty of meeting worshippers who are not all pure. We cannot give without working hand in hand with those who give like the Pharisee, 'to be seen of men.' Our Lord *knew*, what we can only guess many of those chief men among the Jews gave from no true motive, and yet, would He have been pleased with the poor widow who had withheld her mite because others gave from ostentation and vanity?"

"No, certainly," interposed Mrs. Benson; "but I think what Captain Austin means is the way in which most missionary and charitable association work is published abroad with the sound of a trumpet—lists of the committee, the secretaries, treasurers, and so on, blazoned abroad and made like a regular business concern. I own long been a stumbling block to me."

"Any unnecessary want of simplicity in making known our work and objects, any needless expense spent on mere machinery," said Mr. Weston, "we must all agree in deprecating. But let us look closer at the matter, dear friends. You allow that the command to go and preach the Gospel to all nations is plain and universal. Well, equally plain that the majority of Christians cannot go out and preach to the heathen themselves."

"Many might, who do not," put in Captain Austin.

"Granted. But with the fullest allowance for this, we all know vast numbers *cannot*. Out of these numbers there may be some very good men who could, if they would, support some good work entirely themselves; but you will allow that though some might who do not, still all must form a *very* small minority. Most can give a little, but not much. Now, is it right that they should be deprived of the privilege of helping to send the Gospel to foreign lands (and the same may be said of Home Missions), because they cannot send each shilling or sixpence to the place that needs it?"

"Of course," said Captain Austin, "no one would dispute that it is necessary to have some one to receive and forward the contributions of the others."

"Exactly. And then, as many of these givers may not know to whom or how, they can send their money, there must be some means of letting them know; some one to go round and visit them, or send them notes and papers to explain what they should do."

"Certainly," said Mrs. Benson; "no one doubts that."

"Well, there you have a treasurer and a secretary," rejoined Captain Austin. "Then, if these persons are collecting and receiving, in one small place or even one town, but in a wide district, or all over a country, to print their names instead of writing a number of letters is simply a saving of time and expense. Then again, the person who receives the money may not choose to take the responsibility on himself alone, of deciding where and how the money is to be sent. Those who give may not all know him well enough to have confidence in him; he himself may not be well qualified to decide, however honest and trustworthy in his intentions. Does he not do wisely in joining with friends who may have better means of judging in such matters than he has, and agreeing with them to meet together to deliberate, with prayer for the guidance of the Holy Spirit, on the best and wisest way of disposing of the money entrusted to them?"

"To be sure, that seems quite reasonable," said Mrs. Benson.

"I think it is," said Mr. Weston; "but then you see you have a printed report and a committee at once, and this was part of the machinery you objected to."

"Well, the way you put it, it certainly does look very different," said the lady; "but you see, in these great societies, all this is done with publicity and show!"

"It seems to me," replied Mr. Weston, "that the difference you speak of is chiefly that which must exist between a work on a large and one on a small scale. The Church Missionary Society began, we all know, as a little band of Christian men assembled in a private room. Their collections and arrangements, while their numbers were so small, must have been managed almost as simply as in a family gathering. But this is not last. God prospered the work: contributions poured in, new meetings were opened for the Gospel, fresh calls for help and fresh helpers were up; and the little streamlet became a mighty river. To expect the work to be carried on as simply as it was in the beginning, is to expect a broad river to flow through the channel which was sufficient for a narrow brook."

[We are sorry to break these conversations off in the middle, but space will not admit of the whole appearing at once.—ED.]

THE CAMPHOR TREE.

A PARABLE.

[The Camphor Tree (*Laurus Camphora*) is a magnificent evergreen growing to an immense height in Japan. To obtain the camphor the tree is cut down and divided into pieces, and the perfume, which is found in small whitish crystalline flakes in and near the centre of the tree, taken out. Japan is called by the natives the Fountain or Dawn of the day.]



DWELT on an ancient mountain,
In an orient land far away,
Where light leaps up from its fountain,
And falls to the earth in the day.

I was fed from the clouds above,
And I drank of the brook below;
The glory and crown of the grove—
No fairer could Lebanon show.

But they laid my fair glory low,
My boughs of unwithering green;
A sweet shade in the noontide glow
For man and for beast had they been.

Not one among all my fellows
Stood up to deliver me then;
No shield from stroke of the billows,
Nor help from the children of men.

Nay, they stripped me with ruthless steel,
And cleft my poor heart in twain;
Shall the axe for the forest feel,
Or the woodman weep for its pain?

Then first were rich odours revealed,
That flowed from my bleeding core,
And fountains of fragrance unsealed—
Ne'er known was such fragrance before.

Now wide has my glory been spread,
And broader my branches are grown;
Far off has my fragrance been shed;
The nations my sweetness have known.

'Twas Jesus, the Plant of Renown,
That came from His home in the sky,
The Ancient of Days from His throne,
For sinners to suffer and die.


Oh! Saviour, forsaken and slain,
Thou pourest Thy perfume abroad;
What healing flows forth from thy pain!
Thy wounds are the way to our God.

GEORGE ENSOR.

THE TRIDENT, THE CRESCENT, AND THE CROSS.

Gleanings from Vaughan's Religious History of India.

IV.—THE BRAHMINS.

OU may see any day in North India the following strange sight. A poor, half-starved man, walking along the street, meets another man, portly, well dressed, respectable. The well-to-do man, with an air of abject reverence, takes off his turban, throws himself on his face, and puts his forehead in the dust. The poor man approaches the prostrate figure, and put his foot upon the bowed head, in token of his blessing. Presently another well-to-do man with eagerness brings a dish of water that the poor man may dip his bare foot in it, and then devoutly drinks the water. *This is caste.* The two well-to-do men happen to be Sudras; the poor man happens to be a Brahmin; and the Sudras regard the Brahmin as divine.

How came this monstrous system into India? There is nothing at all like it anywhere else. We sometimes use the word "caste" in describing the feelings and habits of particular classes in society. But in India caste is no mere social

distinction, but a religious system of enormous power. The word itself, says Mr. Vaughan, seems to be the Portuguese *casta*, "race." The ancient name of the system, in Sanscrit, the sacred language of the Hindus, was *varna*, "colour," doubtless referring to variety of complexion, for, as a rule, the higher the caste the fairer the skin. But this word was superseded by *jati*, "birth."

We have before observed that the original Aryan settlers had no caste divisions, and at first they had hardly any classes. But gradually the priests, the soldiers, the cultivators (including artificers and traders), and the servile class became four distinct orders—viz., Brahmins, Kshatriyas, Vaisyas, and Sudras, representing the four wants of a community—(1) *instruction*, (2) *protection*, (3) *support*, (4) *service*, and said to be descended from the mouth of Brahma, his arm, his thigh, and his foot.

The system was, no doubt, set on foot by the priests to secure their sacerdotal power; and, by dividing those who were not priests into classes, they gave each class an interest in the arrangement, the Kshatriyas, for instance, being content to pay homage to the Brahmins so long as the Vaisyas paid due respect to them. As for the Sudras, who were at the bottom of the scale, they were probably a conquered race that had submitted to the invaders, and so it was privilege enough for them to be recognised as an order or caste at all, which gave them some advantages over the low out-caste portion of the old possessors of the land.

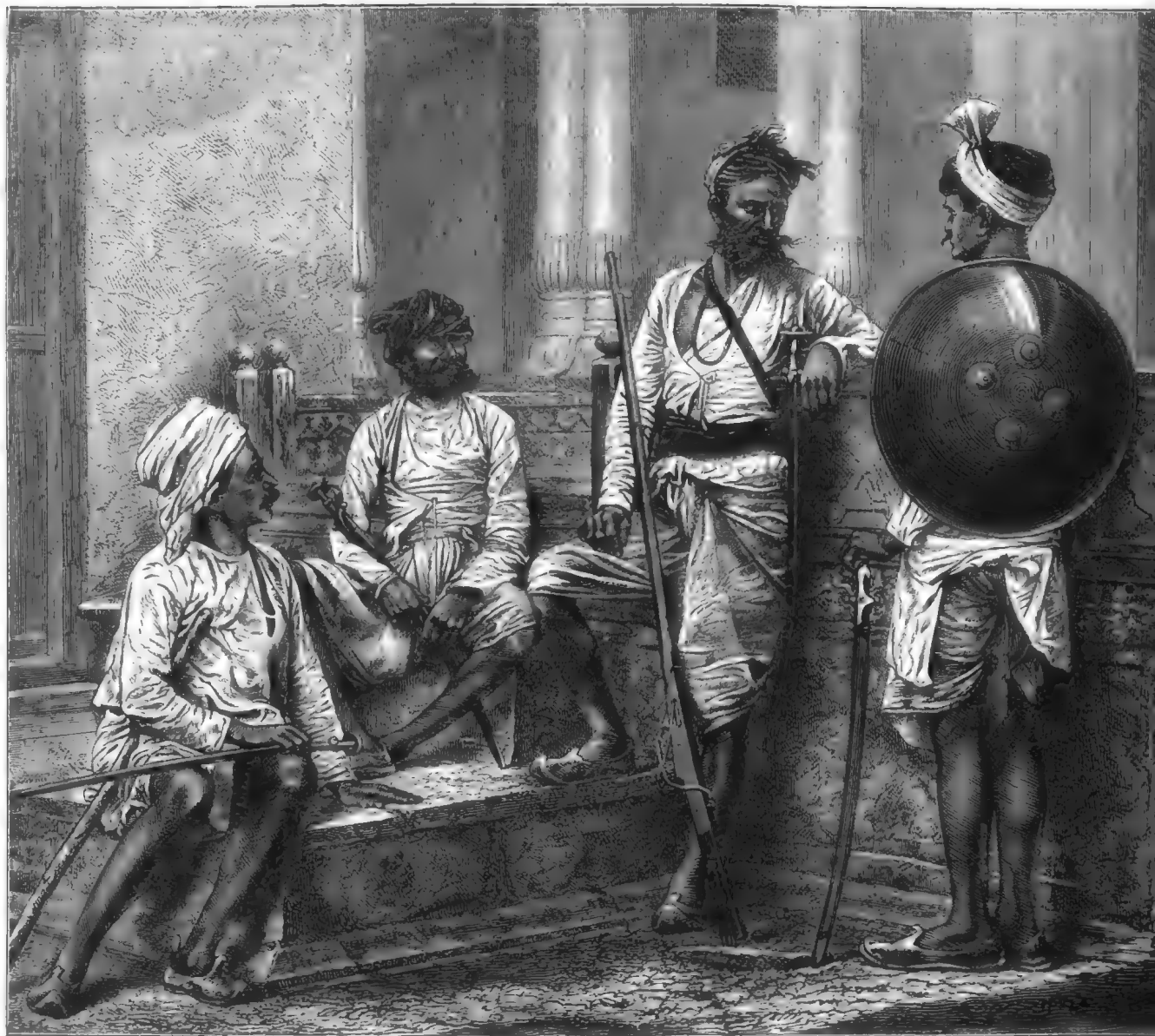
But these four castes, though usually given in books as the divisions of Hindu society, do not at all represent it at the present day. Men could not and would not be bound by such iron rules; the Kshatriyas and Vaisyas almost ceased to exist as separate orders,* and got mixed up with each other and with the Sudras; while, on the other hand, trades and occupations multiplied, and each, in course of ages, became a distinct caste by itself. The Sudras are still a numerous body, and are subdivided into minor castes; but, while they count as a low caste in North India, in South India they are a high caste, ranking next to the Brahmins, and only second to them in exclusiveness.† The Native government of Travancore took, two or three years ago, a census of the population of that little State. The whole number is only two-thirds that of Scotland; and in the Hindu portion (about three-fourths of the whole) there are no less than 420 separate castes, seventy-five of which can be broadly distinguished from one another!

But amid all these changes, the Brahmin has remained unchangeable. "All live for him, and he governs all." "Let a man, according to his ability, give wealth to Brahmins, who know the Vedas and keep apart from the world; by so doing he obtains heaven when he dies." "All that exists in the universe is the Brahmin's property." So says the ancient law-giver Manu. Terrible penalties are denounced against any one who hurts a Brahmin. "As many particles of dust as the blood of a Brahmin absorbs in the soil, so many thousands of years must the shedder of that blood abide in hell." By innumerable restrictions and rules is the dignity of the sacred caste fenced round. To give but one instance: a Brahmin would lose his caste position for ever if his food were cooked by a low caste man; and, to guard against the possibility of defilement, if while the cooking is going on, the hem of such a man's garment touch the vessel, or even his shadow fall on the food, the viands are thrown away, and the vessel (if of earthenware) broken.

It is a selfish and cruel system. Caste, indeed, observes Mr. Vaughan, "has not destroyed the power to feel and to love," but it has confined that feeling and that love within the narrowest

* The Rajpûts, a group of whom are represented on the next page, are regarded as the representatives of the Kshatriya caste.

† The late Rev. Ainala Bhushanam, of Masulipatam, was a Vellama, a high Sudra caste, and his conversion, in 1862, caused as much excitement as that of his friend, the Rev. Manchala Ratnam, who was a Brahmin.



HINDU CASTES: GROUP OF RAJPUTS.

limits. A Hindu is tender in his family relations, he is kindly towards his fellows of the same caste; but for all beyond he cares nothing at all. "On the great pilgrim routes of India," Mr. Vaughan says, "we have seen poor creatures, smitten with disease, lying on the road-side, passed by hundreds of their co-religionists with no more concern than as if they were dying dogs. We have seen the poor parched sufferers, with folded hands and pleading voice, crave a drop of water to moisten their lips, but all in vain. Either the dying man is known to be of low caste, or his caste is unknown; to approach him, to touch him, might result in pollution; hence he is left to his fate."

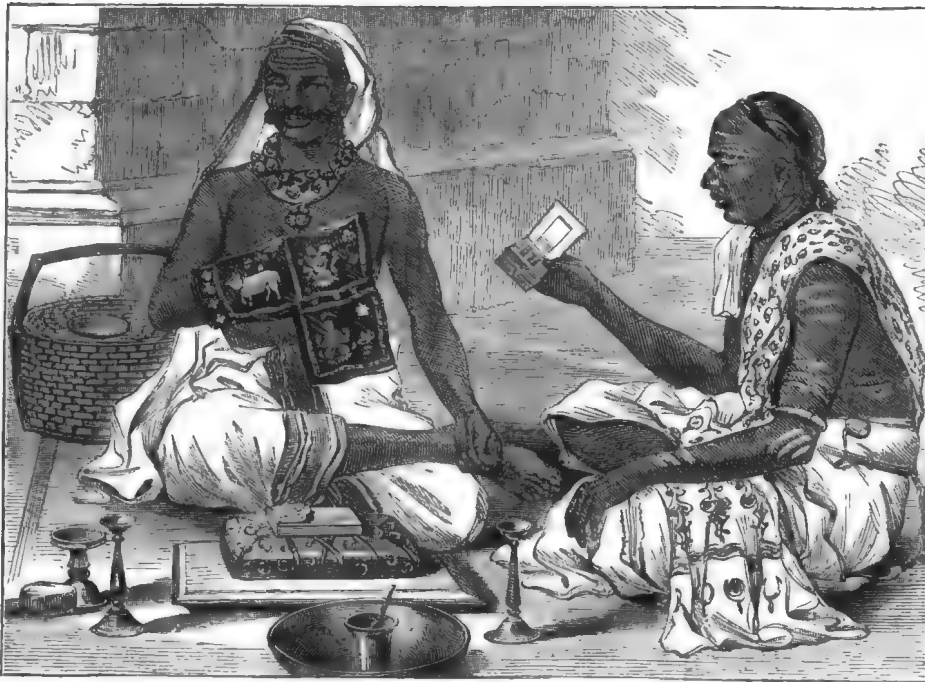
It is, too, a demoralising system. "A Brahmin may be known to be a monster of wickedness—a thief, liar, adulterer, murderer, but his sanctity as a Brahmin remains unaffected by these crimes; he will still be worshipped by his disciples, and still will they drink the water of his feet as a holy thing; but let that Brahmin, even by accident, eat forbidden food or touch an unlawful object, and the curse of uncleanness at once falls upon him." Further,

he may believe what he likes in religion, or, like many educated Hindus now, believe nothing at all; but so long as his caste is not broken, he is as sacred as ever. He may even say, "believe in Christ," without forfeiting his rights; but let the water of baptism touch him, and "from that moment to his death he is regarded as a fallen and degraded wretch, and the wretched subjects who before worshipped him in his crimes will, now that he has repented, shrink from contact with him in horror."

One great Hindu doctrine has largely helped to maintain the caste system—the doctrine of *transmigration*, the passing of the soul from body to body (human or animal) in successive earthly lives. While no merit and no wealth can convert a Sudra into a Brahmin, he may, says the priestly teaching, become one at a future birth, provided he leads a righteous life now—that is, a life of devotion and liberality to the Brahmins. On the other hand, a Brahmin may at a future birth become a Sudra, if he has been careless in keeping his caste in this life; let him, therefore, beware! Thus everything, in teaching and in practice,

aims at one object—the glorification and supremacy of the sacred caste.

No wonder that Sir William Jones, three-quarters of a century ago, declared that no Brahmin would ever be converted to Christianity. Yet he was wrong. He knew the power of caste, but he forgot the power of the Cross. Had he lived to the present day, he would have seen scores of Brahmins who have suffered the loss of all things, and joined themselves to Sudras and to out-castes, counting "all one in Christ Jesus."

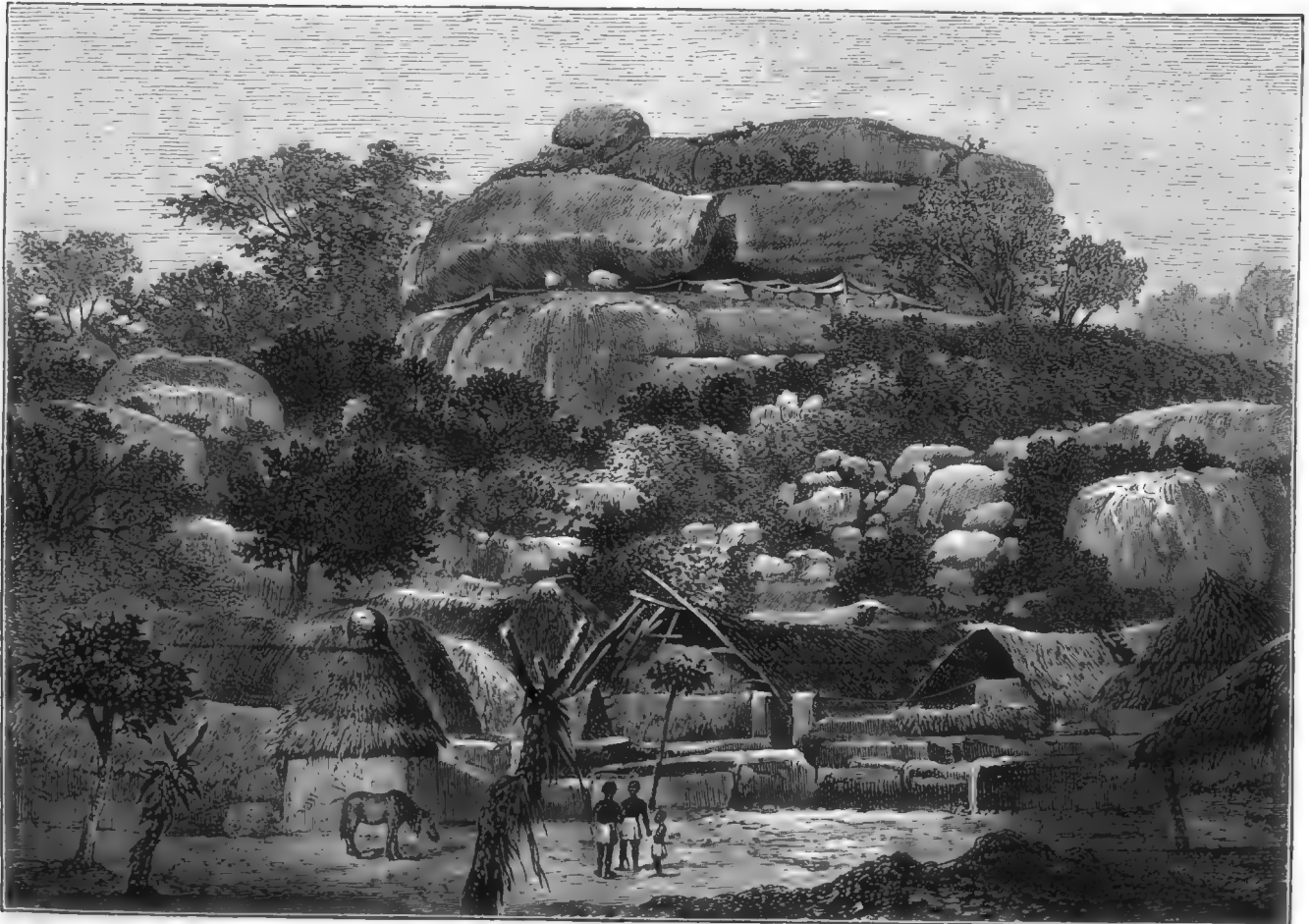


HINDU CASTES: BRAHMINS AT SURAT.

THE ROCK OLUMO, AT ABEOKUTA.

IN our chapter this month of Bishop Crowther's life (page 47), allusion is made to the great rock in the centre of Abeokuta. We take this opportunity of presenting a picture of it, engraved from a photograph and a sketch kindly sent us by the Rev. H. Townsend. The late Dr. Irving, B.N., who visited the place in 1852, writes as follows:—

Aké and Olumo are the two principal heights of the city. The latter rises in the north-west of the town, to the height of about 200 feet, and is composed of one immense rounded mass of gray porphyritic granite, smooth and exposed, except—



THE ROCK OF OLUMO, AT ABEOKUTA.

ing where coarse grass and trees have taken root in the crevices and hollows. Surmounting the rest is a huge oblong rock, perfectly detached, and resting on a base narrower than the rest, resembling in some respects our own rocking stones. Around and under the sides of this a person may walk. Standing under this rock, and looking down below, the view was exceedingly imposing: the immense plain covered with houses, the swarms of people everywhere, in the narrow thoroughfares, in the wide open spaces shaded by fig-trees, in the markets, in the centre courts of the dwellings, the river Ogun skirting the city close to the walls, the undulating and cultivated country beyond.

THREE SCENES ON THE NIGER.



UR interest in East and Central Africa must not make us lose sight of West Africa; and no Mission in any part of the world can show more interesting scenes than those which we now present, gleaned from the narrative written by our esteemed Native brother, the Rev. Henry (now Archdeacon) Johnson, of his recent journey up the Niger, in company with Bishop Crowther. Our readers will find in the GLEANER, of July last year, a map of the river and a general account of the work, to which we would refer them. But we may just say with regard to the three following scenes, that *Brass* is in the delta of the Niger, the Brass River being one of the mouths; *Osamare*, about 120 miles from the sea; and *Bida*, the capital of Nupe, and residence of King Umoru, nearly 400 miles from the sea.

1. Christian Chiefs at Brass.

In the year 1867 Bishop Crowther met with King Ockiya at the Nun. The king hailed the "God man," and begged of him to come to his country to establish schools, and do for his people what was being done for Bonny. "Assuredly gathering that the Lord was calling him" to work in Brass, the Bishop hastened to that place, and the following year saw the work actually begun. The Lord greatly assisted His servants, so that in less than three years the work had assumed such a decidedly aggressive attitude as to alarm the Juju priests, and make them tremble for their own reputation and their future means of subsistence.

About this time a chief was won over to the cause, and also several young men from the influential families in the country; and when the priests saw that the interests of the gods were being neglected, they felt that the strange religion should be at once crushed. Small-pox having broken out in the year 1871, the cause was traced to the introduction of the new religion into the country, and so a violent persecution was set on foot at the instance of the crafty priests. The lives of the converts were exposed to the utmost danger. The chief above alluded to was obliged to run away stealthily from Brass town, leaving his family and property behind him, when he was apprised that a council had been held to murder him. One of the converts was tied so cruelly that the cord made a deep indent into his flesh. In this manner he was dragged to the place of sacrifice, and frightened with a drawn sword; but his faith stood firm and unshaken, and his persecutors were foiled in their purpose to induce recantation. Powerless to stem the torrent of popular passions, the king could afford no protection to those whom he himself had invited to the country; but, thank God! he would not encourage the persecuting zeal of his subjects.

At length the fiery storm blew over, but only to revive in a fitful blaze in 1874. However, its force was spent, and it soon died out, and in all human probability will never be revived again.

Now, what is the result of nine years of unremitting labour at Brass? The church has been enlarged once. On Sunday, November 4th, there were no less than 480 persons present at the morning service (including six Europeans), and in the evening, notwithstanding a drenching shower, there were as many as 226. The next day being the first Monday in the month, the usual prayer meeting was held, when the church was nearly half filled. I had thought that being held at a busy time of the day, (10.30 A.M.), the attendance at the prayer meeting would have been small; but I was agreeably surprised to see a great many men and women present. The king and some of his chiefs residing at the village of Tuwon were present at both the services and the meeting. It was most edifying to see them listening to the Gospel of our salvation. The next day (November 6th) saw the church once more filled. A confirmation service was held, and the Bishop administered the holy rite to fifty-eight persons.

Those three days—Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday—were among the happiest I spent in my trip to the Niger Mission. In no other place did I observe such a striking exhibition of the mighty power of the Gospel.

More good news. King Ockiya has now asked for a teacher for Nembe,

his capital, which is about thirty miles from the coast. Thus the work gradually extending, under the auspices of the king himself and the influential men of the country. The influence of the heathen priests has collapsed ignominiously. To show with what contempt the gods are now treated, it will suffice to say that wood is cut and carried away from the sacred grove, at which formerly the people would not venture even to look, on account of its reputed sanctity.

Social customs which offend against decency and morality are being abolished by the natives, of their own accord. Besides, they are advancing as rapidly in material prosperity as in their knowledge of Divine things. On Saturday, the 3rd November, we, that is the Bishop, Rev. Thomas Johnson, and myself, visited the village of Tuwon, about a mile distant from the mission compound. I could scarcely believe what my eyes saw in the house of one of the chiefs, Samuel Sambo. Very few houses are better furnished either at Sierra Leone or Lagos. The most cultivated taste will admit the house to be a splendid one. Much money has been laid out in pictures, time-pieces, carpets, and every luxury that may be considered indispensable in the residence of a rich civilised gentleman. He has 300 dependents, and through them is accumulating a great amount of substantial wealth. We were taken to every apartment in the house, but there was one room, simply furnished, which gave me the most interest. There was a table, and a great number of forms. That was other than the *prayer room*, where, morning and evening, the good chief assembled his vast household for their devotions. Nine short years ago this man was full of the superstition which reigned in the country. He will not venture to say that, being of a tribe that practised cannibalism, he has never tasted human flesh. Nine years ago he venerated Juju superstition as devoutly as did his meanest slave; but now he is another man—a Christian—and is emulating the practices of his brethren in Christ throughout the world. Once, and that not long ago, he was ignorant of the saving truths of Christianity, and was as poor in worldly goods as in his spiritual health; but now his outward and inward conditions have altered most materially. Verily, the Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we rejoice.

The prosperity of this station is not of a superficial or ephemeral character; there is substance in it, and such as, with God's blessing, will continually expand and become wide-spread. My heart has again ascended to heaven in gratitude to God for the glorious results which have followed the establishment of the station of Brass.

2. A Native Missionary's Influence at Osamare.

The Rev. Mr. During is exerting a great influence among the people of Osamare. Human sacrifices used to be most frequent; but they are now kept within bounds, and I believe will before very long become a thing of the past. As soon as he heard an inkling of such a thing going on, Mr. During would go to the place of sacrifice and plead until he prevailed to rescue the devoted person. I saw one who was thus snatched from the jaws of death—a poor emaciated creature. The sacrificing of old women was once a very common practice. The number of those rescued by Mr. During, at various times, exceeds ten; and from the circumstance of his interesting himself so much on their behalf, he has been nicknamed "The life of old women."

He has also distinguished himself as a mediator between hostile parties. On one occasion civil war was about to take place. Guns were loaded, swords were whetted, and war drums were sounding furiously, when Mr. During hurried to the scene. The manner in which he succeeded in preventing the war taking place is well worth the consideration of—I was going to say ambassadors, diplomats, and foreign secretaries. He went to the spot, where preparations were all but completed, and having a large hand bell concealed beneath his coat, he pulled it out and began to ring violently, walking about the crowd and pushing away here and there those who seemed particularly excited and determined. He kept shouting with laconic brevity—"Don't fight: don't fight: make peace: war ruins the country: war brings misery: disperse: go home." He continued ringing like an auctioneer's man, till his arm ached, and he shouted himself hoarse. He was rewarded for his pains, for the people dispersed without firing a single shot.

3. Reception of Bishop Crowther and Mr. Johnson by a Mohammedan Sultan.

Bida, the present capital of the Nupe Country, and residence of the King Umoru, was the utmost limit of our northward journey.

Mr. J. Crowther, second son of the Bishop, and Agent-General of the West African Company (Limited), very kindly allowed us a passage free of charge in his steam launch to Wunangi, where we disembarked, and to the land journey to Bida

We rode straight on to the king's, accompanied by the Ndeji (the father of the country)—an officer that may be regarded as Prime Minister and Lord Chancellor rolled into one. We found the king sitting among his chiefs, captains, and people of distinction, anxiously awaiting our arrival. The welcome he gave to the Bishop and his son, with whom he had been long acquainted, was extremely hearty. Short of embraces

them he showed a warmth and genuineness of affection which was extraordinary, as coming from one whose religion inculcates a by no means conciliatory spirit towards Christians. He is a man somewhat above the middle stature, much inclined to obesity, of a very pleasing countenance, and keen powers of observation. The Nupe, Hausa, Foulah, and Yoruba languages are equally familiar to him.

The usual preliminaries having been gone through, Mr. J. Crowther addressed the king on the subject of trade, and produced a few pieces of cloth, extremely beautiful, which he offered to the king, as the annual dash or present from the firm which he represented. The cloth was very much admired. The king thanked him again and again.

The Bishop followed, but before bringing out his presents, he introduced me in a formal speech, and told the king the object of my visit to his country. He was informed that I could read and speak the Arabic language, at which the king was greatly surprised. When he was further told that in order to do this I was sent to the East, and that I visited Egypt, and was two years in El Kuds (Jerusalem), more surprise was expressed. But the climax was reached when the Bishop said that I was a native of this part of Africa, as my father came from Ilorin, where also my grandmother died last year. The king stared. It provoked a smile to see the marks of astonishment standing out in bold relief on his ample brow. He seemed puzzled to understand what could have been my object in travelling so far to study the Arabic, being a Christian. The Bishop gently insinuated that it would be well if his co-religionists could try to make themselves acquainted with our books, as we are trying to learn theirs. He replied mechanically, "*Gaskia, gaskia*," "True, true."

Seizing the opportunity, I produced my copy of the Koran, which he took and examined. That it might serve my purpose, I had had it interleaved, and had made my notes everywhere. The king wanted to know what my writing meant, and I explained everything to him. He requested the Bishop to stop his speech until he had sent for a young man whom he attached to himself as being a good Arabic scholar. There being none to satisfy him at Bida, he had requested his friend the Sultan of Kano to send him this young man, who could always read Arabic to and with him. He came, took up the copy of the Koran, and read on without any hesitation. His reading was clear, his accent pure, and intonation very pleasing. I complimented him with some Arabic phrases, and the king turned round and asked in the same language whether I had understood the reading of his chaplain; I replied in the affirmative. He was very much pleased. As a specimen of my handwriting, I produced an extract from the Gospel of St. Luke, "Hear, O Israel, the Lord thy God is one Lord: and thou shalt love the Lord thy God," &c. The king read the extract fluently, and in a manner which convinced me that he understood its meaning. I was greatly impressed by what I perceived of his intellectual powers.

The Bishop then continued and ended his general remarks, and brought out one by one the presents which he had chosen for the king. A large arm-chair, made at Kipo Hill, by one of our carpenters, of the wood of the shea-butter tree, was the first present. The king thought that the chair was brought from England. He could hardly credit the fact that it was made so very near his own door. After that, half-a-dozen pieces of brick, burnt at the same Kipo Hill, were also produced, and the Bishop tried to show that it was possible for the king and his people to have improved dwelling-houses if they wished, and also told him that we should be quite ready to teach carpentry and brickmaking to any number of children that the king might send to our establishment. Before we left him he promised to send three.

The next thing brought out was a globe. The relative position of places was pointed out. Russia and Turkey were shown, and the Bishop gave some information about the war between the two countries. The king said it was all true, and that it confirmed a report which he had received from the Sultan of Kano, who had heard particulars by the over-land route.

Last of all came two splendid rolls of carpet, which exhausted the Bishop's store. I have no language to express the exquisite satisfaction evinced by the king throughout the proceedings.

[N.B.—Mr. Johnson's complete narrative has been just published in a separate form, and can be obtained at the Church Missionary House, price Sixpence.]

A NEGRO ON WAR.

A KING of Yoruba, called Afonja, who reigned about the commencement of this century, once said, "If I could find out the town where war had its origin, I would call upon my kingdom to help me to make war upon and destroy it, so as to prevent any future wars." One of his chiefs replied, "Your Majesty, the town is not unknown, but you cannot venture to attack it." The king declared that he would. The chief said, "*The town is the human heart*." The king was much moved by the truth of the reply, and, in acknowledgment, gave him a handsome robe (long garment).—(From the Journal of Mr. W. S. Allen, Native Catechist, Ibadan, March 13th, 1872.)

NEWS FROM HAKODATE.

FROM this remotest station in the far East, on the island of Yezo, the northernmost of the four large islands forming the empire of Japan, the Rev. J. Williams writes to the Editor as follows:—

Hakodate, 13th Nov., 1877.

It may interest some of the readers of the GLEANER to whom the writer is personally known to hear something about the progress of the Master's work in this far-off place—far-off indeed, for we could not go much further. Indeed, if we were to try to do so we should actually be drawing nearer to England, instead of going further away. But we have no desire to go further away from, or to draw nearer to, dear friends in the old country. Not that we have forgotten them or love them less than in days of yore, but as our work lies here, and we are very happy in it, we have no wish to leave it. Besides, we feel that we can never go beyond the reach of the prayers of Christian friends in England.

Mrs. Williams and myself have both been sticking close to the language, and though we have much, very much, to learn, yet we do not feel so hopelessly at sea as when Mr. Denning left us; we have been struggling on as best we could, and, blessed be God, He has not left us without the help of His presence and the comfort of His Spirit. I made my first attempt at preaching on the 26th August, at our preaching place, and I must say the hearers were very attentive, and tried hard to make out what I was saying. There were some Buddhist priests present, who seemed to be more amused than edified by my remarks. I really do not wonder at it.

You will be pleased to hear that within twelve months of my arrival here I have been permitted to admit three Japanese to the visible Church of Christ by the sacred rite of baptism. One of these was a woman, married to the English constable attached to the Consulate. The other two were young men of the Samurai class, one of whom is a soldier belonging to the detachment stationed in the fort here; and the other had been a soldier, but, being in a consumption, obtained his discharge a short time back. These all received baptism at our evening service on Sunday, Oct. 28th. The soldier took the name of Daniel, his late comrade that of Joseph, and Mrs. Lawrence (the constable's wife) that of Rebecca.

Daniel is not ashamed to confess himself a Christian, often talking to his fellow-soldiers, and trying to persuade them to become soldiers of the cross. He frequently induces some of them to come with him to class, and on Sunday marched in at the head of six in full uniform.

Joseph, I think, cannot live long, and he knows it. I asked him a few days ago if he were afraid to die, and he replied that now he had become a disciple of Christ he did not fear death, as heaven lay before him, and if he lived long he might only be a burden to himself and to others.

Let me request the prayers of the readers of the GLEANER for these and the other converts in connection with our Mission, and for us also, that our lives and teaching may be blessed to the edification of those who do believe, and to the conversion of many who do not believe.

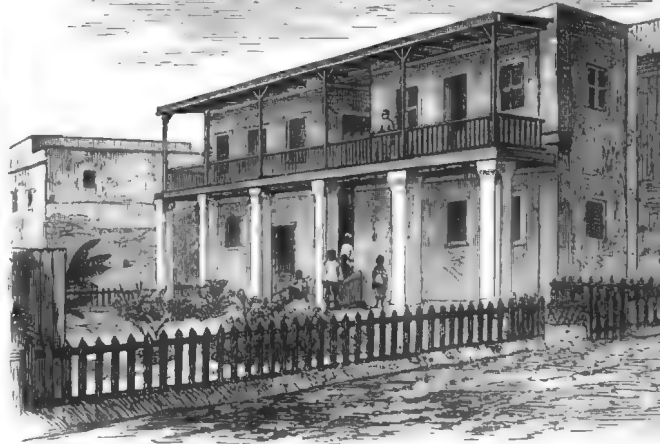
A YOUTHFUL NATIVE EVANGELIST IN TINNEVELLY.

THE Rev. Henry Schaffter, Principal of the C.M.S. English Institution at Palamcottah (a high class school for both Christian and heathen Tamil boys), gives a bright account of one of the students:—

A boy called Pakkiam, of the Matriculation class, and another in a lower class, feeling their spirits "stirred within them," set off on a preaching tour of five months. They travelled over a large part of South Travancore, receiving no pay, preaching two or three times a day, either in company with the L.M.S. catechists, several of whom gave them food, or else by themselves. Pakkiam I ought not to call a boy; though very young-looking he is more than twenty. He left soon after my arrival, and on making inquiries I found that he had gone against his parents' wishes, who desired him to try for the coming Matriculation. On his return I spoke to him, and asked him if he thought it right to go away contrary to his parents' wishes. His happy face was lit up with such a smile when he answered, "Sir, we ought to obey God rather than man." On further inquiries, I found that he was not a disobedient son, and his parents were not displeased, but welcomed him home gladly when they knew what he had been occupied in. He is very anxious to devote himself to preaching the Gospel, and rather reluctantly took a post under the Government dresser, where, as a kind of apprentice, he learns medicine and surgery, receiving Re. 7 per mensem from Government, and will then go up at their charges to the Medical College for further training. What decided him to take it was my saying that doctors could speak to men of their souls more easily than, and quite as effectively as, catechists or clergy, and that our dear Saviour was a good Physician. He is a Vellala. Often do I hear his clear voice on Sundays and week-days addressing groups of students in their rooms or on the play-ground, on the love of Christ and the duties of Christians. If God spare his life, and he be preserved from spiritual pride, he will grow up to be a most earnest preacher, and a pillar in the Native Church.



AS MR. PRICE FOUND IT.



AS MR. PRICE LEFT IT.

THE OLD MISSION HOUSE AT MOMBASA.

PICTURES FROM EAST AFRICA.

NOTES BY THE REV. W. S. PRICE.

No. 9.—The Old Mission House at Mombasa.

SOME thirty years ago, shortly after Krapf and Rebmann, the zealous pioneers of missionary enterprise in East Africa, had entered upon their arduous task, they obtained from the kindly disposed Seyed Said, the then ruler, and father of the present ruler of Zanzibar, the free grant of an old house in the town and island of Mombasa. It was a great matter for the missionaries in those trying days to be thus openly recognised by the ruling power, for they had to gain a footing and carry on their work amongst a fanatical people, who thought little of the sanctity of human life, especially in the case of foreigners coming to propagate a new religion; but who could venture to lift a hand against the men whom the king delighted to honor? Independently of this, the house was a great boon to the missionaries. It afforded them a valuable base of operations in the chief town on the coast, and a sanatorium to which the fever-stricken brethren might, when needful, escape from the malarious mists of the Wanika country, and woo back health and strength under the more genial influences of sea-air.

Rebmann made Kisulutini his home and centre of work, but every year he found it convenient to spend a few months in the Mission House at Mombasa.

It possesses some historical interest, having belonged originally to the Masrui princes, the former rulers of Mombasa, who were dispossessed by Seyed Said; whilst in 1825 it was occupied by Captain Owen's party, when that officer, at the invitation of the Mazruis, took possession of the town and fort of Mombasa in the name of the King of England, and when for twelve months, pending instructions from home, the British ensign floated over the old stronghold.

Having, like all East African buildings, a weak constitution, it presently fell into decay, and so on our arrival in 1874 we found the Rev. T. Sparshott busily occupied in its restoration. He had no easy task. It was making brick without straw. Materials were hard to get, and skilled labour harder still. For the latter he had to depend upon a few rude craftsmen, such as he could muster from among the slave population of Mombasa. By dint, however, of close personal supervision, which in East Africa means very hard work, he had made good progress, but circumstances obliged him to leave the work in an unfinished state.

Our first picture is from a photograph, representing the condition of the house and its surroundings when it came into our hands, and when my wife and I took up our abode in it in July, 1875. Inside and outside were much on a par, and it would have gone sorely against the conscience of the most sanguine auctioneer to describe it as "a desirable residence." In completing the restoration we had the advantage of skilled artisans from Bombay, under the direction of two English mechanics, and owing to their combined efforts the house, a few months later, had assumed the more respectable appearance which is shown in our second picture. It is now a tolerably commodious house, with no pretensions certainly to architectural beauty, yet presenting almost a grand appearance in contrast with the squalid Suaheli habitations by which it is surrounded. It occupies a commanding site, and a stranger entering the beautiful

harbour has no difficulty in singling it out, as an unmistakable sign that some civilising Englishman has stolen a march upon him.

The head-quarters of the Mission are now at Frere Town, on mainland, a mile and a half from Mombasa, but the old house must not be given up. The time is coming when it will be found to be an invaluable possession, and when it will be occupied by some zealous missionary, who will find an open door and ample scope for evangelising efforts among the Arabs and Suahelis of the town and island of Mombasa. "The Lord hasten it in His time."

BISHOP CROWTHER: HIS LIFE AND WORK.

IV.—THE MISSIONARY TO HIS OWN COUNTRYMEN.



SATURDAY, December 2nd, 1843, was a great day in Sierra Leone. On that day the "black man who had been actually crowned a minister" disembarked from the ship which conveyed him from England, welcomed by hundreds of those who, like himself, were liberated and evangelised slaves. The next day, Sunday, the Reverend Samuel Crowther preached to an immense congregation of Negro Christians from the words, "And yet there is room," and afterwards administered the Lord's Supper to a large number of communicants. That evening penned these words:—

Dec. 3rd.—Preached my first sermon in Africa. . . . The novelty of seeing a Native clergyman performing Divine service excited a very great interest among all who were present. But the question, *Who maketh thee to differ* filled me with shame and confusion of face. It pleases the Disposer of hearts to give me favour in the sight of the people. Wherever I go to welcome me as a messenger of Christ.

The English language, as we have before observed, had necessarily come the "vulgar tongue" of a colony recruited from scores of different tribes having no common speech. It was taught in the schools and used in the churches; and the children born to the liberated Africans grew up an English-speaking race. In English, therefore, Samuel Crowther's first sermon was preached; but he had not forgotten his native Yoruba, and soon after his arrival, he began a service in that language for those of more recently rescued slaves whose vernacular it was. At the first service, at the conclusion of the blessing, the whole church rang with cry of *Ke oh sheh*—"So let it be!" And every Tuesday evening a congregation of Yoruba people gathered round the black clergyman to "hear in their own tongue wherein they were born the wonderful words of God." But that mother-tongue was soon to become, for many years, the language of his life and work.

The Yoruba-speaking tribes, comprising a population as large as that of Scotland, had suffered more than any other from the West African Slave-trade. The whole country inland from what used to be called the Slave Coast had been devastated by the men-stealing wars. In the Ebo territory alone three hundred towns had been destroyed, very many in the way described in our first chapter. About the time that Li Adjai was kidnapped at Oshogun, the scattered Egbas began to gather together again. The refugees from no less than 145 ruined towns combined for mutual protection, and around a high rock called Olumoko

picture of which we give at page 43) there sprang up a great city, four miles in diameter within the walls, and peopled with 100,000 souls, to which they gave the name of Abe-okuta, or Under-stone. In course of time the news reached Sierra Leone; and about 1838 some of the liberated Yoruba slaves began to make their way back to their native land. The first to go were of those who were still idolaters, and they went avowedly to get away from their Christian neighbours; but some of the latter soon followed, and a regular trade sprang up between Sierra Leone and Badagry, then the port of the Yoruba country. The Christian emigrants (if we may so term those who were really going home) petitioned that a missionary might be sent to Abeokuta to minister among them; and this petition was the origin of the Yoruba Mission.

A preliminary visit was paid to Abeokuta by Mr. Townsend, then a missionary of some years standing at Sierra Leone, and afterwards a labourer in the Yoruba Mission for thirty-three years. He was warmly received by the principal chief, Shodeke, and returned to England with a most favourable report; and he and Mr. Gollmer, with Samuel Crowther, were commissioned to begin the new Mission.

On Dec. 18th, 1844, these three brethren, with their wives, and four Christian Yorubas as catechists, interpreters, and mechanics, sailed from Sierra Leone. Mrs. Crowther took with them her two youngest children, one of whom, Dandeson Coates Crowther, then fifteen months old, has just been appointed Archdeacon of the Lower Niger. The West African Steam Navigation Company's regular line of steamers, which now brings to Liverpool a weekly mail from all the stations along the coast, was then a thing unthought of; and it was regarded as a specially providential circumstance that an American vessel which could be engaged to convey the party was lying off Sierra Leone when they were ready to sail. And the voyage to Badagry, which can now be done in five or six days, took them a month. They landed Jan. 17th, 1845.

A serious disappointment met them at the outset. A day or two after their arrival, the news came that Shodeke, the friendly chief of Abeokuta, was dead; and although, soon afterwards, a kindly message came from his successor, Sagbua, the disturbed state of the country caused their detention at Badagry for eighteen long months. They were not idle, however. The Gospel was diligently preached to all within their reach, and Mr. Crowther's journals in particular are very interesting. One of the first steps taken was to visit a war-camp of the Abeokuta chiefs not far from the coast; and on January 30th Crowther delivered in their presence his first evangelistic address in the Yoruba country, basing his appeal to them on St. Paul's sermon at Athens. In his efforts for the good of the Badagry people, he showed his usual practical good sense by teaching them to cultivate farms and gardens, and within twelve months extensive plantations were the result. Sir T. F. Buxton (then lately dead) had given him money to spend for the material improvement of the Africans; and with it he gave away in the first year 150 prizes to successful cultivators. He also taught them to use a corn-mill, which he had purchased in England out of the same fund. The people soon learned the difference between the slave-dealers and the missionaries, but no immediate spiritual fruits appeared; and Badagry, though occupied

from that time to this, has always remained one of the most barren of mission fields.

A good part of Mr. Crowther's time at Badagry was occupied in translating the Scriptures into Yoruba; but of this we shall say more hereafter.

At length the way was made clear for their proceeding to Abeokuta, and that in a very remarkable manner. A notorious slave-dealer at Porto Novo, named Domingo, finding his traffic in human flesh much impeded by the tribal wars, sent an embassy with £200 worth of presents to the Abeokuta chiefs, asking them to open the road, and promising to supply the best cloth, tobacco, and rum in exchange for slaves. But with this embassy the missionaries contrived to send a trusty messenger to Sagbua. Domingo's bait took; the road was opened, and a letter from Sagbua invited the "white men" to come up immediately. Thus the slave-dealer

unwittingly cleared the way for the Gospel of liberty.

On August 3rd, 1846, Townsend and Crowther entered Abeokuta, amid the heartiest manifestations of welcome, not only from the Christian Sierra Leone people already settled there, but from the population generally, and particularly from Sagbua. At a formal reception the chiefs joined in expressing gratitude to the English for saving their enslaved countrymen, promised due attention to "the words brought to them," and volunteered that "all Abeokuta" should join in erecting any buildings required.

Before Mr. Crowther had been three weeks in Abeokuta, a most touching event occurred. On August 21st he met his mother, after a separation of a quarter of a century. The passage from his journal relating it has been printed many times, but it must not be omitted here:—

Aug. 21.—The text for this day, in the Christian Almanack, is, Thou art the helper of the fatherless. I have never felt the force of this text more than I did this day, as I have to relate that my mother, from whom I was torn away about five and twenty years ago, came with my brother in quest of me. When she saw me she trembled. She could not believe her own eyes. We grasped one another, looking at each other with silence and great astonishment: big tears rolled down her emaciated cheeks. A great number of people soon came together. She trembled as she held me by the hand, and called me by the familiar names by which I well remembered I used to be called by my grandmother, who has since died in slavery. We could not say much, but sat still, and cast now and then an affectionate look at one another—a look which violence and oppression have long checked—an affection which had nearly been extinguished by the long space of

twenty-five years. My two sisters, who were captured with us, are both with my mother, who takes care of them and her grandchildren in a small town not far from hence, called Abakà. Thus unsought for—after all search for me had failed—God has brought us together again, and turned our sorrow into joy.

Afala—for that was her name—had been in slavery herself more than once, though not "exported"; and her two daughters had redeemed her. She had long since given up all hope of ever seeing her son Adjai again. Soon after the meeting, the daughters, with their husbands and four children, were made slaves—their town, Abakà, being destroyed by a hostile tribe; and now Samuel Crowther had the happiness of ransoming his two sisters, one brother-in-law (the other died in bondage), and four little nieces. His mother was placed under Mr. Townsend's Christian instructions; and she became one of the first-fruits of the



ONE OF THE YORUBA CHIEFS (AKASHE OF OSHIELLE) WHEN THE MISSION WAS BEGUN.

Abeokuta Mission, being baptized, after due probation, February 6th, 1848, by the name of *Hannah*, the mother of Samuel.

That aged mother is still alive.

OUTLINE MISSIONARY LESSONS.

For the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

[The GLEANER having been adopted as a localised Parochial Magazine for several of the churches at Cambridge, a request was received a short time ago, signed by nine of the Cambridge clergy, for a series of sketches of missionary lessons and addresses for occasional use in Sunday-schools. Arrangements have been made accordingly to give some from time to time. The following is designed as an entire lesson. Others of shorter length will follow, as outline addresses.]

I.—THE BESIEGED CITY.

2 Kings vi. 24—33; vii.



BESIEGED city—Sebastopol, Paris, Plevna—what has it to fear? (1) Enemy outside; (2) Famine inside.

In Scripture several sieges mentioned: Jericho (Josh. vi. 1), Abel (2 Sam. xx. 15), Rabbah (2 Sam. xi. 1, xii. 26—29), Samaria (2 Kings xvii. 5), Jerusalem (2 Kings xxiv. 1—3). Great siege of Jerusalem predicted (Deut. xxviii. 49—57). Look at one siege, an earlier one of Samaria (2 Kings vi. 24—33).

I. THINK OF THE PEOPLE IN SAMARIA.

(a) *They were ready to perish.* How? Strong walls—brave soldiers to guard them—Syrians could not get in. No, but nothing to eat—all gone—glad to eat things not fit to eat—could not even get these without paying great price. Imagine the thin, pale faces, the sinking hearts. [Picture out.] Plenty of food outside? Yes, but if went out to get it, Syrians kill. See chap. vii. 3, 4—if stay in must die, if go out must die.

(b) *God had made a way to save them.* Look at those four lepers going out in the dusk—whither?—why? What do they find? Empty camp—tents all there, horses, asses, but not one soldier—and food and money in abundance! [Picture out.] How was that? Ver. 6, 7—"the Lord's doing" (Ps. cxviii. 23). Enemy scattered—food for the starving—a full salvation!

(c) *But they knew it not.* Had not God told them? Yes, He had, and they would not believe it, ver. 1, 2. And there they were, terrified, anxious, dying, when there was nothing to fear, and plenty to eat.

(d) *At last those who found it out told the rest.* Early in the morning a knocking at the gate—see what followed, ver. 9—16. Why did those lepers come and tell? How selfish and wicked if they had not! See what they thought, ver. 9—"We do not want: this day is a day of good tidings, and we hold our peace." So they came, and saved a whole city.

II. THINK OF THE PEOPLE IN HEATHEN LANDS NOW.

Multitudes in Africa, India, China, &c., like the people in Samaria, only misery far greater, danger far greater.

1. *They are ready to perish.* (a) Starving. Not bodies, but souls. What mean? Soul miserable, never satisfied, never happy. They try [illustrate—"Cry from Yoruba Town," GLEANER, Nov., 1877, p. 129; Hindu faquir, p. 26 of last number]; but all in vain. Soul can't get peace that way. [Illustrate.—Could you live on grass, like sheep and cattle? Your body different, needs other food. So with soul.] (b) Beset by foes—the devil and his angels. Satan tries hard to hinder their getting food for soul. See 1 Thess. ii. 18—"We would have come to you, even I Paul, once and again, but Satan hindered us."

2. *God has made a way to save them.* (a) From starvation. Jesus the Bread of God, to give life unto the world, John vi. 33, 47—51. This Bread does satisfy, ver. 35. [Illustrate.—Story of J— at Osaka, GLEANER, June, 1877, p. 68; Last words of Legaio, Juvenile Instructor, 1877, p. 138.] Can we afford to buy it? Isa. lv. 1—"without money and without price."

(b) From enemy. Jesus came "to destroy works of devil," 1 John iii. 8; Heb. ii. 14.

3. *But they know it not.* Millions never heard name of Jesus, e.g., most of the half-million who died in Indian Famine last year; almost all of those Stanley passed in crossing Africa. [Illustrate.—Old priest in China, just looked forward to "place of punishment, like other people," Juvenile Instructor, 1877, p. 110.]

4. *Who shall tell them?* It must be those who know: do you know? But you can't go now—perhaps never—then send others—missionaries. How? Money wanted. What does it cost to go to —? [name place]—how much more to China!—9,000 miles! Yet a farthing from every child in England would pay for fifty going.

But perhaps when told, they won't believe—like people in Samaria. Quite true—missionaries often disappointed. Yet some do believe [illustrate.—Old Santal, Juvenile Instructor, 1877, p. 166]; and we must go on crying, "O taste, and see that the Lord is good!"

EPITOME OF MISSIONARY NEWS.

The C.M.S. is receiving the special gifts of its friends towards relief of the sufferers by the terrible famine in North China. The fund will be administered by the Revs. W. H. Collins and W. Brereton, Peking.

The Rev. C. C. Fenn and Mr. E. Hutchinson, as representatives of the C.M.S., attended the funeral of the eminent Scotch missionary, Dr. D. at Edinburgh, on February 18th.

The Rev. Arthur Lewis, B.A., late Scholar of Queen's College, Oxford, has offered himself to the Society for missionary work in the Punjab, and has been accepted.

The Rev. H. P. Parker, B.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge, offered himself to the Society, and has been appointed Joint Secretary of the Calcutta Corresponding Committee, to assist at the Old Church in that city.

The Rev. T. P. Hughes, of Peshawar, is in England for six months, and returns to India (D.V.) in the autumn.

The Rev. W. T. Sathianadan, Native Pastor of Trinity Church, has been invited by the Committee to visit this country. He will be accompanied by Mrs. Sathianadan. We give their portraits on another page.

Captain Russell, having been very ill after his wife's death at Freetown, has returned to Europe. Mr. J. R. Streeter has taken his place as Lay Superintendent.

On New Year's Day the Bishop of Calcutta ordained Mr. Katwal, late a student at the Lahore Divinity College, to the pastorate of the Native congregation at Agra.

The Rev. W. Clark, of Ceylon, has come home to confer with the Committee on some of the questions still pending in that Mission; and his health being much impaired, he will remain in England for the present.

Since January 1st the following missionaries have sailed for their respective stations:—the Revs. T. R. Wade and H. D. Williamson, North India; Rev. A. H. Arden, for the Telugu Mission; Rev. S. Coles, Ceylon; Rev. W. Denning, for Japan; Mr. J. R. Streeter, for East Africa.

We regret to announce the death of another of the C.M.S. Native clergy, the Rev. T. B. Macaulay of Lagos. He was born in Sierra Leone, received part of his education in England, became a teacher at Abeokuta in the early days of the Yoruba Mission, and was ordained there by Bishop Vidal of Sierra Leone in 1854. In 1859 he established the Lagos Grammar School, which he conducted with ability and success for nineteen years. He died of small-pox on January 17th. His widow is daughter of Bishop Crowther.

A reinforcement for the Nyanza Mission is just starting for East Africa, consisting of Mr. G. Sneath, a teacher and carpenter, Mr. C. Stokes, a lay evangelist, and Mr. W. S. Penrose, an engine-fitter. Mr. Sneath went out last year, but was sent home by Dr. Robb invalided, and was wrecked on the route in the *European* off Ushant. He now returns to Africa with renewed health and undiminished zeal.

At the end of the year Mr. Mackay, and the young carpenter associated with him, Mr. Tytherleigh, were engaged in driving a train of bullock-carts up to Mpwapwa, by the rough road constructed by Mr. Mackay in the summer. Heavy rains, however, were much obstructive to their progress. The party to be stationed at Mpwapwa, consisting of Mr. Baxter, Mr. Last, Mr. Copplestone, and Mr. Henry, were also on the way.

Bishop Crowther's steamer, the *Henry Fenn*, after leaving Falmouth was forced to put back into that port by stress of weather. H.M.S. gunboat *Forester*, Captain Dennis, which has been appointed to the West Coast of Africa, had also taken refuge in Falmouth Harbour; and she had been instructed by the Admiralty to accompany the *Henry Fenn*, which is a light craft to brave Atlantic gales, and see her safe to her destination.

Bishop Russell has sent an interesting account of the first meeting, February, 1877, of the Ningpo Native Church Council, which was attended by himself as chairman, two English missionaries, four Chinese clergy, four catechists, and twelve lay representatives. The Council has already a capital sum of 1,000 dollars in hand, from Native contributions, for Church purposes.

On October 11th Bishop Russell dedicated a new church at Shaou-hing and on November 30th one at Ningpo. There are now nine C.M.S. regular churches, seating about 150 persons each, in the Cheh-kiang Province, viz., four at Ningpo, one at Z-ky'i, one at Kwun-ho-we, two at Shaou-hing, and one at Hang-chow; also twenty preaching chapels or rooms, holding 50 persons each.

The Rev. Jani Alli has opened his hostel or home for Christian students at Bombay, on a small scale, for a beginning, but with every prospect of enlarged usefulness in the future.

Messrs. Seeley have just published for the C.M.S. *The Story of the Cheh-Kiang Mission*, by the Rev. A. E. Moule, uniform with *The Story of the Fuh-Kien Mission*.

The following pamphlets, price 6d. each, have just been published by the C.M.S.:—*The Victoria Nyanza Mission*, a short history of the Mission to the present time; *A Journey up the Niger*, by Archdeacon Henry Johnson; and *A Plea for the Hill-Tribes of India*.

THE CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.

MAY, 1878.

MARTYRS FOR AFRICA.

"Men that have hazarded their lives for the Name of our Lord Jesus Christ."—*Acts* xv. 26.

"What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter."—*St. John* xiii. 7.

"Neither know we what to do; but our eyes are upon Thee."—*2 Chron.* xx. 12.



AST Africa and Central Africa, like West Africa, are not to be won for Christ without the sacrifice of precious lives. Within a few months of Dr. Krapf's first landing on the coast thirty-four years ago, the burial of his wife consecrated the soil, and the solitary widower wrote home that "as the victories of the Church are gained in stepping over the graves of her members, that lonely grave was a token of her being summoned to the evangelisation of Africa." And within the past three years, since Mr. Price went to Mombasa, we have six times been called to mourn the loss of brethren and sisters in the East Africa and Victoria Nyanza Missions. In the former, D. S. Remington, Mrs. Streeter, Mrs. Russell; in the latter, James Robertson, Dr. John Smith, and now George Shergold Smith and Thomas O'Neill.

On March 19th the following telegram was received:—

"Letters from Governor of Unyanyembe report Smith and O'Neill murdered. Mackay awaits orders."

The mail arrived on April 1st, but the letters addressed to the Society contain but little information. Dr. Kirk, however, H.M. Consul-General at Zanzibar, has communicated further details in a dispatch to the Foreign Office, from which the following particulars are gathered.

It will be remembered that when Lieutenant Smith and Mr. Wilson went across the Lake to Uganda, Mr. O'Neill remained on the Island of Ukerewe to finish the boats and complete the preparations for a final removal. In August, Lieutenant Smith, having left Mr. Wilson with King Mtesa, returned to Ukerewe; and on October 14th, the date of our last letters, he and Mr. O'Neill were nearly ready to leave. It now appears that when they were about to sail, Lukongeh, the king of Ukerewe, made a claim on account of the wood which had been used to complete the dhow, and, to satisfy him, they left some of their goods behind, in pledge. They then proceeded to Kagei, on the mainland, to fetch the stores, &c., which had been left there in June; but the dhow was wrecked there, and, delaying no longer, they started across the Lake for Uganda in the *Daisy*. The winds being contrary, they seem to have turned back to Ukerewe, where they found the dispute about the dhow still pending between Lukongeh and the Arab, Songoro, who had sold it to them.

Apprehending danger, Songoro asked Lieutenant Smith to let the *Daisy* take his women and children to a neighbouring island for safety; and this unfortunately seems to have been regarded by the people of Ukerewe as a signal of war. On the morning of Dec. 7th, they attacked both Lieutenant Smith's men and Songoro's party. The fight, it is said, lasted till the afternoon, when the ammunition being entirely exhausted, the natives rushed in and murdered them with their spears. The whole party, whites, Arabs, and all their followers, save three men who escaped into the brushwood, were killed. Next day the *Daisy* returned from the other island, when the three men who had hidden themselves got away in her, and so escaped to Kagei. They attempted to recover the bodies of Smith, O'Neill, and Songoro, which were seen lying on the shore, but failed to do so.

Such is the story as communicated to the British Consul-

General. There is no longer room for a lingering hope that our dear brethren may be yet alive. The Great Master in His mysterious wisdom has called them to Himself. To them death was gain. They have received a crown of glory which fadeth not away.

But what of the Mission? The C.M.S. Committee have deeply felt the need of Divine guidance. "Perplexed" they have indeed been, like St. Paul; but, like him, "not in despair." Not for one moment could the idea be entertained of abandoning the enterprise. On the contrary, the graves of our brethren must, as Dr. Krapf says, be the Church's stepping-stones in carrying the banner of Christ into the heart of Africa. But the steps to be now taken have been matter for most serious consideration. As we write, early in April, no decisive plans have yet been adopted. But the first thing to be done is to communicate with Mr. Wilson, who is now alone in the heart of Africa, though safe, we trust, under Mtesa's protection.

When the telegram came, and before the above particulars were received, three men, Messrs. Sneath, Stokes, and Penrose, were on the point of sailing to reinforce Mr. Mackay, who is still not far from the coast. They had to leave before the mail could arrive, and it was not thought right to keep them back. We cannot better indicate the feelings and spirit of the Committee than by giving an extract from the valedictory address delivered to them:—

When the Committee first undertook the Nyanza Mission, it was with a deep sense of the responsibility they were incurring. The consciousness was at that time very present with them that it would be contrary to all precedent in the history of Christian Missions if such a result were achieved as the planting of the Gospel in the heart of Africa without an expenditure of precious lives. From the beginning it has always proved true that "except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone." And the present undertaking has proved no exception to this rule of the kingdom of God.

There are some few who would advocate a surrender of the Nyanza Mission as a useless waste of life and treasure. But such is not the mind of this Committee—such, they feel sure, is not the mind of the great body of the Society throughout the country—such, they are persuaded, is not the mind of Christ Himself.

The things that have happened, whatever they be, the Committee regard not as indications that God would have them abandon the enterprise, but rather as intended to try the foundations of their faith; to put to the test the spirit of self-sacrifice; to carry home the conviction that the same hardihood, the same courage, the same faith is needed now, and must be forthcoming now, as was exhibited in the saints and martyrs of old.

The Committee trust you have fully counted the cost of the undertaking in which you are to take your part. . . . If you are minded to go forth for life or death, whichever God may appoint, see to it that your faith and hope are fixed on God Himself. It is an honour that any noble heart might covet, to be the first to step forward to take the place of our fallen brethren, if so be they have fallen. Go forward, then, humbly yet confidently. Go forward with a sense of the nearness to you of God and eternity, earnestly desiring that self may be crucified, Christ alone live in you, and Christ be glorified in you; earnestly desiring to be deaf to human praise, and to seek the honour that cometh from God only.

It is impossible not to be conscious of a cloud over our spirits to-day—yet is it a cloud which is "big with blessing"; and you, dear brethren, shall find it so, if it is the means of keeping you nearer to God, and of causing you step by step to hear His voice saying to you, "Fear thou not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God. I will strengthen thee, yea I will help thee, yea I will uphold thee with the right hand of My righteousness."

If only you have grace to rest upon those "I wills" of the great Jehovah, assuredly, whatever befall you, you shall make your way prosperous, and you shall have good success.

Much, very much, might be said upon the heavy loss the Mission has sustained by the death of our two brethren; much in the expression of sympathy for Lieutenant Smith's family, and for Mr. O'Neill's bereaved wife and children; much of the



DR. JOHN SMITH'S GRAVE AT KAGEI, VICTORIA NYANZA. (From a Sketch by Mr. T. O'Neill.)

crown of glory so speedily won by those whom it has pleased God to take to Himself. But the GLEANER'S narrow space compels us to refrain; and all we might say is better expressed in the three interesting poetical contributions that follow.

MARCH, 1878.

"Ye shall be sorrowful; but your sorrow shall be turned into joy."

SE shall be sorrowful"—Himself hath spoken,
The Faithful One, the Witness ever true,
He whose least utterance can ne'er be broken:
No strange event hath happened unto you.

"Ye shall be sorrowful." Your Lord before you
Trod the rough wilderness, the thorn-strewn path:
The cloud that presses, dark and heavy, o'er you,
Has emptied first on Him its bitt'rest wrath.

"Ye shall be sorrowful." The conflict rages
Between Christ's servants and the hosts of sin;
And ever thus, throughout the passing ages,
His soldiers fall, unfading crowns to win.

But when the music of immortal greeting
Bursts with its glad surprise upon your ear,
And when you taste the rapture of the meeting
With those now parted, more than ever dear;—

Behold them at their Saviour's side in glory,
By His own royal hand arrayed and crowned;
And hear their lips repeat the wondrous story,
How love hath ever compassed them around;—

And when you gaze, at the last great revealing,
Upon the wonders grace divine hath wrought,
And hear the joyful Hallelujahs pealing
From those to whom the word of life they brought;—

Then shall your sorrow turn to endless gladness!
Then shall the shadows melt in cloudless day!
For ever then farewell to loss and sadness,
For God Himself shall wipe all tears away.

SARAH GERALDINA STOCK.

ON THE BURIAL OF DR. JOHN SMITH.

BY HIS BROTHER-MISSIONARY, LIEUT. G. SHERGOLD SMITH, R.N.

[On May 11th, 1877, at Kagei, on the southern shore of Lake Victoria were interred the mortal remains of Dr. John Smith, of the Nyangira Mission. The following lines on his burial were lately sent home by his companion, Lieut. G. Shergold Smith, R.N., who has now joined him in the presence of the Master they both loved and served.]

WE lay him on the margin of the lake,
His hopeful years just ripening into bloom;
The gentle waves with moaning cadence break,
While silently we trust him to the tomb.

The sun descends, and o'er the mournful scene
Casts pall-like shades: but mark, in contrast bright,
The heads of golden corn: they downward lean,
And bend their ear as not a sound to lose.

How fit the emblem! death's dark valley past,
The gloom dispelled and Zion's gates in sight!
All golden glow its beams to meet him, cast
So pure, so dazzling, from the Lamb's own light.

And he is there; while we still toil on here,
Still gathering in his sheaves, he soweth yet:
Tho' dead he speaketh—"Death is ever near,
"To Jesus fly, e'en ere your sun be set!"

In Memoriam.

MARTYRS of God, well done!—
Re-echoes through the skies:
The race was nobly run;
Well done! the Church replies.

Not lured by greed of fame,
Nor lust of man's applause;
'Twas for the Saviour's Name—
The honour of His cause.

The love of souls their stay
The fear of death defied,
And casting ease away,
For Africa they died.

Brave warriors of the Word,
They bore the battle's brunt,

And valiant for their Lord,
Fell fighting in the front.

Wail no sad requiem,
Nor flash the mourning gun;
We scarce can weep for them,
'Tis glory but begun.

Now bliss their bosom fills;
Nor theirs the gain alone—
Through thousand hearts there thrives
The triumphs they have won.

High honour theirs to prove
Still stands redemption's sign,
Not lost the type of love,
Nor quenched the martyr line.

G. SHERGOLD SMITH.



THE "GREAT, FAMOUS, AND TRIUMPHANT FIG-TREE" AT ANURADHAPURA, CEYLON.

THE TRIDENT, THE CRESCENT, AND THE CROSS.

Gleanings from Vaughan's Religious History of India.

V.—BUDDHISM: ITS RISE AND FALL.

RARELY had the worship of Vishnu and Siva become established, the caste system firmly riveted upon the Hindu people, and the Brahmins supreme in dignity and power, than the whole system had to enter upon a life and death struggle with a new and (for a time) vigorous religion. During the time that the Jews were captive in Babylon, the founder of *Buddhism* was born.

That is, if the person supposed to have been its founder ever existed at all, which some high authorities think very doubtful. Mr. Vaughan, however, accepts "the general truthfulness of the story," and we notice it accordingly. It is certainly remarkable that, in the same age of the world, Confucius in China, Zoroaster in Persia, Pythagoras in Greece, and (if it be so) Buddha in India, set about teaching what they supposed to be new truth. But whatever may be the real facts concerning the origin of Buddhism, it certainly rose in India, and about the period we have named.

According to the story, Gautama or Sakya-muni (*muni* means saint or monk) was the son of a king who reigned over a small territory at the foot of the Himalaya Mountains. He was a thoughtful and studious child, and the wise men of the court predicted that he would become a religious devotee. To prevent this, his father provided him with every sort of pleasure and

luxury; but "deep down in his soul there were longings which nothing could satisfy," and in his twenty-ninth year four sights that he saw altered his whole life. First he saw a decrepit old man, which reminded him of the misery of old age; then a leper, which led him to think of the sufferings of the human race; then a dead body—"and *this*," said he, "is what I am to come to!" Lastly, he saw a hermit, silent and thoughtful. "*That*," he exclaimed, "is what I must be!" That very night he left home to live in solitude. Every inducement was offered him to return, but his reply was, "I seek not an earthly kingdom; I wish to become a *Buddha*" (an enlightened one). For six years he practised the most rigorous austerities as prescribed by the Brahmins; but all in vain—he got no light and no peace. At last, sitting in meditation under a tree (a bo-tree, *ficus religiosa*),* he discovered "the source of evil and the way of emancipation."

* At Gaya, in Behar, North India, there is a tree which is constantly perpetuated by planting new trees in the decayed stem of the old, and which tradition affirms to be the very tree under which Gautama sat. Professor Monier Williams, in 1876, saw some Burmese Buddhists, who had come to meet the Prince of Wales, sitting under it, engaged in meditation (*Hinduism*, p. 75). At Anuradhapura, in Ceylon, is a tree said to have been originally a branch of the one at Gaya, transplanted three centuries before Christ. Of this tree we give an engraving above. It is regarded with the profoundest veneration. Sir J. Emerson Tennent says, "So sedulously is it preserved, that the removal of a single twig is prohibited, and even the fallen leaves, as they are scattered by the wind, are collected with reverence as relics of the holy place." It is called *Jaya-sri-mahabodinwahawai*, "the great, famous, and triumphant fig-tree."

And what was this wonderful discovery? Mr. Vaughan thus states it:—“(1) There is no God. (2) Conscious existence is the worst possible evil. (3) Annihilation is the highest possible good.” That is to say, every living being has *desires*; to *desire* implies a certain suffering for want of what is desired; therefore, to be delivered from suffering, one must cease to desire—that is, cease to exist! This extinction is called *nirvana*, and is proclaimed as the highest conceivable bliss.

It seems incredible that such a doctrine, even if believed, could give happiness. Yet Buddha is represented as rejoicing like one that findeth great spoil. Moreover, he did not keep it to himself. He preached his new faith for five-and-forty years; and after his death it was spread in all directions by his followers.

How came such a religion to gain a footing among a people like the Hindus, who, above all things, must have a god to worship? Yet it won its way, and lasted in India for a thousand years. This we know as a fact, however doubtful may be the story of its origin. The secret of its success was three-fold. First, the moral teachings of Buddhism were excellent. Its chief precepts were eleven in number: 1. Kill not; 2. Steal not; 3. Lie not; 4. Commit not adultery; 5. Drink no strong drink; 6. Exercise charity; 7. Be pure; 8. Be patient; 9. Be courageous; 10. Be contemplative; 11. Seek after knowledge. Secondly, it denied the possibility of vicarious suffering, and affirmed that every man must, either now or in one of his future lives, bear his own sins; and this teaching was eagerly accepted by a people wearied and disgusted with the countless sacrifices that saturated the land with blood. Thirdly, it abolished all caste. All men were equal; all alike could attain *nirvana*; to all was benevolence to be shown. This especially it was, no doubt, that gave Buddhism its power. The lower castes jumped at a religion that put an end to their humiliation; it was a message of “liberty, equality, and fraternity.”

But though Buddhism made a good fight for ten centuries, it was destined to be overcome. The Brahmins, of course, were its deadly foes, and they attacked it with their usual cleverness. To the Buddhists they became as Buddhists, that they might gain the Buddhists. Buddha, they said, was but an incarnation of Vishnu (see our third chapter), who adopted this form to decoy wicked men to their destruction by inducing them to deny the gods and neglect caste! And Vishnu, they urged, might just as well be worshipped under the form of Krishna, whose religion was much more pleasant to flesh and blood (see the third chapter again). In this way, and by the partial adoption of some Buddhist doctrines, the power of the new faith was undermined, and the Hindus quite naturally came back from atheism to polytheism—the worship of 880 millions of gods. At length the victory was completed by fierce persecutions, which finally stamped out Buddhism in India. The small sect of the *Jains* is the only relic of it now remaining, and they are now almost as much Hindus as they are Buddhists.

But the tree thus cut down in India had meanwhile, “like a mighty banyan,” says Mr. Vaughan, “shot forth its branches into Burmah, China, Thibet, and Ceylon; in those lands the descending tendrils rapidly took root, branch after branch again spread, root after root descended, until at length the vast populations of those regions sheltered themselves under its shade.” It is truly remarkable to find the religion that so signally failed in India now professed by 450 millions of the human race. Of every three men on the face of the globe, one is a Buddhist!

So far as China is concerned, Mr. Vaughan finds a reason for this in the character of the Chinese. You search, he remarks, in vain in China for the deep spiritual yearnings which so strongly mark the people of India. The Chinese are of the earth, earthy. Among them a godless creed is a possibility. But it is a noticeable illustration of the fact that man, however “earthy,” *will worship*, that wherever Buddhism now prevails, numerous gods

are honoured, and an elaborate ritual is practised in the temples. The godless creed, in the teeth of its own principles, has become a gigantic system of idolatry; and, although there can be no prayer where there is no deity to pray to, the natural tendency of men to seek supernatural help is indulged by the institution of *praying wheels* (see GLEANER, Nov., 1875), which are supposed to act as a charm against demons. Moreover, godless morality is just as great a failure. We may admire the precepts of Buddha; but the virtue, benevolence, and unselfishness he enjoined are, observes Mr. Vaughan, “nowhere more conspicuous by their absence than in those lands where his religion most abounds.”

Good precepts are all very well, but how are men to be got to obey them? You may lay down from London to York the rails ever manufactured; you may place upon them the most perfect engine ever constructed; but you will not get the engine to move a single inch along the rails till you apply the motive power. And the true motive power to *do right* is supplied only by the Gospel, in the love of a crucified and risen Saviour, sown abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost.

LEAVES FROM THE HISTORY OF A MISSIONARY AUXILIARY.

By MISS E. J. WHATELY.

CHAPTER XIII.



OUR conversation then turned in a somewhat different direction. “Is it needful,” said Mrs. Benson, “that so much money should be spent on mere machinery, on travelling secretaries and offices and papers?”

“It looks a great deal in a balance sheet,” said Mrs. Weston; “but in point of fact if you consider the proportions, probably not less than it really was in the beginning. Until the workers have ample means of their own, something *must* be spent on the smallest scale, in postage and paper, &c. Now, if we collect £1 a year, say, and spend £1 of this on postage, and afterwards come up to £2,000 and spend £20, it is precisely the same percentage, and yet in the last case the figures may alarm those who are not used to it. There is no work done in the world which does not involve some cost in machinery.”

“That of the Apostles does not seem to have done so,” said Mrs. Benson.

“No? Who paid for the room in which St. Paul preached at Rome? It must have been a large one to meet the numbers who came to it, as we see in Acts xxviii. And even if the evangelists travelled on constantly (which we know was not the case, as they often went by their meals and lodging, however humble, must have cost something). With us, paper and ink often supplies the place of a travelling messenger, and it really costs less. All this is in fact the necessary machinery of work of the kind, quite as necessary as the spade to the husbandman or the nets to the fisherman.”

“But, Henry,” said Mrs. Weston, “don’t you think that sometimes money is wasted?”

“Perhaps so, in some cases. For my part, I have always felt bound to be very particular when acting as secretary for any charitable or missionary object, to be as strictly economical as possible in the use of money taken for collections. I do not like, if I can possibly avoid it, writing private letters on office paper, for that reason.”

“That is quite right,” said Mr. Heathfield, “and I wish all were particular, for even good people do forget sometimes the importance of sparing the collector’s fund.”

“All this is very good and just,” said Captain Austin, “but, even granting that all concerned were as scrupulous as Mr. Weston, still the fact remains. A vast system of costly machinery—with the full allowance—remains to do the Lord’s work; and the question is, ‘Is it required?’ Why should not one who feels called to labour among heathen go without seeking help from man, depending on God alone?”

“Many are doing it every day,” said Mr. Weston. “Many who by private means are devoting the whole of their property to such work while others, like some of the Moravians and the missionaries of the Society, learn trades for their support. This last is an excellent plan, where practicable; in many places, however, it is not possible.”

“Then let them go on and trust in God, and surely He will supply their wants,” said Captain Austin.

“Surely He will; if He intends them to work then and there,”

Mr. Weston. "But how, in such cases, does the aid come? We do not have manna rained from heaven in these days. The instruments employed by the Lord to help those in need are fellow Christians."

"Certainly; let them give as they are able, and as the Lord leads them."

"Agreed. But now we come to the point at issue. How are they to know that a missionary needs their help at some foreign station, unless they are told? God might, if He would, put it into the heart of some person able to give, to send a contribution to some particular person or place. In some few cases this has really happened; but these are rare exceptions. We must suppose they have taken place when there were no other means of obtaining the result. But God does not work miracles to do for us *what we can do for ourselves*. To touch the heart, and make people willing to give, is *His* province; we cannot do this—but we *can* tell others when there is work needing support, and furnish the means of sending help to the right place or person; and this He leaves to us: to expect Him to do it for us would be like sitting down before a field, and expecting Him to make the corn and fruit grow of itself."

"That is perfectly reasonable," said Captain Austin; "but what I object to, is not the sending help where it is needed, but having recourse to a complicated system of associations and committees to decide on its destination, and then to publish to the world a table of the expenses incurred, down to the minutest details. It seems simply contrary to the command 'not to let our left hand know what our right hand does.' Why not simply send whatever money the Lord may enable you to give to the person who is doing the Lord's work in another land, and leave all details alone? It seems to me, this would be more of a work of faith."

"Faith; but in whom?" said Mr. Weston.

"Faith in the Lord, of course," replied the other.

"Pardon me, but I think the faith you are recording here is faith in man rather than God. If you send money to a worker abroad without even asking how it is spent, your faith is in him; that is, you must be perfectly confident of his trustworthiness and good judgment."

"I am sure I should be very sorry to trust blindly, in that way, to any one," said Mr. Heathfield. "I do know some few—very few—whom I would so trust; to whom I could give money of my own without asking questions. But there is *not* one of those few who would consent to avail himself of my confidence, by withholding details. The less they are asked for, the more a trustworthy agent feels bound to give them."

"But does not that show a great deal of mutual distrust?" said Mrs. Benson. "Ought really Christian people to help each other so doubtfully and grudgingly?"

"Let us consider the question a little more carefully," said Mr. Weston. "Suppose I have money which I can contribute to the missionary cause. Is not this a trust given me by God, for which I am answerable to Him?"

"Certainly," they all agreed.

"Well, am I fulfilling my trust as a 'good steward,' if I fail in taking every precaution that the money may be spent in the best manner? An earthly master would expect this of the clerk or agent he employed, and should I do less for my Heavenly Master?"

"No, that is certain," said Mr. Heathfield.

"And this would apply even in the case of money of my own; but if others entrust me with their collections, I am further pledged to them to see that every penny, as far as I can control it, is rightly spent."

"But the question is," said Captain Austin, "whether it would not show more simple faith in God, to trust to Him that He will take care that money given for His work was rightly employed."

"If He had promised to do this for us," replied Mr. Weston, "I grant you we should be bound to leave it altogether in His hands and abstain from any inquiry into the details; but is it faith or presumption to believe that God *will* do a thing because *we* think it desirable? He *could* give us power to read hearts if He chose; but He did not choose to give this power even to the Apostles, as we see by the fact that Simon Magus and Demas, and those whom St. Paul calls 'false apostles' and 'deceitful workers' were received into the Church."

"Of course we know that only God can read the heart," said Mrs. Benson; "but surely if we, as it were, put our money in His hands, and ask Him to let it be applied to His own work, it would be distrusting His power to doubt His answering us."

"Not His power, but His *will*. And we cannot know beforehand what His will is, except where His own Word is our guide. Faith is shown, not in expecting God to do what *we* like, but in firmly believing that whatever He has *promised*, He will surely perform."

"And how can we best judge what He would have us do, in the way of helping one spot or another?" asked Mrs. Benson.

"Chiefly, I think, by His providential leadings. One country after another is thrown open to the Gospel, and if the door is open and the people willing to hear, it is generally an indication that we should enter in if possible. And I would not deny that there have been and are cases in which Christian workers are led, by this very course of God's providence, to enter on a life in which they must be supported irregularly, and they must just look up to Him day by day for the absolutely needed

help. But I believe that many a missionary living on a small regular salary is showing quite as much faith as the worker who is supported, so to say, from hand to mouth."

"There is something in what you say," said Captain Austin, after a pause; "but is all this like the state of things in the Apostles' time? Were there salaried workers and teachers in the early Church?"

"Of course we must allow for a different state of society; but I doubt if things then were so unlike things now as many suppose. Certainly the illustrations used by the Apostle, in 1 Cor. ix., of a vine-dresser and a shepherd receiving their portions of the vineyard and the flock, do point to a fixed sum, for we know that in all countries a certain regular portion of the profit is given to the worker, where this plan is resorted to. In the case of a labourer, he was hired in our Lord's days as truly as now—and the illustration is actually used in speaking of an evangelist or missionary."

"But Paul took no payment from the Corinthians," said Captain Austin.

"No, he would not accept regular or irregular help from them: but there were special reasons for this, peculiar to the Corinthian Church, as he explains at some length: and again and again he repeats that he had a right to expect support from those to whom he ministered, and gave up this right of his own free will. I do not say that all this implies that the support of missionaries was arranged precisely as it is now; but I do say that the comparisons used point rather to a fixed than to an uncertain mode of support. That both may be lawful, I do not doubt; the only question is of expediency. My own belief is that the mode we follow, of regular payment, is the best."

VINEYARD WORK.

Thoughts for those Engaged in Christ's Service.

By THE REV. G. EVERARD, *Vicar of St. Mark's, Wolverhampton.*

V.—HUMILITY IN WORK.

"Though I be nothing."—2 Cor. xii. 11.



AND yet the Apostle is not "behind the very chiefest Apostles," and "has laboured more abundantly than they all." "In stripes above measure, in prisons more frequent, in deaths oft." Still for all this he adds, "Though I be nothing." See the depth of his humility. "Least of the Apostles." "Less than the least of all saints." "Chief of sinners." Thus, step by step, does he descend into the valley. But here is the lowest step. "Though I be nothing." "I have planted, Apollos watered; but God gave the increase. So then *neither is he that planteth anything*, neither he that watereth; but God that giveth the increase." (1 Cor. iii. 6, 7.)

As though he would say, "Let the instrument stand aside. Let Christ alone, the grace of God alone, be exalted and magnified. Whatever I am, whatever I have borne or suffered or done, it is not I, but the grace of God that is with me."

Would I be useful in the Lord's vineyard I must walk in the same path. Teach me, Lord, this hard lesson. May I ever take the lowest room, and serve Thee with all humility of mind! May I lay aside the great "*I*" that so often impedes my usefulness! May I no longer speak of what *I* can do, the position that *I* should expect, the post that *I* have a right to occupy. Keep me from seeking great things for myself. Let me remember that whosoever in God's kingdom would be greatest of all must be least of all and servant of all.

Another lesson I would remember also. Whatever is done effectually to advance the kingdom of my Lord is not my work but *His alone*. It is not the hammer that strikes the blow, but the hand that holds it. It is not the sword that slays, but the hand that wields it. It is not the pen that writes the letter, but the one who uses it. It is not the pitcher that gives the refreshing draught, but he who fills it at the well and thus gives water to the thirsty one.

O Lord, it is Thy work and Thine alone to break the hard rock, to slay the enmity of the natural heart, to write living epistles, and to give the living water to the perishing one. Only use me in this service, and to Thee shall be all the glory!



THE GOLDEN TEMPLE AT AMRITSAR.



THE CITY OF AMRITSAR.

SKETCHES OF THE PUNJAB MISSION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MORAVIAN LIFE IN THE BLACK FOREST," &c.

V.—The Golden Temple and the Convert's Baptism.



AMRITSAR is as holy a place to the Sikhs as Benares is to the Hindus. Within the town walls is a large tank or basin of water, in the middle of which stands the Golden Temple, their chief place of worship. Marble terraces, fringed with fragrant orange-trees, lead to it from four sides through the clear waters of this Fountain of Life, from which the city takes its name, and by immersion in which the Sikhs believe themselves to become regenerate. Morning and evening of all ages and both sexes, the women, however, keeping apart in some secluded nook overshadowed by shrubs and trees.

The temple is a blaze of gold externally, its gilded domes glittering in the



SIKH PRIEST READING THE GRUNTH.

rays of an Indian sun. The interior, which we were permitted to explore, after having allowed our impious cowhide-soled boots to be encased in silken slippers, is gorgeous with painting and gilding. It contains no images or idols of any kind, and new as we were to the people and the place, we inquired with some surprise, "What do they worship?" This was soon explained, for at the time of our visit they were performing their daily devotions. In a square hall in the body of the temple sat, cross-legged on the floor, a venerable white-bearded priest—the guru. Before him lay the *Grunth*, the sacred book, reverently covered with a richly embroidered cloth, on which reposed garlands of fresh, sweet flowers. The priest, too, was garlanded. In a monotonous strain he repeated passages from the holy volume, to which a choir of minstrels and singers chanted responses. Meanwhile worshippers came and went, each bringing and casting down before the book, on a white sheet, spread in the centre of the floor, their offerings of rice,

cowries, flowers, sugar, or small coins, doing reverence and then retiring.

We watched all with curious interest. Perhaps it was mistaken for something more, for presently one of the officials came forward, begging permission to garland us, at the same time offering us crystallised sugar on a dish of chased metal.

"Do not accept it, Mem Sahib," whispered the native catechist, who was our guide on the occasion, "or they will pretend that you are a devotee, and have taken part in their worship."

Nothing could have been further from our desire. We were glad not to have committed ourselves, as an acquaintance, a stranger to the country and its manners, a short time afterwards did. Coming to our bungalow direct from a visit to the Golden Temple, he appeared at tiffin with his neck and arms hung about with wreaths and his hands full of sweetmeats, which he gleefully exhibited as signs of the people's kindly feeling, but which our servants in attendance construed otherwise.

We had not been long at the station when considerable excitement was created in the populous native town, containing 90,000 inhabitants, by the public baptism of a convert, a man who had become an inquirer at the very commencement of the Mission in 1852, and who in the subsequent years had several times come forward as a candidate for baptism, but as often, when it came to the point, allowed himself to be dissuaded by his friends from taking the final step. For this reason the missionaries had thought well that he should make his confession of faith publicly in the boys' school in the city, instead of within the precincts of the Mission compound, in the orphan girls' school-room, which at that time was serving the double purpose of chapel, where it would have been witnessed by few besides the mission circle and the Native Christians. As it was, an immense crowd assembled round the school-house, and numbers took up their station within, all in a state of agitated expectation.

As we drove up to the building a few minutes before the hour appointed for the ceremony, we perceived, standing at a well not far off, a group of persons composed chiefly of the convert's relatives, some of whom appeared to be angrily discussing the subject of his approaching baptism, while others lamented with "loud allow." Conspicuous among the latter was a woman advanced in years, with bared breast and dishevelled hair. Wildly screaming, she beat herself with the palms of her hands, while tears streamed down her furrowed cheeks. Poor creature! she knew not what she was doing—sorrowing where she ought to have rejoiced. She was the young man's mother.

During the baptismal service the great doors of the school-house were left open, and the crowd pressed in, every now and then becoming loud in its murmurs and excitement; but the native catechists managed to keep pretty good order. At the conclusion of the ceremony we all shook hands with the new convert, gladly receiving him as a brother in Christ. He seemed much moved, and his manner was subdued and very serious. When he was taken into an adjoining room that the register might be written, some of the heathen bystanders cried out that he was gone "to eat food with the Christians," supposing that he was thus to show that he had broken caste. The matter was, of course, explained to them.

But the painful part of the scene was now to follow. The wife came forward, desirous of remaining with her husband, which is not always a matter of course in such a case, and her relations, indeed his also, followed, exhorting her not to go with him, and when she would not heed them, but clung to him, her own brother attempted to drag her away by force. This, however, he was not allowed to do. The excitement was increasing, and becoming somewhat alarming. The missionaries interfered. It was decided that, since the man and his wife were of one accord in their desire of remaining together, both should be taken

to the Mission compound, where they might lodge quietly for night, at least, in the catechist's house. St. Paul wrote to converts at Corinth, "If any brother hath a wife that believeth not, and she be pleased to dwell with him, let him not put her away. . . . The unbelieving wife is sanctified by the husband. Thus it afterwards turned out in this case. But we will forestall.

That evening, while we were at tea with our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Keene, talking over the events of the afternoon, a figure in white tapped at the verandah window, and on lifting the "curtain" we recognised Masih Dyal, the new convert. Mr. Keene let him in, and inquired whether anything was the matter. He seemed much agitated. What he could do, he said, he knew not, for his wife was calling for her children and would not be comforted because the relations had kept them back from her. Mr. Keene reassured him by promising that they should be looked after early on the morrow, and sent him away with an injunction to hold fast by his own faith in prayer, and to pacify his wife as far as possible that night.

By and by a note came from Mrs. Strawbridge to say that her husband had just obtained one of the children—the youngest. The others were not forthcoming. She added that there had been great commotion and excitement when Mr. Strawbridge took the police with him to claim the children; that thousands of heathen natives had collected round the house, he had received a blow on the head himself, and some of the young scholars from the mission school, who had accompanied him, had been beaten, but that all was tolerably quiet now.

The two elder children were never restored to their parents. The marriage of both was hastened on by the heathen relatives, and they were lost sight of. The youngest child was baptized in accordance with his father's desire, and with his mother's consent. Mrs. Keene was his godmother, and gave him the name of Binyam (Benjamin). Praemi, the woman, became an intelligent inquirer, and after careful instruction by Mrs. Keene and Susan, the catechist's wife, she too was received into the visible Church of Christ, greatly to her husband's satisfaction and gladness.

CUMBERLAND MISSION, RIVER SASKATCHEWAN

BY MRS. BOMPAS, OF ATHABASCA.

[In our January number appeared a letter from Mrs. Bompas, wife of the Bishop of Athabasca, describing her long journey of 1,000 miles from Lake Athabasca to Red River. On her way she visited Cumberland station, on the River Saskatchewan, and the following interesting account of it has been sent us by the Rev. R. Young, at whose request Mrs. Bompas wrote it.]



YOU asked me to send you some account of Cumberland Mission, and I am glad to be able to do so, more especially as I have very pleasing recollections of my visit there, having formed one of the most refreshing points in my long journey from Athabasca.

As you are aware, Cumberland is a recently formed Mission station. The Indians there had hitherto been only visited occasionally by the Rev. H. Cochrane, from the Pas (Devon). They struggle as above the average in activity and intelligence, and the number of neatly built log-houses by the side of the lake, most of them with a potato-ground and barley-field attached, gave an air of comfort to the little colony which it was pleasing to contemplate. The Indian treaty certainly done good work among these Indians; it has raised their respect, besides increasing their resources; it has also, if I mistake not, made the work of the missionary more acceptable, and perhaps more successful among them.

The Rev. B. McKenzie was appointed to Cumberland just four months previous to my visit there. He is a middle-aged man, with a large family. He was born and educated in the country, and was formerly a Wesleyan; and the story, told in his own simple, earnest way, of how he was led to join the Church, and afterwards to become a candidate for holy orders, was one of the first things to arouse my interest in him. When he reached Cumberland, Mr. McKenzie had to decide on a fitting spot for the Mission buildings. A little colony of Indians was already settled on the opposite side of the lake, and this, and one or two of

considerations, made him resolve to begin building near them, rather than on the same side as the Hudson's Bay Company's Fort, although Mr. Belanger, the Hudson's Bay officer in charge, has always been a kind friend to the English Mission.

To build a parsonage-house, a church, and school, with no other materials for work than the few implements he had brought with him—no helpers but his own three boys (the eldest about twelve or thirteen years of age), and occasional assistance from three or four Indians; this was the task which Mr. McKenzie set himself to accomplish, and which, with untiring zeal and energy, he did accomplish in little more than fourteen months from his first arrival at the station. First of his labours came the cutting down of the tall forest trees which grew as thick as possible on the ground he had selected; then, having effected a clearing, the trees themselves must be cut and planed, and seasoned for building purposes. On this ground, too, huge stones had to be uplifted from the earth, which, with the help of all the hands they could collect and his team of dogs, were conveyed to some impromptu kilns and burnt for lime, which proved invaluable in the course of their operations. Thus a portion of the ground was soon prepared for their garden, and sown with barley, potatoes, and Indian corn—yes, and with many other things besides which one would never have thought could grow on the bleak, desolate shores of Lake Cumberland; there were tomatoes, full-sized and red, such as I used to gather years since at Naples; there were beans and cauliflowers, beetroot, carrots, and turnips; nasturtiums, too, for present beauty and future pickling, and dainty little herb beds, and a small flower-garden with fragrant mignonette and shining China asters, heart's ease, &c., &c.

Then came the building of their house, step by step, as weather served and other circumstances permitted, for our friend was not unmindful of his clerical functions in the midst of his other labours, and not unfrequently he had to throw down pickaxe or hammer and hasten off to minister to a sick neighbour or prepare for his Sunday duties. But the building progressed satisfactorily, and the large family were put under shelter before the winter had quite closed in. The ground floor of the house was left unpartitioned, to enable them to have service there until the little church should be built.

It was in that room that I had the comfort and refreshment of the dear Church services on the morning and afternoon of Sunday, September 2nd, after being deprived of them for nearly three months! It was a clear, hot, cloudless day, the lake calm and still, so there was no difficulty in getting myself paddled over in a canoe from the Fort, where I was staying. As soon as I had started, a number of other canoes appeared in sight, filled with Indians, all making for the Mission. All was so peaceful and Sunday-like; and when we walked up to the house, it was pleasant to see the crowd of Indians gathering round and waiting the little bell to summon them to service. Everything was so nice and real, and yet so quaint and primitive. Our friends at home, I fancy, would hardly be able to understand or appreciate the extreme simplicity with which these commencements of mission work have to be conducted. There was but one Prayer-book among them! and that in a room so crowded, that I kept wondering when the tide of incomers would cease; and yet the responses were most hearty, and appeared to me almost universal. But the good man had found means to teach his flock thus much of their Prayer-book, and they had evidently responded pretty readily to his instructions. In the hymn singing, too, the difficulty had been the same, and had been met with the same all-mastering spirit. "My daughters undertake the choir-training, and write out a few of the hymns for those who can read. We have but one hymn-book, but I hope to get others in the course of time, and in the meantime the people have learnt a good many hymns by heart, so that our singing is pretty fair on the whole." These were Mr. McKenzie's own words to me, and I could fully corroborate his verdict on the matter of their hymn singing. "Not all melodious was the song, but 'twas a hearty note and strong;" and I do not know that Keble's Evening Hymn ever sounded sweeter to me than when sung in Cree by the Indians of Lake Cumberland. That Sunday, for the first time, Mr. McKenzie read the lessons in the Syllabic characters, which I thought he accomplished with remarkable ease and fluency. Most of the service was conducted in Cree; the sermon he gave through an interpreter, but he hopes soon to be sufficiently master of Cree to be able to address his people in that language.

We must just take one look in at the little church before bidding farewell to Cumberland Mission. It is rough-looking enough now—only a small building, with not even the floor put down as yet; "but we shall get through that this week, and hope soon to get it to look neat and church-like." And Mr. McKenzie's "hopes" are as good as most people's "resolves"—I have at least learnt thus much in my acquaintance with our energetic friend. But one longs to help him to furnish his church. There is no communion-cloth or communion-linen; and yet when the Rev. Mr. Cochrane visited the Mission a short time since, and administered Holy Communion, seventy communicants partook of the Sacrament. We want, too, to provide him with a large Bible and Prayer-book. A bell is another thing which we must try and get him, and it should be a good-sized one, which could be heard across the lake, as the Indians have neither clocks nor watches to tell them when it is time for service.

One other incident of the Cumberland Mission I must tell you, as it shows one that Mr. McKenzie's value is felt and his worth appreciated by the Indians themselves. For some cause or other, which I did not quite understand, last winter the fish supply, which is their principal means of life in that district, fell far short of the average. As the gentleman who was telling me of the circumstance observed: "The McKenzies themselves were sometimes nearly starving." The Indians, fearing lest the same thing should occur again this winter, raised a small subscription among themselves and presented it to Mr. McKenzie, to his great surprise and, I need hardly add, gratification. It amounted to £20.

AN AFGHAN CHANT FROM BUNNOO.



BUNNOO, or Banu, is a frontier town on the extreme north-west of British India, between the Indus and the mountain-wall which separates our dominions from Afghanistan. Here is stationed the Rev. T. J. Lee Mayer, a most zealous missionary, in the midst of a fierce and bigoted Mussulman population. The work is most trying and difficult. In June, 1875, Mr. Mayer wrote, "The Mohammedans are getting fearfully savage because we will persist in preaching the Gospel. They say they will never believe; that their religion is of iron, and they will never listen to us. They have threatened to stab us all—told Jelaluddin (the Native catechist) so to his face. I hope they won't succeed. Pray for us." Notwithstanding this threat, Mr. Mayer is still alive, and preaching and teaching as vigorously as ever. In his last annual letter, dated November 15th, Mr. Mayer says, "I must say, after my few years' work amongst Islamism, that I have great hopes of it." There are 19 Native Christians, of whom six are communicants; and 171 scholars in the schools.

Mr. Mayer has been translating the Psalms into Pathan, the Afghan language, and setting Native chants or tunes to them. He has sent us a specimen, with the following letter:—

BUNNOO, November 17th, 1877.

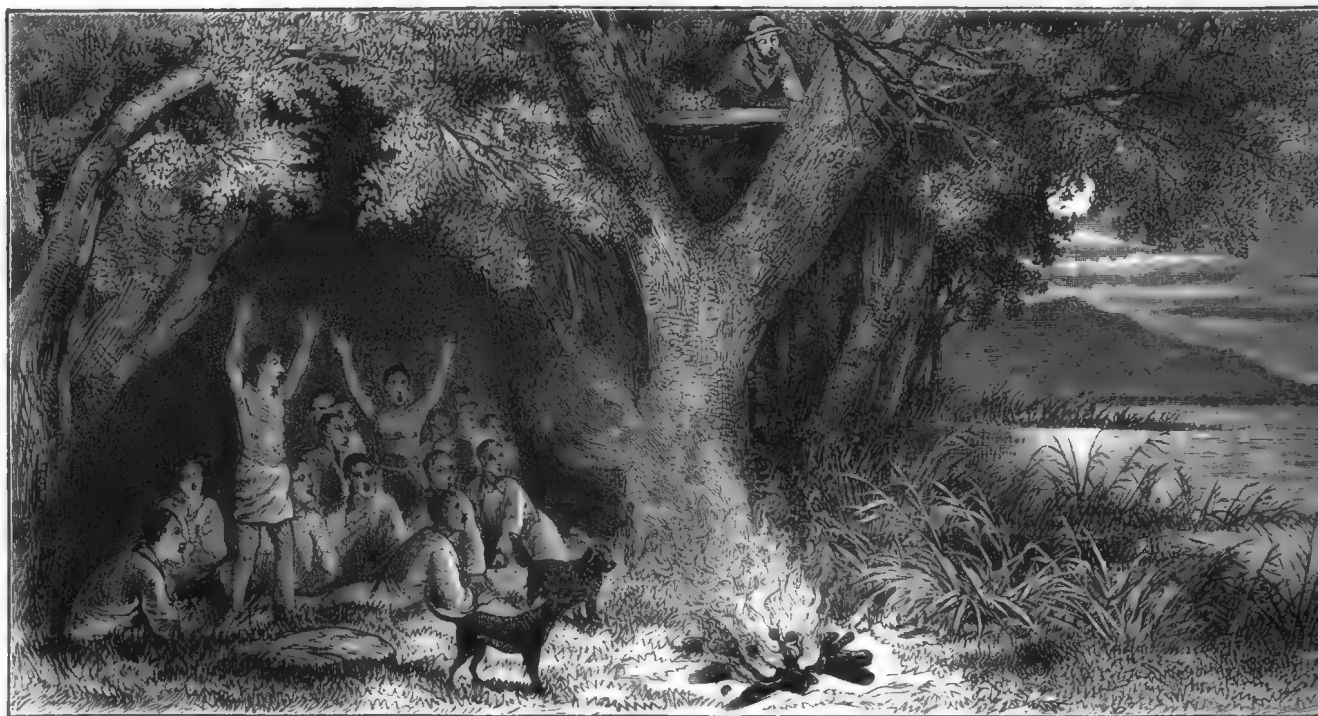
I enclose the music of the Psalm VI. as a specimen of Afghan music and of our work here. The Pathans are beautiful players on the guitar, and their execution on their three main strings, out of which they get fifteen notes, is magnificent. Generally their music is a trifle more minor than ours. But they use our scale as well. If once we can get them to exchange the words of David in place of their love songs and war ballads,

TUNE—"BUNNOO."—Psalm vi.

To the Chief Musicians of England upon Stringed Instruments.



I am sure it would be productive of very much good. I deeply regret not having known this before I came out. Had I done so I should have taken lessons and brought out a good instrument with me. As it is, I make shift with one of my own manufacture, and a set or two of banjo strings I got from England. The tone is very fine, being a piece of hollowed-out mulberry with a goat-skin stretched over it tightly; I have ten strings, but it lacks that power of stringing up that an English or Italian instrument would have, as the wooden bearings and pegs will not stand the strain, and the strings get a good deal out. The Cabul instruments are very good, but nothing like a civilised instrument made in England by first-class hands. When we get further on with the Psalms, and have funds to get together all the poets and bards from different parts, I must get you to try and persuade some good creature to give me a book or two on the guitar and stringed instruments, and send me a good instrument for one's own work. We are only beginning, yet I send you this little specimen in case you may like to print it and show English folk at home what Pathan music is like. The three notes at the end, prolonged by these fellows in their wild hills among the echoes, are very characteristic of Pathan song.



A NIGHT ALARM IN TRAVANCORE. (From a Sketch by the Rev. J. Caley.)

A NIGHT ALARM IN TRAVANCORE.

BETWEEN Tinnevely and Travancore, at the south end of India, there runs a chain of mountains called the Southern Ghauts. These mountains are inhabited by some wild hill-tribes, of which the Arrians are the most important; and from among the Arrians a goodly number have been brought into the Church of Christ, chiefly through the ministry of the Rev. Henry Baker. Another part of the mountain district, hitherto unevangelised, was visited in January, 1877, by the Rev. J. Caley. We give an extract from his journal to illustrate the above picture, engraved from a sketch kindly sent by him:—

Jan. 19th.—Arrived at an Arrian settlement called Karemala. As no European had ever been to Karemala before, it was quite natural for the people to go through the curious process of violent staring. When they had had a real good look at me they set themselves to get us all we wanted and became quite communicative. They are a fine, strong, manly-looking people, and although they are afraid of Sircar peons [Government police], they have plenty of courage to attack wild beasts in the jungles. I asked one of them if there were any tigers about. He said, "Yes, there are several, but by the favour of Sashtewa (deity of the hill) they do us no harm." He afterwards gave me the tooth of a great tiger that they had killed, which is five inches long and three inches in circumference. Nearly three inches had been in the jaw, but when that is deducted it leaves a formidable weapon of more than two inches in length for purposes of destruction.

We had a great deal of conversation with the people, during which they showed themselves anxious for me to appoint a person amongst them who would teach their children. I told them that I was not only willing to teach their children, but that I was anxious to teach them about the true God. They did not object to this, still they did not say that they were willing to place themselves under Christian instruction. The step was too great to be hastily taken, and I am not the less hopeful because they did not at once comply. They said that if I would send a person they would provide a house for him, and try their best to make him comfortable. I agreed to send one, and I am thankful to say that I have secured a good and earnest man, who has already commenced work. He will have real evangelistic work to do, teaching not only the children and the people as occasion serves, but will be able to go with them to visit other settlements. In addition to this he will be able to preach to

the wild Pandarams, who can only be reached by men who live among the Arrians.

Jan. 20th.—Reached Nelakel a little after four o'clock in the noon. Nelakel is a very interesting place, owing to its historical associations. It is said that when the apostle St. Thomas visited Travancore he founded seven churches, one of which was at Nelakel. For some time, it is said, there was a Syrian Church at Nelakel, but owing to the fearful depredations of wild beasts, the place was abandoned. We looked about to see if we could find any inscriptions or traces of Syrian occupation, but saw nothing except the heathen shrines. The place, however, is covered with such dense jungle that a party would require a day or two to explore it properly, whereas we had only a short time in the evening, and that after a day's journey. "The god of wild beasts" is the name some of the natives give to Nelakel, and from what I could see of it I should think it a very comfortable god for them.

In the part where we stayed there is a large tank of water covering about two or three acres, and from the footprints about it there is no doubt it is often frequented. In a tree close by this water there were a few strong stakes laid from bough to bough which formed a platform large enough to contain a mattress. I was told that the Prince Pandaram slept there a few days before, during his pilgrimage to Chouramala. We were seventeen in number, one Native pastor, Rev. Joseph Pothen, of Puthapalli, ten Syrians, four Arrians, Chogan, and myself; but as there was only room for one person in the pilgrim's cot, it was by general consent consigned to me. About 8 p.m. I retired to rest, having water on one side of me, and on the opposite side Mr. Joseph and the men, with fires at the far side of the tank to keep wild beasts away. We had two dogs with us, one of which was a constant and faithful companion, "Jago," lay at the root of the tree which I slept, and the other with the men near the fires.

Once in the night, as I turned over in my comical bed, the stakes which I lay made a little noise. No sooner did the dogs hear that they began to bark fiercely, and the men, being suddenly wakened by the dogs, and thinking that an elephant or tiger was upon them, began to shout and scream dreadfully. The woods, in the dead of the night, literally rang with their shouts. After they had subsided I heard of them asking if I was awake. If any one could have said that I was not awake he might have also added that I was dead, for it would have been impossible for any living man to sleep through the tremendous noise they made.

BISHOP CROWTHER: HIS LIFE AND WORK.

V.—LIFE AND WORK AT ABEOKUTA.

FOR twelve years Samuel Crowther was connected with the Yoruba Mission, and the greater part of this period was spent at Abeokuta. Townsend, Müller, Hinderer, Isaac Smith, and Maser were his European fellow-workers at different times; Mr. Townsend, who had first visited the town three years before Crowther entered it, continuing the leader of the Mission for many years after his removal to the Niger. With these brethren he laboured on equal terms. Englishman, German, African, divided the work amongst them, and knew no rivalry except that of zeal in making known their common God and Saviour. Crowther's journals and reports, teeming with interesting information and incident, and brimful of both earnestness and common sense, occupied a prominent place in the Society's publications of that day, and embody a vivid history of the brightest period of the Abeokuta Mission.

What East and Central Africa are to us now in regard to pre-eminence of interest, that Yoruba was to the friends of the C.M.S. then. No Mission since the Society was established had been begun with more promise; in none did the reaping follow so closely on the sowing. On August 3rd, 1849, Crowther's journal observes, "This Mission is to-day three years old. What has God wrought during this short interval of conflict between light and darkness! We have 500 constant attendants on the means of grace, about 80 communicants, and nearly 200 candidates for baptism. A great number of heathen have ceased worshipping their country gods; others have cast theirs away altogether, and are not far from enlisting under the banner of Christ." In the sixth year of the Mission, out of four Cambridge honour men who offered themselves to the Society in that year (1852), one (R. C. Paley) was allotted to Abeokuta to train Native agents—a most significant proof of the importance attached to the station, considering the claims always advanced by India for the University men.

Crowther's work at Abeokuta was by no means confined to preaching the Gospel. His journals bear abundant witness to the variety of the methods adopted to influence the people. Schools were a prominent agency from the first; and involved not merely teaching, but the preparation of school-books, in which, as well as in the translation of the Bible and Prayer-book into Yoruba, he had a very large share. Efforts were made to improve the agriculture of the country, and to establish a trade in cotton. And again we find Mr. Crowther joining with the English missionaries in appealing, not always unsuccessfully, to the chiefs to modify or even abolish inhuman and barbarous social customs.

The records of his translational labours are particularly interesting. Year by year he sent home fresh portions of Scripture in Yoruba to be printed; and the delight of the people when the printed copies reached Abeokuta is again and again referred to. With their newly acquired power to read, each book, as it was put into their hands, seemed a fresh revelation of the goodness of God. The Psalms were not among the parts first printed, but several were taught to the Christians by heart; and Crowther, writing in July, 1850, refers to the 1st, 2nd, 23rd, 37th, 46th, 53rd, 67th, 90th, 91st, 95th, 100th, 115th, and 139th, which had been translated, as "meeting the feelings and state of the converts

beyond description. Every new Psalm or portion of one opens to them a new treasure." The Prayer-book also was greatly valued. The heathen were greatly struck by its petitions. "Ha! ha! ha!" exclaimed the chiefs; "so they pray to Olorun [God] for everything, for all people, for their enemies even; we never heard the like before." In this connection a passage in Mr. Crowther's journal of September, 1849, is worth preserving:—

When I was spending a few days with a pious officer in the army at Woolwich, in 1843, I came in contact with a gentleman of the Plymouth Brethren, who used all the arguments he could to get me into his persuasion. When he found that he could not succeed, he gave me this one solemn advice—not to make use of the Liturgy among my country-people. In reply, I begged him to consider for a moment the propriety of the conduct of a son who has been cared for, nursed up, and taught to pray upon the lap by his kind

mother from his infancy, till he attained the years of discretion; and then, because the prayers of the mother did not suit his fancy, to kick against them. How ungrateful! I have considered the Church as my mother, which has taught me to pray, as it were, upon her lap by the Prayer-book, when I knew not how to utter a word. After having been thus taught to express my wants, shall I now kick against it?

My attachment to the use of the Liturgy has not in the least abated since that time; but, on the contrary, since I have been sifting various portions in translating them into my native tongue, I have found its beauty sparkles brighter and brighter; scriptural in its language, and very well adapted for public service, and I can find no substitute for my countrymen.

In 1848, the Egba chiefs spontaneously took occasion, by a visit of Mr. Townsend to England, to send a letter to the Queen, thanking her for having rescued so many of their countrymen from slavery, and begging that further measures might be taken to put an end to the slave-trade and open Yoruba to lawful commerce. "We have seen your servants the missionaries," the letter added; "what they have done is agreeable to us. They have built a house of God. They have taught the people the Word of God, and our children beside. We begin to understand them." A gracious reply was returned by Her Majesty through the Earl of Chichester, which was delivered at a great gathering of chiefs and elders, on May 23rd, 1849, accompanied by two splendid Bibles, English and Arabic, and a steel corn-mill from Prince Albert. It fell to Samuel Crowther to read the royal letter, translating it paragraph by paragraph.

"The Queen," it said, "and people of England are very glad to know that Sagbua and the chiefs think as they do upon the subject of commerce.

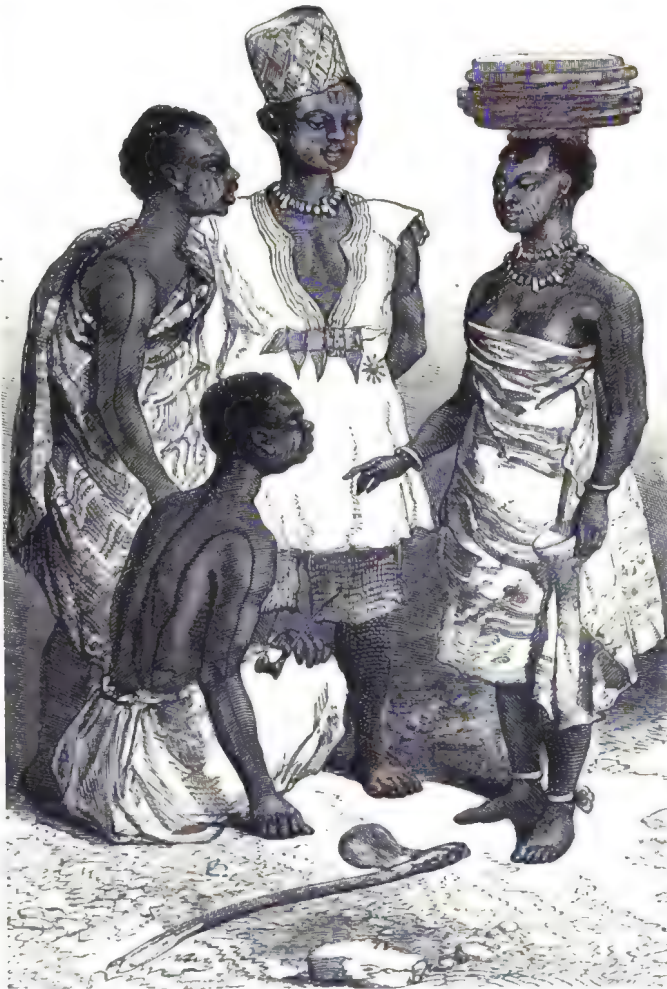
"But commerce alone will not make

a nation great and happy, like England—England has become great and happy by the knowledge of the true God and Jesus Christ.

"The Queen is therefore very glad to hear that Sagbua and the chiefs have so kindly received the missionaries, who carry with them the Word of God, and that so many of the people are willing to hear it."

Crowther describes how he impressed the lesson of these sentences upon the chiefs. "I proved it to them," he writes, "while holding the two splendid Bibles in my hand—the prosperous reigns of King David, Jehoshaphat, Hezekiah, Josiah, who feared God," &c. "After this," he goes on, "the mill was fixed; some Indian corn, having been got ready, was put into the funnel before them, and, to their great astonishment, came out in fine flour by merely turning the handle of the machine."

The request of the chiefs with regard to the slave-trade was not made in vain. Two or three years later (1851) a British force dethroned the



NATIVES OF ABEOKUTA.

slave-dealing usurper of Lagos, made a highly favourable treaty with the rightful king, and thus opened the way for the extensive legitimate trade which has since made that port the most flourishing in West Africa. Crowther was at the time on a visit to England, during which he had an interview with Lord Palmerston, to explain the political circumstances of Abeokuta, especially with regard to the hostile attacks of the King of Dahomey; and on December 18th, 1851, one of the last letters penned by Lord Palmerston as Foreign Secretary was addressed by him to Samuel Crowther:—

"I am glad," wrote the great minister, "to have an opportunity of thanking you again for the important and interesting information with regard to Abeokuta which you communicated to me when I had the pleasure of seeing you at my house in August last. I request that you will assure your countrymen that H.M. Government take a lively interest in the welfare of the Egba nation and of the community settled at Abeokuta, which town seems destined to be a centre from which the lights of Christianity and of civilisation may be spread over the neighbouring countries."

This visit to England was interesting in another way. There was a clergyman in a Sussex parish with a rare taste and talent for linguistic researches—the Rev. O. Vidal. This talent he had consecrated to the service of Christ. He had learned Tamil in order to correspond with the Native Christians in Tinnevely, and Malay to help a new Mission in Borneo. Afterwards he studied the East African dialects in correspondence with Dr. Krapf, and finally attacked the languages of West Africa. Crowther, while in England, passed through the press a revised edition of his Yoruba Dictionary, and in this work he was much assisted by Mr. Vidal, who wrote for it a valuable preface on the relation of Yoruba to other tongues on the West Coast. That gifted clergyman afterwards became the first Bishop of Sierra Leone.

KING LEOPOLD AND THE NYANZA MISSION.

KNOWING the great interest taken in Central Africa by the King of the Belgians, a copy of Lieut. Smith's letter from Mtesa's capital was sent to His Majesty by Sir John Kennaway, M.P., who was a member of the Brussels Geographical Conference in 1876. We are permitted by Sir J. Kennaway to print the following letter, received by him from King Leopold:—

PALAIS DE BRUXELLES, February 16th, 1878.

DEAR SIR JOHN,—I am directed by His Majesty to thank you for the sending of the most interesting letter written by Lieutenant Smith, and which I have the honour to return to you. It is highly gratifying to compare the moral condition of the Court of Uganda as described by Captain Speke with the actual state of things. The unpretending manner of Mr. Smith's account seems to prove that he is the very man to be employed in the great and useful work for which he has been selected.

His Majesty, whose interest for the future of Africa is known to you, is happy to learn by the communication which you have sent to me that you continue also to take the same concern in the progress of civilisation in that country, and that you have kept a kind remembrance of the Brussels Conference.

I remain, DEAR SIR JOHN, Yours faithfully,
COUNT J. D'OULTREMONT.

EPITOME OF MISSIONARY NEWS.

It is with great thankfulness that we can report at length that the East African export slave-trade is almost, if not quite, at an end. The active measures so honourably planned and carried out by the Sultan of Zanzibar, under the advice of H.M. Consul-General, Dr. Kirk, and the watchfulness of the British squadron on the coast, have combined to effect this happy result. The trade, however, would soon revive if the vigilance hitherto exercised were at all relaxed. Domestic slavery still continues, but the condition of the slaves has been much ameliorated.

In view of the sad news from the Nyanza Mission respecting the death of Lieut. Smith and Mr. O'Neill (see p. 49), instructions have been sent to Mr. Mackay, who is encamped about 100 miles from the coast, to push forward at once towards the Lake with three or four of the men lately sent out, and endeavour to secure the *Daisy* and the Mission stores, and to communicate with Mr. Wilson in Uganda. A party will also be sent as soon as possible up the Nile, to reach Uganda from the northern side.

The Rev. A. Menzies, late of the West Africa Mission, has been appointed to Frere Town, to succeed the Rev. J. A. Lamb, who is on the point of coming home, in the spiritual charge of the colony.

The Rev. J. S. Hill, whose health, as also that of Mrs. Hill, broke down at Leke, in West Africa, has been appointed to New Zealand, to be associated with the Rev. T. S. Grace.

At the closing meeting of the past term at the Church Mission College, held on April 10th, a portrait of the Rev. J. G. Heisch, who had been Vice-Principal of the College for thirty-seven years, was presented to the College by a large number of old and present students. Among the speakers on the occasion was the Rev. Daniel Wilson, Vicar of Islington, whose curate Mr. Heisch had been forty years ago.

On December 23rd, at St. George's Cathedral, Freetown, the Bishop of Sierra Leone admitted to deacon's orders Mr. Obadiah Moore, a Native African educated in the Sierra Leone Grammar Schools, afterwards in England. Mr. Moore is now Tutor at the Grammar School, and curate of Christ Church, Pademba Road.

On Feb. 3rd, at Moose Factory, Hudson's Bay, Bishop Horden admitted to deacon's orders Mr. E. J. Peek, the lay evangelist who went out to Eskimos of Little Whale River in 1876 (see *GLEANER*, June, 1877).

The reports for the past year of the Society's Mission in Japan are steady and hopeful work, without any startling progress. The Native Christian adherents now number 88, against 50 last year. On St. Andrew's Day Mr. Maundrell opened a small theological institution at Nagasaki in which four converts are being trained as mission agents. A church was opened at Osaka on August 23rd. All the missionaries write in encouraging terms of the perfect freedom now accorded to Christian teaching.

On October 23rd the Rev. T. S. Grace held a most interesting service in the church at Opoiki, New Zealand, built by the late Rev. C. Volkner, who was murdered there by the Hauhau Maoris on March 1865. The occasion was the erection of a tombstone over his grave; large numbers of the Natives attended, many of whom had taken part in the murder, and in the frightful desecration of the church accompanied it. Quiet and subdued, in many cases truly penitent, now sat listening to Mr. Grace, whom, in that very church, they had mocked and threatened also with death. "I stood," writes Mr. Grace, "on the spot where I once stood many weary hours being tried for my life, while many of those I now gazed upon were there thirsting for blood, declaring I was a traitor and a spy, and ought to be killed." A willow-tree on which Volkner was hung is now shown to all who visit the place, and many cuttings from it have been taken to other parts of New Zealand to be planted.

The Rev. A. E. Moule reports that the number of Native Christians and catechumens at and near Hang-chow has more than doubled in the past year, the number now exceeding 120. This is partly owing to work at "Great Valley Stream," described in our March number, partly to the good influence of Dr. Galt's Opium Hospital, which was attended during the year by more than 4,000 patients.

On Christmas Day a whole family of seven persons were baptized at Meerut, North India, by the Rev. Hermann Hoernle.

In December the Bishop of Madras confirmed 130 Native Christians at Masulipatam, among them the Brahmin student of the Noble School at Ramasastralu (see February *GLEANER*); also 49 at Raghapuram. Confirmations have been held at other stations in the Telugu country, which we have not received particulars.

The death is announced of the Rev. Su Chong-Ing, of the Fuh-kien Mission. He was once an inveterate opium-smoker, but was baptized by Mr. Cribb in November, 1867, and has ever since done good service. He was one of the four ordained by Bishop Burdon, at Easter, 1876. "He was a man," writes Mr. Wolfe, "of commanding voice and figure, of great eloquence, and quiet earnestness. He had a good knowledge of the Bible, and his sermons were full of scriptural instruction. He had repented of his former habits, and was most earnest in his exhortations to opium-smokers, many of whom he was the means of rescuing from this vice and bringing to the Saviour."

We are sorry to say that Mr. Wolfe was taken seriously ill in November last, while at Ning-taik. He was tenderly nursed there by Chinitio, wife of the Rev. Ling Sieng-Sing and the writer of the letter in the February *GLEANER*. He recovered, through God's mercy; but doctors have warned him that he must shortly come home for a time.

Another year of progress in the Fuh-kien Mission is reported by Mr. Wolfe. There were no less than 340 baptisms (adults 274, children 66), and the number would have been larger but for Mr. Wolfe's illness. The roll of professing Christians and catechumens now shows 2,000 names, or 600 more than last year, the communicants being 850. ("In 1876, 2,000 was the total figure of C.M.S. converts for all China.") There are now 93 regular Native agents in Fuh-kien, and double the number of Christians are enrolled as voluntary "exhorters," and work under regular rules. At the annual conference of agents and delegates held at Fuh-Chow in October, no less than 300 were present. The Rev. L. Lloyd now assists Mr. Wolfe in the care of the out-stations; and the Rev. E. W. Stewart has charge of the work at the capital, the students' class (in which 29 are being trained), and the boys' boarding-school.

The late Mr. O'Neill of the Nyanza Mission, sent home a package of water-colour and pencil sketches taken en route to the Lake. The most interesting of these are being reproduced as coloured lithographs, and will be published in a few days, with explanatory letterpress, price 1s.

THE CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.

JUNE, 1878.

VINEYARD WORK.

Thoughts for those Engaged in Christ's Service.

BY THE REV. G. EVERARD, *Vicar of St. Mark's, Wolverhampton.*

VI.—STEADFASTNESS IN WORK.

"I am doing a great work, so that I cannot come down: why should the work cease, whilst I leave it, and come down to you?"—*Nek. vi. 3.*



T was a noble answer of a brave man. Nehemiah and his helpers were building the wall. But Sanballat and Geshem and Tobiah had ill-will against Zion, and sought to hinder them. They try force, but in vain; then they try craft and guile. They write letters to put Nehemiah in fear; but he stands firm as a rock. Four or five times they strive to move him; but it is of no avail, he will not leave the wall, nor go down to them. "I am doing a great work, so that I cannot come down."

In the work I have to do for Christ, I would be as constant and determined as this good man, whom God so greatly honoured.

"I am doing a great work."

It is great, for it is God's work. It is to carry out His purposes of mercy to a lost world. It is to build up a Church of redeemed souls. It is to bear witness to Him Who is "mighty to save." It is a work which has great and blessed issues. Satan is cast down; idols are renounced; false systems of religion are brought low. Multitudes once without a ray of hope are saved eternally, and join the white-robed throng before the throne.

But there are hindrances in the work. Some doubt its reality; some speak hard things against it; some put a stumbling-block in the way. Enemies are round about, and will stop it if they can. But I must not heed. The work is great and blessed, and I must not leave it. I must not let it cease through my neglect. I must set my face like a flint against everything that would turn me aside. I must be "steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord."

And I must do the work with the earnest effort that it demands. I must not trifle with it. Whatever I find to do in this service, I must "do it with my might," "with both hands earnestly."

OUR SEVENTY-NINTH ANNIVERSARY.



PACE will not allow us this year to enlarge as usual upon the proceedings at the Society's recent anniversary. It will be long remembered for two special features, viz., the solemn feeling that prevailed in connection with the sad tidings from Central Africa,

which, with the latest particulars received only three days before, were listened to in the Report with almost breathless interest, and afterwards powerfully enlarged upon by Canon Miller; and the two speeches of our good brother from India, the Rev. W. T. Sathianadhan, whose narrative of the heathen boy who so long resisted the Gospel, but who was at last conquered by Divine grace, and who, by a marvellous providence, was now privileged to address that meeting, brought tears to many an eye, and will assuredly not be forgotten by any who heard it. (We give this speech at p. 65.) One might perhaps add, as a third feature, the vigorous address of the Bishop of Saskatchewan, who rivetted the meeting by his illustrations of the simple faith of the Red Indian converts, adding, amid loud cheering, "That's the teaching you are paying for!"

But we must present a few leading facts from the Annual Report, respecting the work, the men that do it, and the means by which it is carried on.

(1) As regards the work itself. Taking the Missions in the

order familiarised by long usage, we find a real epoch in the history of *Sierra Leone* marked by the transfer to the independent Native Church of the last of the Society's churches; so that we now have only the educational institutions and one or two smaller agencies. The *Yoruba* churches have again grown in numbers, despite war and sickness. On the *Niger*, the "Henry Venn" steamer and two African archdeacons are the outward and visible signs of an advance which we trust will be real and lasting. In *East Africa*, largely through the Society's influence (indirect as well as direct), the slave trade is conquered, after a ten years' campaign, whereas it took half-a-century to put down the traffic on the West Coast. In *Palestine*, missionary work has been quietly carried on, notwithstanding the troubles of Turkey; and the Report expresses a hope that one result of the late war may be to "afford greater facilities for preaching the everlasting Gospel among the followers of the False Prophet, and of securing liberty of conscience for those who for centuries have been the victims of a relentless religious tyranny." In *Persia* Mr. Bruce is vigorously knocking at the half-open door. The vast field of *Northern and Western India* presents a Mission almost crippled for lack of a sufficient supply of workers, who, to be successful, must (humanly speaking) be men of special gifts. In the Punjab, however, able Native Christians, landowners, lawyers, Government officials, as well as clergymen, are coming forward as evangelists, counsellors, editors, commentators. In *South India*, the terrible famine has scattered many of the poorer Christians, but it has also softened the hearts of many of the heathen towards the religion of those who have saved them from starvation. The anxieties with regard to the *Ceylon* Mission which pressed on the Committee last year have been in some measure removed by the Bishop of Colombo having offered to recognise the Tamil Cooly Mission on a guarantee being given that it was conducted on Church of England principles, which guarantee the Committee, though they regarded it as quite needless, readily gave at his request. In *China*, the Fuh-Kien Mission "stands prominently forward in the evident and abundant tokens of the presence and energy of the Holy Spirit"; and a similar work is beginning, as we trust, at Hang-Chow, though in the midst of fierce persecution. Not one of the stations in *Japan* has been without fruit, though on a small scale. Thankful hope and sorrowful anxiety struggle together in *New Zealand*, as in former years. From *North America*, our Missionary Bishops continue to report triumphs of the Gospel, but still plead for fresh efforts to save the remnant of the yet heathen Red Indians on both sides of the Rocky Mountains.

(2) The C.M.S. has always put forward rather the work done than the men who do it, remembering that "neither is he that planteth anything, nor he that watereth, but God that giveth the increase." But at this year's anniversary individual men were uppermost in all our thoughts: some names, like those of T. V. French and E. C. Stuart, added, amid universal approval, to the roll of the Episcopate, suggesting only thankfulness; and some, thankfulness mingled with sorrow. It is no light thing to lose in one year old and well-tried friends like Generals Lake and Clarke, F. N. Maltby, Joseph Fenn; a veteran missionary like Bishop Williams; younger men like our three deeply-lamented brethren of the Nyanza Mission, John Smith, G. Shergold Smith, and T. O'Neill; Native ministers like Ainala Bhushanam and Matiu Taupaki. Some five and twenty of those who are gone might be enumerated, including seven missionaries' wives. Notwithstanding the large reinforcements of 1877, the total number of ordained agents is two less than last year.



THE DISPENSARY AT FRERE TOWN.

(8) Then as to the Funds. Last year, it will be remembered, left a deficiency of £13,917. To meet this, £13,947 has been specially contributed, exactly wiping off the amount. The general income has been £190,078, or £14,000 more than last year; and the increase would seem much larger but for a falling off of £8,000 in legacies (a quite uncertain item, of course). Then £12,868 further has been given to special funds (Nyanza, Niger, &c.); and if we add to all this £7,867 sent in for the relief of the famine sufferers in India and China, we find that more than £224,000 has been entrusted by the Christian public to the Society during the year. But the important question remains, Has the income covered the expenditure? Although the actual amount spent, £194,429 (that is, *ordinary*, not including £15,869 on special funds), is lower than was estimated by £4,500, it is still £4,821 above the receipts.

What, then, of the future? Can we say to the friends who have worked so earnestly to relieve the Society during the past year, It is enough, hold now your hands? They can see for themselves that we cannot. They can see that £200,000 at least of *ordinary* income will be required this year, without allowing for any large expansion in the Missions; and £10,000 is appealed for specially for the Nyanza enterprise. Further, the numerous candidates accepted in the last two years are moving on in their college course. Thirteen have just been appointed to different Missions. Eighteen more will (D.V.) be ready in 1879. How is this additional staff to be maintained?

We thank God, and we thank our zealous friends, for the efforts of the past year. But how many of the readers of the GLEANER took no share whatever in these efforts? Is it not their turn now? And will they be the poorer for any amount of self-denial and service? "He that giveth unto the poor"—and the

heathen are *poor* indeed!—"lendeth unto the Lord; and lo what he layeth out, it shall be paid him again."

PICTURES FROM EAST AFRICA.

No. 10.—The Dispensary at Frere Town.



It is a significant fact that one of the first of the buildings erected at Frere Town was a dispensary; and with good reason, for in every batch of freed slaves a considerable portion are sick and in need of the doctor as soon as they come under our care. A small but convenient room, with walls of corrugated iron and roof of makuti (plaited leaves of the fan-palm), was soon put together, and its shelves furnished with medicines thoughtfully provided by the Committee. It is a plain and unpretentious building, but what it lacks in art, nature has abundantly supplied. A splendid shade is afforded by a background of giant mango trees, their long-stretching arms clothed with perpetual foliage, the sombre effect of which is relieved by several stately cocoa-nut palms whose lofty stems are crowned with clusters of fruit and waving fronds. It is a pretty picture, and one very refreshing for the eye to rest upon that sunny land.

Unhappily the dispensary is a popular institution at Frere Town. There are many sufferers from divers maladies. A considerable number are troubled with foul running ulcers in the legs, the result of gallin chains and poor living, which sometimes defy all treatment and prove fatal; some with their haggard looks, staring deep-set eyes, and skeletal forms are evidently dying of starvation; whilst not a few are prostrated by one or other of the types of fever peculiar to the country. It is truly a saddening and oft-times a sickening sight, but it is one the true missionary will not shirk. His aim and desire, no doubt, is to save the souls of the miserable beings to whom he is sent, but the providence of God has so ordered it that missionary work in East Africa in these days more resembles what it was in Galilee some 1,800 years ago, when the blessed Lord went about doing good, and when "they brought unto Him a sick people that were taken with divers diseases and torments, and He healed them."

W. S. PRICE.



A SCENE AT THE C.M.S. FAMINE RELIEF CAMP, SACHIAPURAM.

"SATISFIED."

"He shall see of the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied."—Isa. liii. 11.



REJOICE with Jesus Christ to-day,
All ye who love His holy sway!
The travail of His soul is past,
He shall be satisfied at last.

Rejoice with Him, rejoice indeed,
For He shall see His chosen seed!
But ours the trust, the grand employ,
To work out this divinest joy.

Of all His own He loseth none,
They shall be gathered one by one;
He garnereth the smallest grain,
His travail shall not be in vain!

Arise, and work! arise, and pray
That He would haste the dawning day!
And let the silver trumpet sound,
Wherever Satan's slaves are found.

The vanquished foe shall soon be stilled,
The conquering Saviour's joy fulfilled—
Fulfilled in us, fulfilled in them—
His crown, His royal diadem.

Soon, soon our waiting eyes shall see
The Saviour's mighty Jubilee!
His harvest joy is filling fast;
He shall be satisfied at last.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

Lu. xv. 6.
Ps. cx. 3.
Isa. liii. 11.
Isa. xlix. 7, 8.

John iii. 29.
Isa. liii. 10.
1 Cor. iii. 9.
Zeph. iii. 17-20.

John xvii. 12.
Isa. xxvii. 12.
Amos ix. 9.
Heb. ii. 13.

2 Pet. iii. 12.
Cant. ii. 18.
Lev. xxv. 9, 10.
Isa. lxi. 1.

Ps. viii. 2.
Jude 24.
John xvii. 13.
Isa. lxii. 3.

Matt. xxvi. 64.
1 Thess. i. 10.
Isa. ix. 3, marg.
Ps. cxxvi. 6.

INCIDENTS OF THE SOUTH INDIAN FAMINE.

BY THE REV. HUGH HORSLEY, *Tinnevely.*

[The following interesting letter, sent by Mr. Horsley for the GLEANER, illustrates on a small scale those effects of the Famine which have been seen in the remarkable movement lately reported by Bishop Caldwell in the parts of Tinnevely worked by the S.P.G., where some 16,000 people have placed themselves under Christian instruction. May the hearts of many more be touched in both the C.M.S. and S.P.G. districts!]



THE past year will always be remembered as a year of peculiar distress and scarcity, and in many parts of severe famine, throughout the vast peninsula of India. We in North Tinnevely have had a full share of the horrors attending so sore a judgment as famine. Many thousands have perished from hunger, while the stream of those who have left their home and emigrated to other countries in search of food has been continuous. Whole villages have thus been sadly depopulated and many a home deserted.

But we thank God that He has put it into the hearts of many to give liberally towards the relief of the sufferers. From time to time it has been my happiness to receive sums of money to be distributed among those who most needed help. Here, then, I would return my most sincere thanks for all help received, and state that the money has been principally spent in, (1) money doles of one rupee, or two shillings, a month to poor widows; (2) food twice a day to about fifteen persons; (3) clothing to the utterly destitute; (4) relief works, principally watering trees and shrubs.

During the past year two facts have been brought to my notice which I would especially mention, as they illustrate a concern on the part of some of the Christians for the bodily as well as spiritual welfare of their suffering fellow-countrymen. A few months ago a poor boy made his way to Sachiapuram, the refuge of the destitute. He was little more than a walking skeleton, and had a piteous tale to tell. His parents had gone to Ceylon, and left him to live as best he might. It was very clear that if we did not have compassion on the boy he must, like so many other forlorn children, grow weaker and weaker, and at last die from want of

food. My head servant, a faithful Christian man, seeing the boy's destitute condition, took pity on him, and at once made himself responsible to look after him, giving him a new cloth in place of the rag he had tied round his waist, and getting the schoolboys to give a little from their daily supply of food, which they were very glad to do for the sake of one whom they all call "Anuchi," or elder brother. In this way the boy was decently clothed, and had a good prospect of getting a regular meal at least twice a day.

Nor is this all. Visnoásam (Faith, for that is my servant's name) was as eager in seeking his young *protégé's* spiritual as his temporal good, and soon began to teach him a short prayer and some easy texts of Scripture. One of the first texts the boy learnt was, "When my father and my mother forsake me then the Lord will take me up"—or (Tamil) "will take me in." These texts he repeats before he goes to bed. On one occasion he was asked to repeat a text, but steadfastly refused to do so, and on being asked why he remained silent, he said, "I was told to say my texts when I went to bed. Why should I say them now?" The boy has grown quite fat under V.'s care, and often makes himself useful and expends his superfluity of strength in pulling the punkah for us while we are at dinner.

The other fact shows the concern of a Christian woman for the spiritual good of her suffering countrymen. Among those who are daily fed here are a few Christians. The yard in which the food is served out adjoins the house of the Mission writer here, who is in charge of our "Relief Camp" (to give a small thing a big name). I have already mentioned that a part of the money contributed by friends is spent in giving food daily to destitute persons. If any one were to visit the camp in the morning or evening he would find from fifteen to twenty men, women, and children, each with an earthen vessel, in which to receive their frugal meal. It often happens that some patience has to be exercised while the food is being prepared. In the interval a woman is busy teaching some easy texts of Scripture, which she repeats aloud, the people repeating after her. In this way she teaches her pupils a number of easy and appropriate verses of Scripture. This woman is the wife of the Mission writer. In due time the food is served out and very soon disposed of. It is very pleasing to notice among the Christians those who are not forgetful to thank the Author of every blessing for the food He has so graciously provided for them.

One more fact which has come under my own notice must not be omitted. A very sad feature in the present famine is the large number of houses that have been destroyed by fire. A few months ago the sky was nightly lit up with the flames of some burning village. I have counted two and sometimes three fires in one night. Whole streets would often be destroyed, and no one could feel secure. Thousands have been burnt out of house and home, and have nothing to satisfy the cravings of hunger. These fires have often originated from a spirit of revenge. Some poor man has asked alms of one well able to give, and has been refused the much needed help. The following night the rich man's house is burnt to the ground, and with it sometimes fifty others. Bad men have sometimes wilfully set fire to a house and then made use of the general confusion to enter houses and carry off whatever they might find. Sometimes, however, the fires would be purely accidental. Whatever the causes might be, certain it is that fires were of nightly occurrence, and that in North Tinnevely alone thousands of houses have perished.

As might have been expected, the Christians have had to bear their share of suffering in this respect. In one village six houses and the prayer house, or church, have been destroyed. I especially mention this case as it is with a Christian woman in that village that my fact has to do. Hearing of the calamity which had befallen the Christians of Méthi-Malei (for that is the name of the village) I rode over to visit them, and to express my sympathy. On arriving at this village I found almost the whole of it destroyed, and sure enough among others the houses of the Christians and their once neat little church. Truly pitiable was the sight as I approached the village. No sooner had I arrived than the few Christians of the place came to see me, and I was prepared to hear a long tale of woe poured into my ears. But what was my surprise to hear very little said on the subject of the sad misfortune which had befallen these unhappy people. I suppose they thought that the melancholy spectacle of bare, charred, roofless walls spoke for itself, and needed no explanation. I must, however, confess to considerable surprise at their silence. The conduct of one poor widow woman, the heroine of my story, especially surprised and delighted me. Although her house had been destroyed, she not only did not utter one complaining word, but, on the contrary, spent the whole time with me in inquiring after Mr. Meadows, for whom she evidently had a very great affection, and ended up by saying, "Please, sir, when you next write to the 'father' send him seventy salaams from Santhai," and added, "He will remember me." On a subsequent visit she repeated that I should send seventy-seven salaams. Surely nothing but the grace of God could have enabled this poor woman to bear her heavy affliction with the patience and resignation which she manifested.

My last fact is borrowed from one of the districts of North Tinnevely

under the supervision of a Native clergyman, to whom I had the pleasure of forwarding fifty rupees for famine relief. Mr. Vedhanayagam writes:—

"Your valuable help has been, through God's mercy, the means of melting the hearts of two heathen families, who have given themselves entirely to serve the God of their Christian benefactors. The circumstances of their becoming Christians are as follows. The head of each of these two families had been to the coffee estate in quest of livelihood, but unfortunately both of them fell sick and were obliged to return home, where they continued to remain in that state for a considerable time. Nor had they any means to sustain them with nourishing food. Knowing their helpless condition I gave them a rupee each out of your money, which they found to be a seasonable help. But they noticed the striking contrast between the indifference of their heathen relatives and the Christian sympathy, and finally determined to live and die as Christians. One of them, however, has died since he became a Christian, and when dying made his wife and family make a solemn promise not to go back again to heathenism. And so his widow and her two boys are very regular in attending the means of grace. The other, who is a young man, is thoroughly recovered, and comes to church with his widowed mother and a younger brother. This is an instance to show how Christian sympathy has a greater force on these poor and ignorant people than plain teaching. May they prove faithful to the end!"

The above interesting fact speaks for itself. Would that we had more such to relate. Let us, however, be thankful for the above tokens of God's blessing upon us here.

LEAVES FROM THE HISTORY OF A MISSIONARY AUXILIARY.

By MISS E. J. WHATELY.

CHAPTER XIV.



HE Captain then returned to the charge upon another point. "I should never think of condemning you or your friends," said he; "but as we are speaking frankly, I will tell you that what I condemn is the way in which many missionary collectors try to get money. You were truly saying that only God can make men 'willing-hearted'; but many of the collectors I know actually put a screw upon those they apply to, and urge and torment them, till at last those who don't really care for the cause will yield for a quiet life, and lay down their guinea or half-guinea 'grudgingly and of necessity.' Now I do think this is not the New Testament way of asking for help. Look at the Apostles' appeals in that very Epistle we were considering."

"Quite true, my dear friend, and with all my heart I deprecate that way of begging. I do not myself think it justifiable to do more than put the case before them, and let them see it needs help."

"And another thing I greatly dislike, and have seen a great deal of in deputation work," said Captain Austin, "is the highly-coloured accounts that are circulated—the stories of wonderful converts, heightened and touched up, or the reports of the missions read really in an untruthful spirit, the dark side kept back and only the bright put forward, till at last some simple-minded hearers seem to think that a foreign missionary station must simply be a little bit of heaven on earth."

"Stop, stop, my good fellow," interrupted Mr. Heathfield; "it is no fair to blame our reports as untruthful."

"Not the reports themselves, but the way the bright parts are picked out; and often, I must say, I have seen accounts which I had reason to fear were really exaggerated. You know Mr. N— of —; and you remember the account he sent about the new converts at his station. I created quite a sensation, as people say; every one was so interested in them: but the whole thing turned out a failure; at least, I heard from Mr. S—, who had visited the station since, that two of the converts had turned out very unsatisfactory, and a third, it appeared, had been a Christian for some time, converted at another station, and only recently under Mr. S—'s ministry, and therefore could not fairly be reckoned."

"Yes; I know the whole story," said Mr. Weston; "and, moreover, as a deputation of many years standing, I can truly say I have seen a good deal of the tendency, in some unwise friends of the mission cause, to over-colour and exaggerate the accounts from the spot. In this case there is some excuse. Poor N—, I am sure, never meant to embroider histories, but his disposition is to see everything through rose-coloured spectacles. He wrote home in a great state of excitement about the two new converts, without taking sufficient time to look into the case, and believed too readily the story one of them told him about his being a high-caste man who had lost everything by his conversion, instead of which he was a needy adventurer. As to the third case, I think it turned out that he had misunderstood the man, because he was not used to the dialect he spoke. I know N— has been very severely pulled up, and he is truly sorry, I believe, for having misled us, though involuntarily. But whose is the real blame, after all this? I don't think it is N—'s."

nearly as much as that of people at home who are always crying out for interesting stories, and will not be satisfied without them."

"Yes," said Mrs. Weston, "like our collectors for the orphans. And you know, Henry, Mr. and Mrs. T——, who have that large orphanage, and are so extremely cautious about speaking of conversions, get far less help than some others who don't accomplish half their work."

"That is the real mischief," said Mr. Weston. "Friends at home do not know how they tempt mission-workers to exaggerate by their constant complaints if they are not supplied with new stories as regularly as a set of children."

"And that it is that disgusts me," said Captain Austin. "The whole business has such a mixed character. One set of people calling out for stories and exciting accounts, and going to a missionary meeting as others go to the theatre, just for a new sensation. Then, on the other hand, great people patronising the movement as if they thought they were conferring a favour in condescending to be interested in making known the blessed Gospel to others. If you call that Christian work, Mr. Weston, I don't."

"I do not call *that* Christian work, my dear friend. All I say is, that this world being one full of sin and imperfection, and the wheat and tares mixed—as they must be while this world lasts—we must not be surprised to find ugly weeds disfiguring even the garden of the Lord. But I think that both you and others make the common mistake of taking for granted that the most numerous and important class of persons are those who make the most noise. Archbishop Whately has remarked that if we went into a field and heard the grasshoppers loudly chirping, we might fancy *them* its principal inhabitants, and overlook, at first, the cattle quietly grazing in the same spot. And so it is with missionary societies. Our attention is caught by the bustle and display of worldly supporters, and the injudicious efforts of unwise friends to help the cause; but the real strength of the work rests on the hundreds of quiet, unassuming collectors of small sums, who go on with their humble labours year after year without any taking count of them. The Sunday-school children with their missionary-boxes, and the cards with the laboriously gathered shillings and sixpences—these are the real main support of our great societies. These obscure workers are hardly known out of their own circle, and their patient efforts perhaps unnoticed except by the Master whose 'well done' will one day be their exceeding great reward."

We were interrupted by being joined by some other friends, and the conversation was not resumed. I do not know whether Captain Austin was fully convinced; people seldom are, at once, and he was very soon after obliged to accompany an invalid brother abroad. But we do not despair of his joining us again some day. Certainly Mrs. Benson was won round, and not long after resumed her collecting labours. Meanwhile, new friends have been raised up; Mrs. Curwen remained a steady and efficient supporter; Miss Jenkins returned from the sea-side with a collection sufficient for the support of another orphan; and Mrs. Weston has re-organised her Rectory working-party, which bids fair to hold its ground. Another box is in preparation; the one which had for a time appeared to fail, sold well on the return of the lady who was the regular superintendent, and the workers are resuming their labours with fresh spirit. Above all, they are learning, I trust, to be less dependent on exciting stories and stirring letters, and more really convinced of the importance and the privilege of missionary work; and on the whole our friends are able to look on the Southbridge Auxiliary as an established institution, and we hope that many others like it may soon be added to the list of helpers of the Mission cause.

MR. SATTHIANADHAN'S EXETER HALL SPEECH.

[At the C.M.S. Anniversary Meeting on April 30th, the Rev. W. T. Saththianadhan, whose portrait we gave in the April GLEANER, spoke as follows:—]



WILL begin with the history of a Hindu convert. At the age of fourteen this person was sent to an Indian school in connection with this great Society. One of the books used in that school was of course the Bible. This school was conducted by a blind teacher, and the Bible was taught regularly every day; but the youth was so bitter against the study of the Bible that one day he instigated the other scholars to request the teacher to give up the Bible, accompanying this with a threat that if the request was not complied with they would all leave the school. But the teacher was not moved by such a threat. "You may all leave the school," he said, "but give up the Bible I never will." The youth was therefore obliged to continue the study of the Bible against his will. He continued there for two years. In the meantime the teacher paid particular attention to the inculcation of Scripture truths, and applied them to the hearts and consciences of his students in such a way that they were much impressed by them. Under the instruction of this admirable teacher the youth remained another

three years, and then there began gradually to dawn upon his mind not only the folly of heathenism, but the truth of Christianity, and the necessity of closing with the offers of salvation through Jesus Christ. He went through a great mental struggle; he was not prepared to give up his parents and his home, but the Spirit of God worked mightily in his heart. The young man was at length enabled by God's grace to give up his home and everything he felt dear, and to betake himself to the foot of the cross, where he found rest for his weary soul. His conversion made a sensation in the district, and emptied the school. He himself became an object of persecution, and was dragged before two magistrates, European and Native; but the Lord helped him throughout all his troubles, and he is now a herald of the cross to his countrymen; and, by a strange providence, is now privileged to address this audience. (Great cheering.) Bless the Lord, O my soul! (Renewed cheering.)

From the very first I would say with devout thankfulness, the lines have fallen to me in pleasant places. The blind teacher I have referred to was William Cruikshanks, a man highly honoured of God, who left his mark on the country, and on the district of Tinnevely in particular. Through his instrumentality, twenty other Hindus belonging to very respectable families were brought to the knowledge of Christ. I was admitted as a student of the institution under Bishop Sargent, who had the training of many young men, some of whom are now ministers of the Gospel. After two years' course of study there, I was appointed to North Tinnevely. It was there that I first saw an English lady—Mrs. William Gray—living in a tent and going about the villages teaching the Gospel. After five years' work at Tinnevely, I was transferred to the station at Madras, where I have been labouring for the last fifteen years.

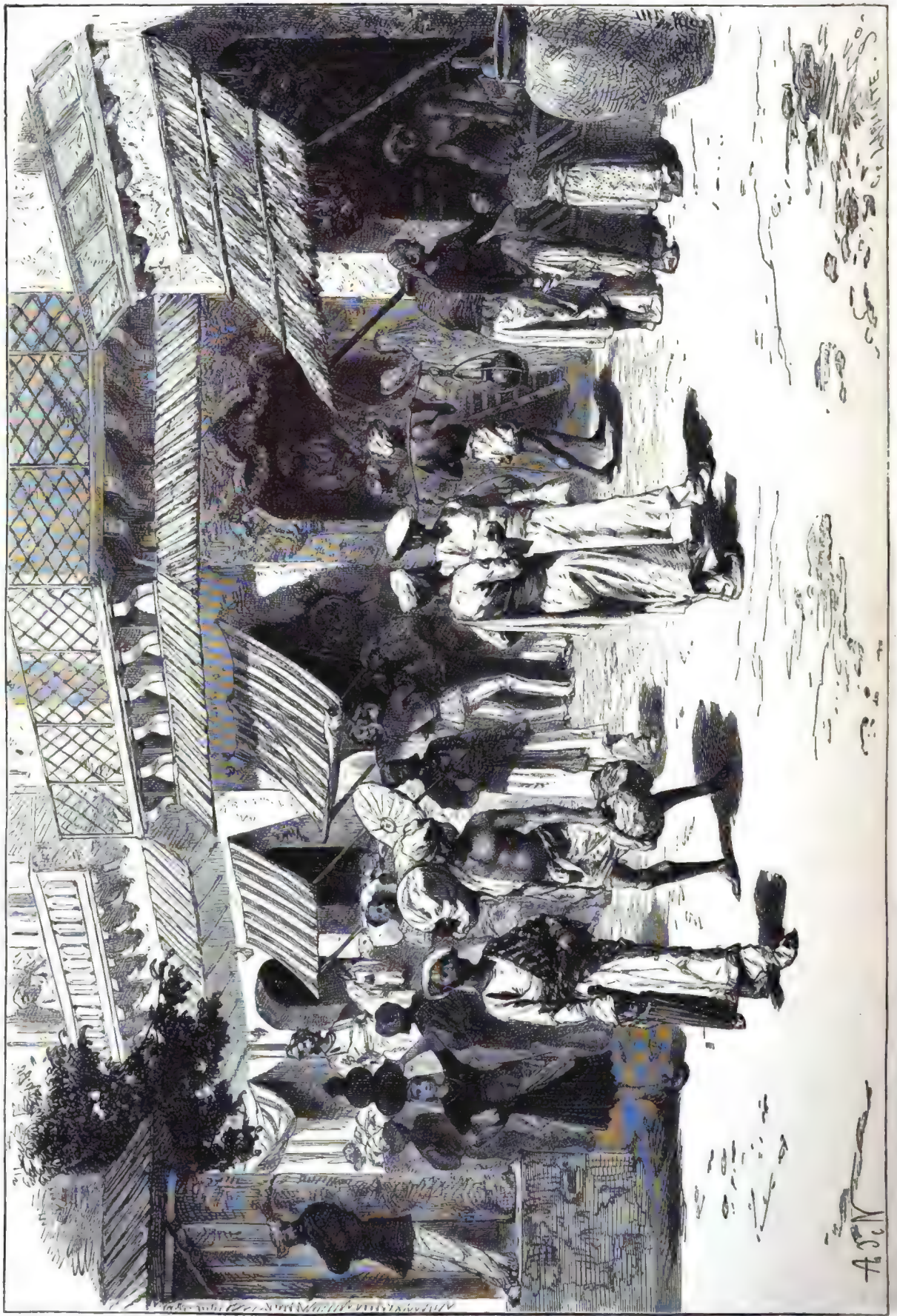
[Mr. Saththianadhan then gave some account of missionary work at Madras, and continued:—]

I wish to say something about my wife's work. Her work lies among the respectable females, both young and old, in the city of Madras. . . . She is the only daughter of the Rev. John Devassagayam (cheers), an agent of the Church Missionary Society, and though I am myself a convert from heathenism my wife belongs to a fourth generation of Hindu Christians, her great grandfather being a convert from Hinduism; and she herself now occupies the honoured position of a grandmother. (Applause and laughter.) And though I am the paid agent of one Society, namely, the Church Missionary Society, she is the honorary agent of three, viz., the Church Missionary Society, the Indian Female Instruction Society, and the Society for Promoting Female Education in the East. (Cheers.) She has six schools in four different suburbs of Madras, four of respectable Hindu girls, and two for the children of the poorer classes. The number of children is about 430. She has also fifty-six Zenana schools in different parts of the city and suburbs, consisting of 106 young ladies belonging to the upper classes of Hindu society, Brahmans included. But in consequence of the deficit in the income of the Society during the past year the grant to Indian Missions has been reduced considerably, and the grant to my poor wife has been cut down by one-eighth.

I know that England is deeply interested in the welfare of India. A telegram came from Madras to the Mansion House about the terrible famine which swept over the Presidency, and applying for help on behalf of the famishing multitude. In about ten weeks money flowed in from all directions, amounting to no less than half a million sterling. England has acted right nobly; human suffering has been mitigated, human life has in numberless instances been saved by her unbounded liberality, and Southern India feels very deeply the debt of gratitude she owes to England. But there is another famine which exists in all its horrors not only in the Madras Presidency, but throughout the whole country and throughout the world. In India you will see Hindu temples and Mohammedan mosques raising their proud heads. You will see idols in every city and every village. You will see vast crowds worshipping at the shrine of Vishnu, and prostrating themselves before idols of wood and stone. The country is suffering from this spiritual famine. . . . It is sometimes said that India is the brightest gem in the British crown. Whatever may be our view on that matter, we must all agree that it is our duty, as Christians, to give ourselves no rest, to spare no pains, till we see India set as the brightest gem in the crown of our Rcy I Immanuel.

THE CHANDNI-CHOWK AT DELHI.

DELHI was for centuries the capital of India under the Mohammedan rulers; and as Mohammedanism in India is the subject of an article in this number of the GLEANER, we take the opportunity of presenting on the next page a picture of the Chandni-Chowk—the silversmiths' street—at Delhi. It extends in a straight line from the palace (of which we also give a picture at page 70) to the Lahore gate, and the chief shops in the city are found in it, displaying all sorts of precious goods—Cashmere shawls, Punjab armour, delicate caskets, graceful flagree work in gold and silver, &c.



THE CHANDNI-CHOWK AT DELHI.
(See preceding page.)

A 36 N

THE LAST DAYS OF SMITH AND O'NEILL.



AFTER our last number was printed, a large packet of letters reached England from the shores of the Victoria Nyanza, just in time for some further particulars of the sad death of our two brethren to be read at the Annual Meeting. Some of them had been sent off by Lieut. Smith before he fell; others were from Mr. Wilson, who, having heard of the disaster from one of the survivors of the party, the interpreter Hassani, had crossed the Lake from Uganda to Kagei, to make inquiries. Before leaving Mtesa, he sent off a letter by way of Nile, which has not yet arrived, so that our information is still only fragmentary; and probably we shall never know all the circumstances. But all are known to the Most High, and we are thankful that each account as it arrives adds something to the evidence that our missionaries are free from reproach in the matter. It now appears that the Arab trader, Songoro, had played both Lieut. Smith and Lukongeh false; that the quarrel was between Lukongeh and Songoro; that Lukongeh's attack, on the fatal morning, was upon Songoro; that Songoro, wounded by a spear in the forehead, fled to the Mission camp for refuge; that Lukongeh demanded that he be given up to him to be killed; that Lieut. Smith chivalrously refused to surrender him; that Lukongeh instantly attacked the camp; that Smith's party only numbered six or seven men; and that these were all killed except one, who was taken prisoner and his life spared. The other two who escaped were of Songoro's party.

The letters previously sent off by Lieut. Smith, and those forwarded by Mr. Wilson from Kagei, are of peculiarly solemn interest. There is a valuable journal of a voyage of exploration up the rivers and creeks on the southern side of the Lake taken by Lieut. Smith in the *Daisy* in October. There are pencil and pen-and-ink sketches by both Smith and O'Neill. And the letters dated only two days before the end breathe a bright and hopeful spirit. O'Neill writes from Kagei on Dec. 5th, when he was expecting to leave immediately for Uganda (he was killed on the 7th), "I have made some friends in Ukerewe, and prepared the way for the favourable reception of my successor. My name is well-known about the south of the Lake, and I earnestly trust the Lord will send forth many labourers for this portion of His great harvest." Smith "expected to see the Lake soon covered with boats"; yet he was by no means unconscious of the perils

of Central Africa—"One feels very near to heaven here, for who knows what a day may bring forth? May the blessed assurance that our redemption draweth nigh lead us to contemplate with increasing desire the meeting with our Redeemer!"

We glean the following interesting passages from a private letter of Lieut. Smith's, describing his journey of exploration up the Simeyu (or Shimeeyu) and Ruwana rivers:—

Kagei, October 31st, 1877.

"In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy steps." A plain command, with a most cheering promise attached, consequently I must begin this letter by thanking God for a safe return from a rather perilous journey.

It was noon, on October 15th, when we entered the Simeyu, and pulled along its papyrus-covered banks. Hippopotami, crocodile, and aquatic birds abound, and two fine young geese came into our larder. I

also shot a crocodile. I have no compunction in killing the crocodile, not because I know they would do the same for me if they got the chance, but like the bounty on the wolf's head in England, it would be a blessing were some wise ruler to put a bounty on the crocodile's head. They are the terror of our boats' crews, and reign with cruel power throughout this vast lake, saying to men, in Dante's lines, "All hope abandon ye who enter here." They are God's creatures, and though not to be killed in wanton sport, man is commanded to subdue and reign over all. I took the head off one killed in the Ruwana with the intention of sending you some of its teeth, and kept it for some time; but one night, when in the Jordan Nullah, having secured it by a stout rope to the shore in order that nature's scavenger might do the cleaning for us, some hungry sister or brother came and made a meal of it, rope and all. The snap of their terrible jaws is like the falling of a heavy box-lid.

The ibis, crane, goose, and clouds of small white birds, with long wading legs, were to be seen at each bend of the river, standing on the sandy spit jutting out. Here also the crocodile, roused from his sunny nap, slides lizard-like into the water, the green of its coat glistening like jewels in the brilliant

sunlight. On landing to pick up some crocodile's eggs, I saw the men suddenly rush to the boat, followed by a crocodile; it was more frightened than the men, and soon plunged beneath the muddy waters.

I have not been able to determine which are right, those who claim for the hippo horse-like affinity, or those who liken it most to the pig. Its head, when seen in a certain position, is that of the horse, its body that of the pig; its snort is horse-like, but again, it has a grunt very like the pig, and its habits of mud-wallowing would certainly place it in the sty, though possibly its love of a charge might carry it to the stable.

An exploring party reported all further progress to be one of carrying, and as I was sent not to find the source, which the natives agree to be very distant, but to ascertain how far it is navigable, I returned and left the river.

Oct. 19th.—Visited a village temporarily built near the mouth of the Ruwana. Here, in the dry months, a settlement of Warigidi is formed for the purpose of hunting. The village smelt of hippo and dried meats. When the floods come they return to their mountain residence. The chief



MARTYRS FOR AFRICA.

was a pleasant-spoken man, but exceedingly rapacious of cloth. The great river Ruwana could not be entered under four doti of cloth and some pretty beads. It was a great river, and its water-sprite would be angry if he took less; besides what would the savage up-country chiefs say, if he let a white man enter without exacting a fit due?

Now for a guide. Yes! here is one, but first more cloth for his mother, who cannot part with him under half a doti. It is paid. The guide then refuses; he is afraid. Oh, the hooting and jeers of his affectionate mother and the numerous fair! "What! Now we have the cloth, to lose it, because you are afraid! ah! ah! bah!" This is too much for the guide's feelings, and, anger casting out fear, he agrees to go, after having first made some "dowa" (medicine charm) to propitiate the river god. This is soon done; the chief pouring some chocolate-coloured powder into his hands, he rubs them gently together, then putting them to his mouth, blows N., S., and E., the directions he must take.

This done, with apparently a lighter heart, he steps into the boat, and we are off. Half an hour after entering, and whilst comfortably running before a fair wind up stream, we suddenly felt a shock, which half lifted the boat out of the water. It was a hippo, which had charged us, striking the fore part of the boat on the starboard side, staving in three planks. Fortunately, being built in compartments, only the fore compartment filled. On the boat's return to the water, the hippo gently nibbled the upper planking, the teeth-marks extending over three planks, and then returned to his nap. For surely it must have been a nap we disturbed the animal from, and this was his rising stretch and gaping yawn. To the bank and unload, haul up and repair, and this occurring about 3 P.M., stopped further progress for that day. We had fortunately a stock of copper nails and sheet lead in the boat, and soon patched her up. A bright moon and cheerful fire saw us finish by 9 P.M.

I slept in the boat, covered with an awning to avoid the rain, but not thinking of water on the other side. At midnight I rose, feeling a little uncomfortable, and found myself an island. The shake given by the hippo had sprung some planks aft, and water had accordingly come in and completely surrounded me. But they say a midshipman can sleep with his head in a bucket of water, and I suppose, as you rise in rank, so in body, until all gets into the bucket. So baling out, I slept on till 4.

This was the fifth day (Oct. 20th), and where we should spend the morrow who could say? I could not disguise from myself the hazardous duty we were on, since, without a guide, we had none to speak or make known our mission to the natives, any one of whom so disposed could, with perfect safety to himself in such a narrow wooded stream (in some places only 20 ft. wide), pour his poisoned missiles into us unseen. Nothing but believing in our good cause, and our more than good Guide, would warrant us in risking the lives of my boat's crew, and my own. This I say, that you may assure yourself that I am in full accordance with the prayer, "not to run into any kind of danger." So be not anxious on this account. No desire for personal vain-glory, no earthly ambition shall ever tempt me to risk another's life, or my own. I hold life too sacred, knowing that the wealth of the whole world could not purchase one poor African soul.

Descending the river we reached its entrance about 4 P.M., and taking advantage of a favouring thunderstorm, were driven by the fierce squall rapidly westward. But the phase of nature's passion, like man's, gives place to more gentle conduct afterwards, and a full moon looked down upon us slowly heaving upon the windless bosom of the gulf.

The next day, Sunday, was a day of rest: nature lulled her usual stiff south-easter to a zephyr, and the north-west wind of the afternoon set in early and light. What an opportunity to preach the glorious Gospel of Christ! I longed to know enough to make myself intelligible to the crew. I read to them sometimes the Gospel of St. John, and try to impress them with its great lesson of love; but love is an abstract quality to our poor African. He has the word "like" in his language, but "love," such as the Bible reveals, is only to be dimly inferred. So of course with us, but then we have the step between that leads us to contemplate, in some measure, Divine love—we have domestic love—a love, I believe, almost unknown to savages. Oh, the need, then, of spreading the Gospel, which is essentially a Gospel of Love. It was ushered in with peace on earth and goodwill toward men, and when Jesus had written it in His own blood, He added, further, eternal life to all who simply believe upon His Name—Jesus, Saviour.

A naval officer could not forget such a famous date in naval annals (Oct. 21st) as that Sunday was. "The anniversary of Trafalgar," he notes in his journal; but he adds, "*There is a greater battle to be fought here.*"

We join with the portraits of our two martyred brethren that also of their much loved comrade Dr. Smith, who was laid peacefully to rest at Kagei last year. Let us thank God for all three, and ask Him to send us many like them.

PERSECUTION AT GREAT VALLEY.



OUR readers will not have forgotten the deeply interesting letters from the Rev. A. E. Moule in our March number, describing the spread of the Gospel in "Great Valley," seventy miles from Hang-Chow. The following letter, relating the bitter persecution that has fallen upon the converts, will be read with much concern. Mr. Moule earnestly asks for prayer on behalf of the suffering flock:—

The past fortnight has been one of extreme trial and anxiety to me on account of the fierce and still raging persecution and violence in the Chu-ki hills (Great Valley), which broke out in the first days of February.

I mentioned in my last the first attack, and the fright of Luke and Silas, and my having sent down Chee-siensen (a Christian writer) to Chu-ki. He returned the day after I posted the last letter with Luke and Silas from that city. Serious news of fresh violence, including the dismantling of the little chapel, and Luke's house, with the burning of books and furniture, reached the magistrate's office whilst Chee and the others were there. He at once saw the magistrate a second time, and told him these particulars.

The magistrate apparently (*at this time*) behaved very well. He declined to receive a petition against Christianity from the gentry. He told them that the Emperor sanctioned it, and how could he forbid it. And to Chee he promised proclamations, money in compensation for losses, and a personal visit to Great Valley to quiet the tumult. Chee was hopeful, and so was I. But, alas! on Tuesday, the 17th, Silas and others, who had ventured down to Li-p'u (three miles from their home) came up in the greatest distress and alarm.

The magistrate had kept his word, and visited Great Valley on the 15th, Sunday; but, either maliciously, or from fear of the people, he behaved so as to make matters infinitely worse. He went to the public hall, where I held services last October, and addressed the people. What follows I hear from Andrew, who was present. He says that when the magistrate asked for the Christians, he answered to that name.

"Why don't you worship your ancestors?" asked the magistrate.

"We obey God's Ten Commandments," he replied.

"What Ten Commandments?"

Andrew, upon this, kneeling before him, repeated them for all to hear, and added, "This religion of Jesus is from heaven. We are not disobeying the Emperor's laws. All we ask for is that we may leave off what God forbids. Will your excellency come and see our chapel and houses which have been destroyed?"

"Oh," replied the magistrate, "you have joined the foreigners; the foreigners will make it good." And then, addressing the people, he said, "This religion is a foreign one, not Chinese. But foreigners are dangerous people. It will be well to leave them alone. However, you, elders of the place, must decide for yourselves how to treat these Christians. In our own native place, there were some twenty families once who believed this religion, and they were suppressed in that way."

Much of what he said could not be heard by Andrew; but what followed showed the *animus* of it. The people shouted, "We will manage the business. We are not afraid." The magistrate left, and at once the solitary proclamation on the hall door was torn down, and a notice substituted offering twenty dollars for Luke, alive or dead. What remained of the furniture in the house and chapel was utterly destroyed, and the poor Christians had to fly for their lives. Poor Silas heard that his wife and three children had fled, and that the other two little ones had been seen hungry and crying in the empty house, and that his own life was threatened. Poor old Tryphosa was very roughly handled, and James, her youngest son, was dragged, and pushed, and cuffed, and forced down before the idol. In a village three miles off, where there are seventeen inquirers, the constable went in whilst they were at prayer, knocked them all on the head with his heavy pipe-bowl (of brass), and abused them for being Christians. One of these was Luke's wife, who had fled thither for refuge; nine were able-bodied men who would have annihilated the constable (as they say) had he treated them so before they were Christians; but, knowing that they must not return evil for evil, they bore it in patience.

You can imagine how distressed and perplexed I was when this sad news reached me. The one comfort I had was the hope that it is, if I may say so, pure persecution for the Gospel's sake; and the news that a but one (the lad whose father persecuted him at the time of his baptism) but who has, alas! been growing cold for some time past) seem to have held fast their faith. "They worry and threaten us," says James, "and then we all go to prayer." Poor old Lebbaeus (Luke's eldest brother) was beaten on the face. His son brought him some food the other day, and he knelt down to say grace, when the son, in a rage, took the food away again. Andrew, after his bold confession, was a mark for special hatred, and fled to his home. He lay down, by a strange instinct, on

bed in an *outer* room and covered himself up. The mob pursued him, and searched all the *inner* rooms where they thought he was hiding; but failing to find him there, and passing the outer room without notice, they went away. At nightfall he escaped to the hills, and came up here, where he is now in safeguard.

I have good hope that, through God's great mercy, His most blessed cause in those hills shall come forth like gold.

LIST OF THE GREAT VALLEY CONVERTS BAPTIZED SINCE SEPTEMBER, 1877.

Luke Chow, schoolmaster, the first convert.	John, Luke's eldest son (15 years).
Thomas, } elder brothers of Luke.	Tryphosa, mother of Peter, Andrew, and James.
Lebbeus, }	Tryphena, wife of Simon (she of the temper).
Simon, }	Susanna, sister (in-law) of Luke.
Peter, }	Rachel, wife of James.
Andrew, }	Titus.
James, }	Timothy, Simon's eldest son (12 years), always praying.
Phoebe.	Persia Chow, Luke's youngest child (? infant).
Nathaniel, persecuted originally by his father; since then lukewarm, now drawing back.	Shun-yih, Simon's ditto (? infant).
Mary, Luke's wife.	

THE TRIDENT, THE CRESCENT, AND THE CROSS.

Gleanings from Vaughan's Religious History of India.

VI.—THE MOHAMMEDAN INVASION.



IX centuries before Christ, as we have seen, the religion of Buddha arose, in revolt against the idolatry, the cruelty, the selfish caste distinctions of Hinduism; and in course of time grew to be, in other ways, as idolatrous, as cruel, as selfish. Six centuries after Christ, the religion of Mohammed arose, in revolt against the superstition and corruption of Pagans, Jews, and Christians alike in Arabia and Syria; and quickly became as superstitious and corrupt, and far more fanatical. Such are the results of human attempts at reformation. And if men can spoil even the faith of Christ, as we know they have done in so large a part of Christendom, what must we expect when they devise new religions of their own?

Mr. Vaughan attributes the first success of Islam—or, as we call it, Mohammedanism—to the yearnings of thoughtful men after the knowledge of God. He quotes from another recent book (Dr. J. M. Arnold's *Islam and Christianity*) a touching narrative in illustration of this. Some years, it seems, before Mohammed appeared, four men of the Arab tribe he belonged to, the Koreishites, met together and told each other their longings. "What is this pretended divinity," they asked, "which our people worship? Only a dumb and senseless block of stone.* Let us seek the pure religion of our forefather Abraham, and seek it, if need be, in foreign lands." Three actually started on their travels in search of truth, and were ultimately received into the Christian Church. The fourth, Zaid, stayed at Mecca, and used daily to visit the Kaaba (the sacred temple), and pray thus: "Lord, if I knew in what way Thou didst will to be adored and served, I would obey Thy will; but I know it not." He vigorously denounced the prevailing vices and superstitions; but he only met with persecution, and was at last murdered.

When we think of men like these, we see the terrible guilt of the Christendom of that day, which, instead of carrying the Gospel of peace to anxious souls, was rent by barren controversies, and daily becoming more corrupt and superstitious. The man who was to give the East a new religion was not a Christian missionary. It was Mohammed. And his new creed went its conquering way until it subdued, not only paganism, but Christianity too, over a large portion of Asia and Africa, and even in part of Europe.

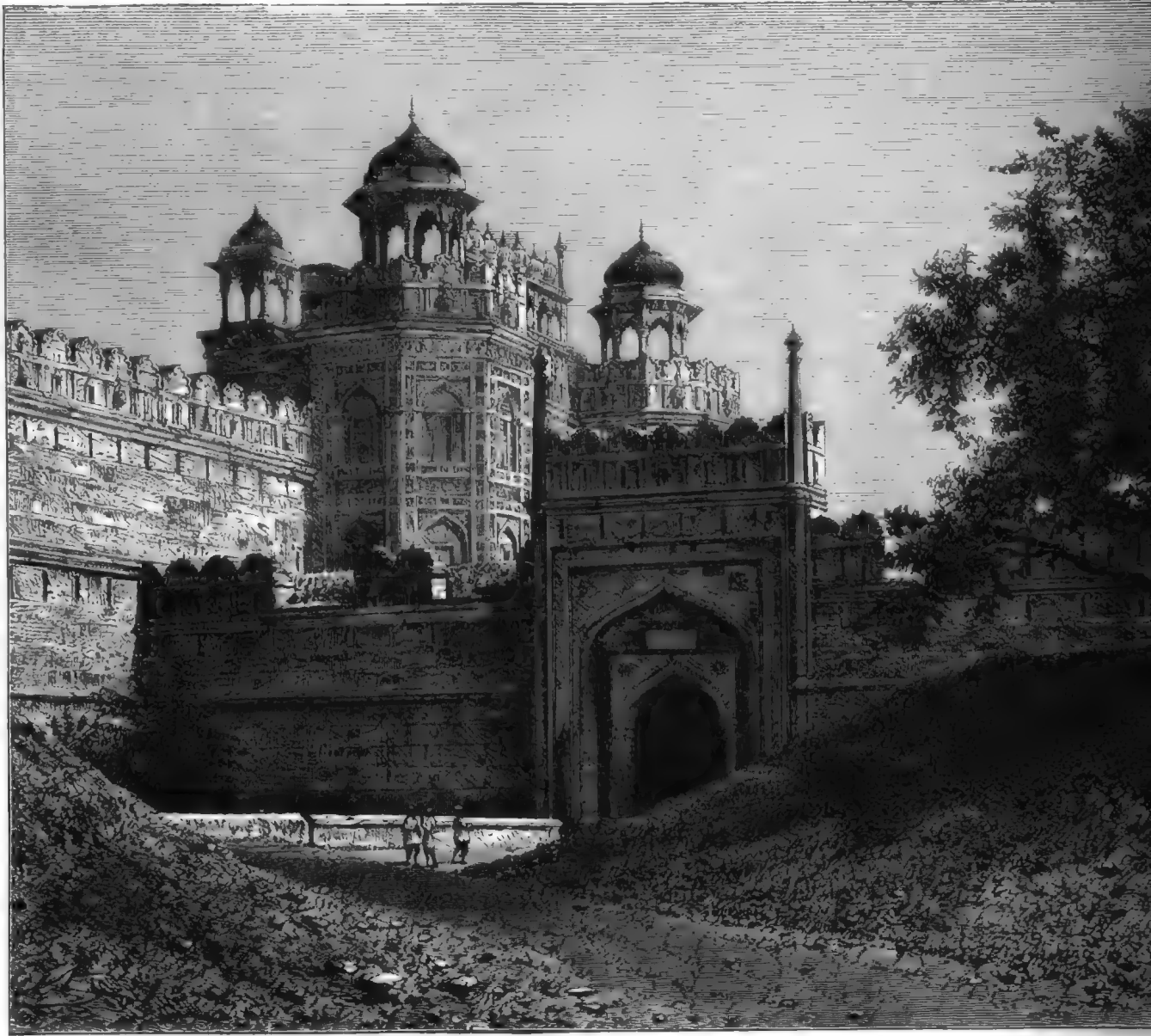
* The famous black stone in the Kaaba at Mecca; which, though afterwards so sacred in the eyes of Mussulmans, had been worshipped by the heathen Arabs long before Mohammed's time.

This is not the place to discuss the character of Mohammed. Great authorities differ much regarding him. Mr. Vaughan thinks he may have been a well-meaning reformer at first. Certainly he was a very bad man afterwards. How far he was self-deceived, and how far a wilful deceiver, we need not inquire. We have now only to do with his religion. What was old and true in it was borrowed from the Scriptures; what was old, but false, from the heathen superstitions of the time; what was new in it was almost wholly bad. Its central doctrine is a grand truth—"There is no God but God"; but it is Unity without the Trinity, not the still grander truth of the Trinity in Unity. It represents God as Almighty and All-merciful; but it knows Him not as All-Holy. It knows nothing of the guilt of sin and the need of atonement: in this respect it is far below Hinduism. It is a religion of works; and not of works of righteousness, mercy, and faith, but of external "religious acts." A contrite spirit, a pure heart, have no place in the Koran; but if a man believes in God and Mohammed, repeats certain Arabic prayers (whether he understands them or not) five times a day, gives alms, keeps the fast of the month Ramazan (when he may make up for going without food all day by feasting all night), and performs, either himself or by deputy, a pilgrimage to Mecca once in his life, his salvation is secure. And what of the future life? Islam tells of a resurrection, a general judgment, a heaven and a hell; but its heaven is simply a place of bodily indulgence and the lowest of sinful pleasures.

Mohammedanism is therefore an easy religion for fallen human nature; and yet it made but little way by the force of its own merit. Its empire was gained by fire and sword. "Fight for the religion of God; kill the infidels wherever you find them," was Mohammed's own injunction; and as his Arab followers, filled with enthusiasm and sure of "Paradise" if they fell fighting, overran country after country, thousands had to choose between confessing the prophet and a cruel death. The corrupt Christianity of the East had no strength to resist the onset; still less had the old fire-worship of Arabia and Persia; and strange to say, the most desperate struggle Islam had with Hinduism in India.

This chapter is headed "The Mohammedan Invasion." For Islam was a foreign religion which came to India from without. And it won its way, not by being preached, like Buddhism, but by hard fighting. For three hundred years invasion after invasion was repelled; but in the eleventh century, about fifty years before the Norman conquest of England, Mahmoud of Ghuzni established the Mussulman dominion in Hindustan. The dominion only: not the religion to any great extent; and in the centuries that followed, it was only by the sword that Islam gradually extended. Multitudes of Brahmins met death with a heroism worthy of Christian martyrs rather than desert their creed and their caste. Dreadful massacres followed every war with the Hindu princes who still reigned independent in Central India. One of the Moslem kings, Mohammed Shah, who was contemporary with our Edward III., made a solemn vow on the Koran that he would not sheathe his sword till he had dyed it with the blood of 100,000 idolaters; and he kept his vow.

The most powerful of the Mussulman rulers of India were those of the Mogul dynasty which reigned at Delhi for three centuries: especially Akbar, in our Queen Elizabeth's time, and Aurungzebe, in that of Charles II. Akbar was a remarkable man. Though at first an earnest Moslem, he was tolerant to the Hindus. Under the influence of the Romanist priests from the Portuguese settlement of Goa, he professed to embrace Christianity; but he refused baptism, and set up a mixed religion which he called the Divine Faith. At length he returned to his old allegiance, and died a Mussulman. The Mogul dynasty lingered on, despite great reverses, after the time of Aurungzebe, at length became tributary to the British Government, and finally fell when the great



PRINCIPAL GATE OF THE MOHAMMEDAN IMPERIAL PALACE AT DELHI.

Sepoy Mutiny was put down twenty years ago. It has left grand monuments of its splendour in the great mosque at Delhi and the far-famed marble mausoleum at Agra.

Queen Victoria now reigns over forty millions of Mussulmans, who make up one fifth of the population of India. But one-half of these, in Lower Bengal, are Moslems only in name, being more than half Hindus, observing caste rules and practising idolatrous rites. Their ancestors submitted without a struggle to the sword of one of the earliest conquerors seven centuries ago. They are of the very lowest classes, and only one in a thousand attend the Government Schools. The remainder, who are most numerous in the North-West and the Punjab, are chiefly the descendants of the old invaders.

Mohammedan princes governed India for eight hundred years, and during the greater part of that time the sword devoured the land; but Islam, as a religion, totally failed to overcome the ancient faith of the Hindus.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.

To the Editor.

MY DEAR SIR,—I was walking, a few weeks back, in a large town in Yorkshire with the C.M.S. local secretary. We were passing along one of the main streets when he suddenly said to me, "I should like to introduce you to a Miss H—— in this street, who is a great friend of the Society." We crossed the road and entered a confectioner's shop. The shop was full of customers, and the first thought which came into my mind was that its occupant must be too busy to attend to anything but her own business. My friend asked her if she would kindly tell me in a few sentences the history of her working party. She then told me that a few years ago she had given sixpence to two young nieces who wished to do something for Missions. This sixpence they had invested in something which they sold again, and with the proceeds they again invested, and so went on, until this year they had held a sale of what they had, which realised £46. Of this sum £21 was devoted to the C.M.S., £5 was given to the C.P.A.S., and £5 was kept to purchase material for another sale next year. Surely there are many others who could go on do likewise, and by so doing enable the Society to send missionaries to those heathen chiefs who are asking in vain for teachers.

AN ASSOCIATION SECRETARY.

BISHOP CROWTHER: HIS LIFE AND WORK.

-VI.—ABEOKUTA (*continued*).

It is not possible, in these short biographical chapters, to enlarge on the trials and triumphs of the Mission at Abeokuta. In all of them, for several years, Samuel Crowther bore his part; and the practical wisdom manifested by him again and again was gratefully acknowledged in the Instructions of the Committee delivered to him on his return to Africa after the short visit to England in 1851 referred to in our previous chapter. (See *C.M. Intelligencer*, January, 1852.) The motto of those Instructions was, "Sent forth as sheep in the midst of wolves; be ye therefore wise as serpents and harmless as doves; but beware of men." And the Committee referred to Mr. Crowther's dealings with the chiefs of Abeokuta, with regard to certain national superstitions (such as "Oro"—see our March number, p. 33), the persecution of the converts by the babalawos or priests of Ifa, &c., as illustrations of his having combined the wisdom of the serpent with the harmlessness of the dove.

The persecution here alluded to had occurred two years before. For a while the converts had been forbidden to communicate with the missionaries on pain of death; and Crowther's house was watched day and night. Ultimately he (in conjunction with Mr. Müller and Mr. Hinderer—Mr. Townsend was away) persuaded the head chiefs to interpose. The details of this episode appear in the Society's reports of the time at great length in Crowther's own words. It need scarcely be said that the steadfastness of the Native Christians and the discomfiture of the babalawos greatly strengthened the Mission.

On his return to Africa, Samuel Crowther made a short stay at Sierra Leone, preaching in the different churches, relating his missionary experiences in the Yoruba country, and everywhere exciting the greatest interest among the now large Native Christian population. "His sermons," wrote one of the English missionaries, "have been deeply interesting and profitable to the people, and his friendly visits refreshing to us all." His home during this visit was the house of his eldest daughter Susanna, the wife of the second ordained African clergyman, the Rev. G. Nicol.

In June, 1852, he rejoined the Yoruba Mission. This time he landed, not at Badagry as before, but at Lagos, no longer a great slave-trading centre, but a gate for lawful commerce into the interior, owing to the action of the British squadron referred to in our last chapter. Crowther had not been there since, as a little boy, he was shipped as a slave thirty years before:—

On June 14th (he wrote) our little schooner anchored off the place from which I was shipped for the Brazils in 1822. I could well recollect many places I knew during my captivity, so I went over the spots where slave barracoons used to be. What a difference! Some of the spots are now converted into plantations of maize and cassava; and sheds, built on others, are filled with casks of palm oil and other merchandise, instead of slaves in chains and agony and despair.

For the next two years Mr. Crowther continued his varied labours at Abeokuta. To this period belongs the very interesting picture of the Mission drawn by Dr. Irving, B.N., as he saw it on visiting the town with Captain Foote, by desire of the British Admiral on the coast, in January, 1853. He thus describes a service conducted by Crowther:—

We entered the church, which is well lighted, and ventilated, if necessary, by eight glass windows on either side and two at the end, where is the communion-table, enclosed by a railing; at one side is the pulpit. On entering we found a full congregation, the male portion occupying the rows of cross benches on the one hand, and the women on the other. There might be, in all, about 300 present, generally cleanly dressed, and many in European

costume. At one end of the church, where we took our seats, were placed about fifty children of the school, under the eye of the schoolmistress. The service was performed by the Rev. S. Crowther. Being in the Yoruba tongue, we of course could not understand what he preached. But from the text (Luke iv. 15—17), which I could not help thinking was an exceedingly felicitous one, and appropriate to the circumstances and situation, it was not difficult to conceive its general tenour. The Yoruba language is full, soft, and sweet; and, delivered in the affectionate and impressive manner of the preacher, seemed to us peculiarly so. The general expression of his hearers was that of grave, serious, solemn, rapt attention; their bearing not abject, but quietly composed. Each, as he took his place without noise or haste, arranged the folds of his country cloth and prepared to listen. It had a strange and most pleasing effect to hear the voices of so many men, women, and children uniting in the service of the true God, rising in the midst of a population degraded, ignorant, superstitious—the slaves of the rites of fetish—with so much earnest humility; and it would be a good thing for the would-be knowing men of the world, who sneer at missionary labour, to take a lesson from the church of Aké.

In November, 1854, Abeokuta was favoured for the first time with an

Episcopal visitation. Bishop Vidal, of Sierra Leone—the very man who, when a country clergyman, had learned Yoruba, and assisted Mr. Crowther in the preparation of his Dictionary—went up from Lagos, and found in the town and its out-stations, after nine years' labour in a country which had been the chief seat of the slave-trade, more than a thousand Natives worshipping the true God and reading the Scriptures in their own tongue. He confirmed more than five hundred of the converts, and ordained two African catechists, one of them another son-in-law of Samuel Crowther, T. B. Macaulay (the same who died lately).

But Crowther was not at Abeokuta when his old friend the Bishop visited it. He was away up the Niger, whither he had accompanied another expedition sent to open up the river to trade, the first that had dared to ascend it since the disastrous attempt of 1841. But of this journey we shall speak hereafter.

On his return from the Niger, Mr. Crowther went up to Abeokuta again, and from thence visited Mr. and Mrs. Hinderer at Ibadan, and Mr. Mann at Ijaye, and discussed with them the extended openings for missionary effort which were then presenting themselves throughout the Yoruba country. But his own share in taking advantage of these openings was cut off by his being obliged to go down to Lagos to superintend the coast stations, left vacant by the return of Mr. Gollmer to Europe.

Two years, from June, 1855, to June, 1857, were spent at Lagos; and the journals of the period show the same activity as before at Abeokuta. The work at Lagos itself was trying in many ways, owing to the motley character of the population of a place which was rapidly developing as a mercantile port; besides which, the

stations at Badagry and Otta, and two in the Jebu country (since given up), had to be superintended and visited. In December, 1856, Mr. Crowther had the joy of welcoming another old friend in the second Bishop of Sierra Leone—Dr. Vidal having died on the voyage back to Sierra Leone after the visitation mentioned above. This was none other than the old West African missionary, Mr. Weeks, from whom Crowther had learned carpentering as a boy, and under whom he had afterwards laboured at Regent. But he too was soon to lay down his life in the cause of Christ and of Africa. After a happy visitation of the Yoruba Mission, Bishop Weeks sailed from Lagos, fell ill on the voyage, and died a few days after his return to Sierra Leone.

While at Lagos, Crowther continued his useful labours as a translator of the Bible into the Yoruba language. But his literary work also began to take a wider range. His heart was going forth towards the degraded tribes on the great river he had twice explored; and a Native Christian from Sierra Leone, named Simon Jonas, who belonged to one of those tribes, the Ibos, and had been the interpreter in both the Niger



NEGRESS OF ABEOKUTA WITH INDIGO.

expeditions, was sent to Lagos to assist him in preparing a primer, vocabulary, and some portions of Scripture, in the Ibo tongue. Thus both the agents and the implements for the future Mission were making ready; and in 1857 the Gospel was planted on the banks of the Niger.

OUTLINE MISSIONARY LESSONS. For the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

II.—“FAR OFF—MADE NIGH.”

“Ye who sometimes were far off are made nigh by the blood of Christ.”—*Eph. ii. 13.*



THESE words part of a letter. Who wrote it? To whom written?

Great city long ago—Ephesus—people rich and gay—knew not God—worshipped a hideous wooden image—thought it fell down from heaven—called it Diana. St. Paul went there—his message—many believed it—gave up idol—worshipped “the Lord Jesus” (see this particular phrase in Acts xix. 10, 13, 17). Years after, Paul in prison at Rome—wrote them this letter. In text reminds them of three things:—

1. *What they had been once*—“FAR OFF.” From whom? From their Creator, Preserver, Provider, Redeemer, Father. But is not God everywhere? Yes; but the Bible calls those “far off” who *don't like* to be near Him, and keep away, or who are afraid of Him, or who know Him not. [*Illustr.*—Child does wrong—mother angry—father grave—can child come near them?—does it not *feel* “far off”?] Why this? *Something between.* SIX. So Adam in Eden—“hid himself.” A great wall—a great gulf. [*Illustr.*—Cloud cutting off sun's light and warmth.]

2. *What they had become*—“NIGH.” If you had walked through street of Ephesus at night—passed house—said to yourself, “Ah! bad people live there”—suddenly heard soft, sweet hymn—then voice crying earnestly to Father above—then “Amen” from many voices—you start—“How is this?” They are *changed*—not “far off” now—“made nigh”—feel they may come to God—quite happy.

3. *What made the change?*—“THE BLOOD OF CHRIST.” Two things done: (1) Jesus died, shed His blood, to take away their sin; (2) they believed it, trusted, so their sin put away—no great wall now—can “draw nigh unto God” (Heb. vii. 19). See 1 Pet. iii. 18—“Christ suffered . . . that He might bring us to God.”

THERE ARE MULTITUDES “FAR OFF” NOW.

[*Illustr.*—See “How the Heathen Pray,” *Gleaner*, 1875, pp. 22, 27, 94, 130, 136; and “African Catechist's Evangelistic Tour,” *Gleaner*, 1876, pp. 88, 107, 112.]

BUT MANY HAVE BEEN “MADE NIGH.”

[*Illustr.*—Sick and Dying Christians in Yoruba, *Gleaner*, April, 1875, p. 37; Imam Shah, *Gleaner*, Nov., 1876, p. 122; First-fruits at Liyanwela, *Gleaner*, Sept., 1877, p. 104; Shaou-hing Converts, *Gleaner*, Oct. and Dec., 1877, pp. 89, 138.]

You may hear all over the world what could be heard at Ephesus—singing and prayer to God. [*Illustr.*—Red Indians singing hymns on canoe journey; Prayer-meetings every Saturday night all over Puh-kien.]

HOW WERE THEY MADE NIGH? Same way—“by the blood of Christ.” But, “How shall they believe on whom they have not heard?” and how hear without a preacher? and how preach except sent? *You must send the preachers.*

EPITOME OF MISSIONARY NEWS.

A Special Fund has been opened for the C.M.S. Mission in Palestine, chiefly for the purpose of helping to provide the requisite buildings in the different mission stations, and other similar purposes. The cost of the Mission, it will be remembered, has been increased by the expenses of the work taken over from Bishop Gobat last year. It is hoped that many who take a peculiar interest in the Holy Land will be glad of the opportunity thus afforded them of contributing specially to the spread of pure Christianity among the people.

The speakers at the C.M.S. Annual Meeting were the Earl of Chichester, who presided; the Bishops of Sydney and Saskatchewan; Gen. Sir W. Hill; Canons Miller and Martin; the Rev. T. P. Hughes, of Peshawur; and the Rev. W. T. Saththianadhan, of Madras. At the Evening Meeting the Bishop of Sodor and Man presided, and the speakers were the Revs. R. V. Dunlop (Ceylon), W. P. Schaffter (Madras), W. T. Saththianadhan, and B. Baring-Gould, and Major Morton. The address at the Clerical Breakfast was given by the Dean of Ripon.

The venerable Bishop W. Williams, late of Waiapu, entered into rest at Napier on February 9th. He was the third Oxford graduate sent out by the C.M.S. He went to New Zealand in 1825, and laboured there for half a century. One of Bishop Selwyn's first acts was to appoint him, in 1842, Archdeacon of Waiapu; and in 1859 he was consecrated first Bishop of the see of that name. He resigned the bishopric two years ago.

A Special Ordination was held at St. Mary's Parish Church, Islington on May 1st, by Bishop Perry, acting under a commission from the Archbishop of Canterbury, when Mr. G. Litchfield, of the C.M. College, admitted to deacon's orders. The sermon was preached by the Rev. E. Bickersteth. On Sunday, May 5th, Mr. Litchfield received priest's orders from Bishop Ryan at St. Mary's, Spital Square, with a view to immediate departure for Central Africa.

The Nyanza Mission party appointed to proceed to Uganda by way of the Nile left England on May 8th. It consists of Mr. C. W. Pearson, the Rev. G. Litchfield, and Mr. J. W. Hall, of the C.M. College; Mr. R. W. Felkin, a young surgeon. Mr. Pearson, who will be leader, has been a sailor, and served as chief officer on board large steamers running to India, &c.

The following locations of C.M. College students have been made: Mr. R. Elliott, to the Santals, as a medical missionary; Mr. H. W. Edwards, to the Telugu Mission; Mr. J. Grundy, to China; Mr. C. H. O. Gollmer, and Mr. T. A. Haslam, to the Yoruba Mission, the former for the Lagos Training Institution, the latter for evangelistic work; Mr. H. D. Dyer, to Calcutta; Mr. J. J. Pickford, to Tamil work in Ceylon; Mr. Kember, to Tinnevely; Mr. J. T. Alley, to Port Lokkoh; Mr. Goodyear, to New Zealand.

Five C.M. College students passed the Oxford and Cambridge Preliminary Examination of Candidates for Holy Orders held in April, viz., Messrs. Elliott and Pickford in the 1st class, and Messrs. Gollmer, Grundy, and Litchfield in the 2nd.

We regret to hear that the Rev. John Fuchs, the senior C.M.S. missionary at Benares, who went out to India in 1847, died of small-pox March 29th.

Mr. W. H. Collison, of the Metlakahla Mission, was admitted deacon's orders on March 17th, and to priest's orders on March 24th, Bishop Bompas, of Athabasca.

On Jan. 20th, at Waimate, New Zealand, the Bishop of Auckland admitted to priest's orders five Maori deacons: the Revs. Hare P. Taus, Meinata Te Hara, Alexander Wharemu, Matiu Kapa, and Reinhardt Kamiti. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Piripi Patiki.

The following missionaries have lately arrived in England:—The Revs. J. G. Deimler and W. A. Roberts, of Western India; the Revs. J. Brown, B. Davis, S. Dyson, F. Gmelin, and S. T. Leupolt, and Mrs. Elmslie, North India; the Rev. R. Collins, of Ceylon; the Rev. E. Palmer, China; the Rev. C. Baker, of West Africa; and the Rev. J. A. Lamb, East Africa.

The *Henry Venn* mission steamer arrived safely at Sierra Leone April 6th, on her way to the Niger.

The North Pacific Mission had the advantage during the winter of a visit from Bishop Bompas, of Athabasca. He crossed the Rocky Mountains in November, and remained on the western side till March, visiting Metlakahla, Kinkoloth, and Queen Charlotte's Island. He confirmed 124 candidates at Metlakahla. There are now 1,000 souls connected with that settlement.

At a great fire at Abeokuta, on March 22nd, the church and mission house at the C.M.S. Ikija station were burnt down.

The baptisms in the Yoruba Mission last year numbered 409, viz., 200 adults and 207 children. Of the adult baptisms, 65 were at Lagos, 38 at Ebute Meta, 38 at Abeokuta, 29 at Ibadan, besides a few at the smaller stations. The Native Christian adherents have increased by 1,100, and the communicants by 300, in two years, the figures being now 5,845 and 2,024.

A special fund has been opened by Bishop Ashton Oxenden, Metropolitan of Canada, in aid of the Mission carried on under the auspices of the C.M.S. among the educated Natives of Madras.

The statistical returns from South India again show decided progress. The Native Christian adherents connected with the C.M.S. are 66,500, an increase of 1,640 in the year; the communicants 13,924, an increase of 583. Yet the deaths have been 2,052, nearly double the usual number. The baptisms in the year were—adults, 1,153; children, 2,330. Of the adult baptisms, 641 were in Travancore, 349 in Tinnevely, 146 in the Telugu Mission, 17 in Madras. There are 725 schools of all grades, taught by 773 teachers, and educating 15,012 boys and 8,200 girls.

Female education is spreading in Tinnevely. Mr. Lash's schools for girls of the middle and upper classes now number 50, and the pupils 1,551, an increase of 15 schools and 227 scholars in the year. There is a large increase also in the girls attending the village schools.

Miss Laurence, of the C.M.S. Mission at Ningpo, has, by permission of Lord Hatherley, translated his valuable book, *The Continuity of Scripture* into Chinese.

The Rev. A. E. Moule has published a Chinese version of the Thirty-nine Articles, with a Commentary. The first edition of 600 copies has been sold at once, and a second is being printed by the American Episcopal Mission press.

A revised version of the Prayer-book in Arabic, for the use of the Palestine Mission, has been completed by the Rev. F. A. Klein.

THE CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.


JULY, 1878.

VINEYARD WORK.

Thoughts for those Engaged in Christ's Service.

BY THE REV. G. EVERARD, *Vicar of St. Mark's, Wolverhampton.*


VII.—THE SPIRIT OF CHRIST IN WORK.

 WAS the remark of a young man going out to India some years ago, "Pray for me that I may do the Master's work in the Master's spirit." It is a prayer each one of us may well offer for ourselves and for all others engaged in Christ's service. His love must be our motive, His arm our strength, and His mind and spirit that which we must strive to catch. What unflinching courage, what unsparing self-sacrifice, what fearless rebuke of sin, what meekness and lowliness, what utter putting aside of self, what tender compassion for sinners, what patient endurance of hardship and reproach and suffering, do we behold in every moment and in every action of His wondrous life! It is our wisdom to study His holy example, and to put our feet in the footprints He hath thus left behind.

Oh, for more of His unwearied zeal! Oh, for more of His cheerful self-surrender to the will of God! "Nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt." "The cup which My Father hath given Me shall I not drink it?" Oh, for more of His diligence in labour! May it be our meat to do the will of our Father in heaven, and even in seasons of rest and recreation, may we ever be watchful to leave behind a savour of Christ wherever we go, and to speak a word by the way that may guide a soul to Him. Oh, for more of His spirit of unselfish love! Most of all do we need this. Love is the fulfilling of the law, and the crown of all obedience. Would to God we were so moulded and fashioned by the spirit of love, that we might render a life of loving service both to God and man!

O Father, for Christ's sake, grant unto us this grace. "Pour into our hearts such love toward Thee, that we may love Thee above all things." "Send Thy Holy Ghost, and pour into our hearts that most excellent gift of charity," that we may love all men as Christ hath loved us. Fill us with pity and compassion, with kindness, gentleness, and long-suffering. Give us hearts to yearn over the lost and perishing! O Blessed Saviour, in all things renew us in Thine own image, and give us the same mind that was in Thee, that we may do Thy work according to Thy holy will, for Thy name's sake. Amen.

MORE NEWS FROM CENTRAL AFRICA.

URTHER letters have reached the Society from the Rev. C. T. Wilson, and also a most interesting journal kept by Lieutenant Smith during the month of November, which, having been sent to the British Consulate at Zanzibar, has come through the Foreign Office. These and the previous dispatches are printed in the *C.M. Intelligencer* of this month, and it is only possible in the *GLEANER* to give a brief outline of their contents. Of Mr. O'Neill's clever sketches we present three on another page, which speak for themselves, and others have been reproduced as coloured lithographs in the publication just issued by the Society, *Sketches of African Scenery* (see advertisement).

From Lieutenant Smith's diary we learn that, after the voyage of exploration up the Shimeyu and Ruwana rivers, described in our last number, he returned to Ukerewe on November 5th. He found the king, Lukongeh, full of warlike projects, and the war-drum beating to summon his people to an expedition with the object of annexing a part of the island not owning his

sway. He asked Smith for poison with which to kill his enemies, but seemed satisfied with the reply that "the King of kings abhorred such dark and treacherous deeds, and would be very angry if this request were complied with." On the 14th the dhow—which had been named the *Chinosi*, being "bad Kisuahili" for "The First," and also, as to its consonants, embodying the initials of the Society, *Ch., M., S.*)—was at length successfully launched; but, to Smith's surprise, Lukongeh immediately turned out with an armed force, demanded why his property was being removed, and seized the mast, rudder, anchor, &c. "We looked on," says Smith, "with passive unconcern, knowing all would come right in the end;" and it soon transpired that Songoro (the Arab trader) had never informed Lukongeh that the vessel was sold to the mission-party, had never paid for the timber, and had pocketed a present of twenty dollars which Smith had given him for the king. Two or three days' delay took place, owing to Songoro's absence; but on the 19th, Smith met him in Lukongeh's presence, and after five hours' discussion, which was renewed on the 20th and 21st, the king was entirely satisfied of the good faith of the white men. "God," he said, "brought you here; God brought Songoro here; but [very emphatically] he is a great rogue." One of the topics of discussion was the value of a bill of exchange on Zanzibar, which Smith had given to Songoro:—

Lukongeh asked how a piece of paper could be turned into cloth or beads, to illustrate; which I tore a slip out of my pocket-book, and, writing to O'Neill, asked him to send back a cloth by the bearer. The paper was handed to Lukongeh with instructions to send it by messenger to O'Neill. This he did, after turning it over several times, and carefully scrutinising the writing to see that the writing was not black beads tied on. The messenger soon returned, bringing a cloth, which so pleased Lukongeh that he asked for the ceremony to be repeated.

Songoro ultimately agreed to pay a certain amount of ivory, and to leave hostages until he could obtain it; whereupon the embargo on the dhow was removed, and on the 22nd the party got away, after three visits from Lukongeh to the vessel, in perfect friendliness. One was a special visit to Mr. O'Neill, to request him to remain on the island, as "all the people loved him, because he said *Watcha sugu* (good morning) to them." "O'Neill," writes Smith, "has been very kind to the people; his amiable disposition and untiring good nature are the very things wanted in Africa." He had taught the children their alphabet, and they ran about repeating "*eckiss, y, z.*" Nor had the real purpose of the Mission been allowed to drop out of sight. In the midst of these troublesome disputes we read:—

Sunday, Nov. 18.—Assembled a few to listen to St. John's Gospel being read in Kisuahili. It was a more attentive gathering than usual. May the entrance of the Word give light! It was a foreshadowing of better things to come, and a cause of deep thankfulness to see Nagombwa, the Mganda sent by Mtesa to attend upon us, come into the tent, and, kneeling down, ask to be taught to pray the same as Mtesa did. He could only remember one word, for he had been present at the services held in Uganda, and that word he devoutly repeated—it was "Amin." On leaving, he promised every day to ask God for the Holy Spirit, that he might learn of Jesus and understand His Word.

Lieutenant Smith gives the following account of the wreck of the dhow off Kagei. The women and children alluded to were some of Songoro's party, to whom he had given a passage:—

Saturday, November 24th, saw us at sunset running before a pleasant N.W. breeze; fires were lit on shore, and at 7 P.M. we dropped our grapnel in 3½ fathoms, 100 yards off the pier at Kagei.

There was a slight swell on, and the sand being bad holding ground she dragged, nor had we rope for a cable to our second anchor, neither time to unreeve the running gear to make one before she bumped on the rocks astern, unshipping the rudder. We vainly endeavoured to pole her off, but were powerless against the wind and swell, so, drifting on to a bed of pointed stones, she was stove in and filled.

It was dark, and the noise of the yet darker crew, and I suppose we must say "fair" women, combined with the cries of children and cackling of fowls made confusion worse confounded, and with feelings of relief I saw the *Daisy*, in charge of Hassani our interpreter, come to our succour. Women, children, and those who cannot swim are taken on shore, the remainder set to and dive up the most valuable part of the cargo, such as chronometer, theodolite, compass, medicines, and cloth, so that by 10 p.m. we reluctantly leave the dhow to the wild sport of the now moonlit waves.

You will naturally ask why we did not attempt to get her off? With an English crew it would have occurred to each man that such was the right thing to do, but not so to ours. Many were too frightened to return, and those who did were unable to work in the cold, cold water—so doubtless it was to them, though standing at a temperature of 78° or 80°. It may be some satisfaction to know that the attempt would have been futile, as we have since found that the stove-in plank admitted a pointed rock which transfixed her.

As they could not get the vessel off, they broke her up, saved the good timbers, nails, &c., and prepared plans for building a new one on arriving in Uganda. They sailed away in the *Daisy* on December 6th, but put into Ukerewe in consequence of contrary winds, and the next day, alas! was the day of their death, the native accounts of which, given in our last number, are confirmed by our latest letters, though the exact circumstances are still not quite clear.

In the meanwhile, ever since Lieutenant Smith left Uganda in July, Mr. Wilson had remained there with King Mtesa. He sends a very encouraging account of his Sunday services at the palace:—

As in all tropical countries, we are early here; so, about half-past seven every Sunday morning, I set off for the palace, the fact of its being Sunday being announced to the public by the king flying his flag from the flagstaff by his palace. This flag is a nondescript sort of thing, consisting of pieces of red, blue, and white calico sewn together. The service begins with a chapter from the Old Testament. I read three or four verses in English, and Mufts then reads them in Kiswahili—the king generally translating into Kiganda. I then explain and comment on the verses just read, and answer any questions that may be asked; then three or more verses are read and explained, and so on till the chapter is finished. A chapter is then read and explained in a similar manner from the New Testament, and I give a short address, consisting principally of a sort of summing up of what we have just read, and drawing particular attention to anything of special importance. This keeps the people's attention better than reading longer portions at a time, and also gives them more opportunities for asking questions, of which I am glad to say they avail themselves pretty freely. We then conclude with some prayers from the Prayer-book, in English and Suahili, the people (except the Arabs) all kneeling and joining in the

"Amen." The people, as a rule, are very attentive, and seem to take an interest in what is read, especially in our Lord's parables; the hearty expressions of assent which come from them, when any comes to them with special force, are very pleasant to hear.

I was much pleased last Sunday with what the king did. The point from the New Testament was the raising of Lazarus, which was listened to with unusual attention. At the close, after speaking of our Lord's power and willingness to save all who came to Him, I urged them to come to Christ at once, while there was time. As soon as I had finished the king took it up and spoke most eloquently to them, telling them to believe in Christ now, saying they could only do so in this life; they were dead, it would be too late.

These services are attended only by what may be called the aristocracy of Uganda; but it is a great thing that in so young a Mission we give some, at any rate, an opportunity of hearing regularly the Word of God, and we have God's promise to encourage us, that the Word shall not return to Him void. I, of course, do not confine my work to Sundays, but whenever I go up to the king's court, which I do several times each week, I take the Bible, and generally strive to read or say something about religious matters. At these court attendances is more than enough, and there are people present from all parts of Uganda, so that one cannot but feel that the seed thus sown will be carried far and wide, springing up in due time to God's honour and glory.

A few words in Wilson's last letter, written in February at Unyanyembe, where he had gone to procure cloth (for money), reveal a silver lining even to the dark cloud that has been permitted to overshadow the Nyanza Mission. He says, "I already see how God is bringing good out of all this in this matter [the death of our brethren], in a favourable feeling seems to have crept towards us in the minds of many of the natives. Assuredly our brethren have not died in vain. In their case, as in many others, the

of the martyrs will prove to be the seed of the Church. dispensation is indeed a mysterious one; but

"God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain."

FAMINE VICTIMS IN SOUTH INDIA.

PAST month we gave a picture of some famine-stricken children at Tinnevely, with an accompanying narrative from the Rev. W. P. Horsley. His relief camp was, however, a small one. A much larger one was carried on at Mavalur, near Madras, first by Rev. W. P. Schafter, and on his return home by the Rev. J. D. Thorne. For some time no less than six thousand persons were provided with meals daily. The above picture is from a photograph taken at this camp and given to us by Mr. Schafter.



FAMINE VICTIMS IN SOUTH INDIA.

(From a Photograph.)



THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS OF JAPAN.

THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS OF JAPAN.

BY THE REV. JOHN PIPER, *Tokio*.

THE readers of the GLEANER have had the Ainos of Japan brought to their notice twice—once in October, 1875, and again in May, 1877. As the interest and prayers of the friends of Missions have been sought by presenting them with pictures of the *lowest* subjects in Japan, it has occurred to me that photographs of the Emperor and Empress—the *highest* personages in the empire—may not unsuitably find a place in the GLEANER gallery representing scenes and persons from every heathen land.

I send herewith two photos, which are good and faithful ones. I can testify to the faithfulness of that of the Emperor, as I had the honour of being invited to the Imperial Naval College when his Majesty came to make his annual inspection, January 11th, 1876. I was near him about an hour, and had thus a good opportunity of studying his features; and those who have seen the Empress say that the photo of her is an equally good one. It will be observed that he is in military uniform, and she has her hair dressed in a somewhat foreign style.

Some time ago I met the Emperor in his carriage, accompanied by some of his horse guards. I stood amongst a few Japanese till his Majesty passed. When he reached where I was standing, I took off my hat and gave him a respectful bow,

which he very kindly and graciously returned. I think he could hardly fail to observe the respect which I showed him, as compared with that of his own subjects around me, for they simply stood gazing vacantly at the carriage and soldiers. Thus from the sense of divine honour which was formerly paid to him, this people have gone to the other extreme, and scarcely notice him when passing through their streets.

The Emperor, whose name is Mutsuhito, was born in November, 1850, and is consequently twenty-seven years of age. He is the 123rd Mikado in the line of imperial rulers from Jimmu Tenno, who lived (so says Japanese history) about 660 years before Christ. He succeeded his father in 1867, and in 1868 married the daughter of a noble of the first rank. She is seven months older than he is.

Let me ask the readers of the GLEANER to pray for the heads of this land. I believe that, as a rule, pictures of the Red Indians of North America, naked savages of Africa, dwarfed Esquimaux, or the lowest tribes of India, strike the feelings of Christians at home more easily and more deeply than do those of the more civilised heathen, who cannot in any sense be called barbarous savages. It is natural, and perhaps right, that man's sympathies should be more readily drawn out towards the degraded of our race. But there is some danger of forgetting that both high and low, the more or less polished heathen as well as the savage, equally need our pity and prayers. I often think

that the Emperor and Empress of this land are even more to be pitied than the lowest subjects in their dominions. The latter can go and hear the Gospel's joyful sound, whilst the heads of the empire in many senses are far removed from such a privilege. The Emperor of Japan, like the Emperor of China, is styled Tenshi (son of heaven), but all Christians know that if he is ignorant of the true God, the title is an empty and false one. I hope all the readers of the CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER, though they may not possess any grand earthly title, can joyfully say, "Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the *sons of God*." Pray, then, that the Emperor and Empress of Japan may be able from their hearts trustingly to say the same blessed words, and as an encouragement to make such a petition to Almighty God, take with you these words from God's own Book, "The king's heart is in the hand of the Lord, as the rivers of water; He turneth it whithersoever He will."

[We must explain that after receiving Mr. Piper's photographs, we ascertained that copies had already been engraved in this country, and these engravings we are enabled to present.—ED.]

SKETCHES OF THE PUNJAB MISSION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MORAVIAN LIFE IN THE BLACK FOREST," &c.

VI.—Amritsar.—The Native Town.—A Visit to the Lady Lawrence School.



ND now will you accompany us on an early drive to the Native town of Amritsar? We do not live within its walls, but about a mile away. The buggy awaits us; we are going with Mrs Keene to visit the Lady Lawrence School in the city.

"Bisi" feels that a light hand holds the reins, and frisks us along the Batala Road at full speed. The syce girds himself up and runs before till we are fairly on our way, when he takes an early opportunity of jumping up behind, till we reach the city gates; then down he comes, and, gesticulating and shouting, makes way for us through the crowded, narrow ways of the bazaar. As we drive on, we see a great many things of which we should like to stop and ask the names and uses. Merchants sit cross-legged or on their heels amid their wares, their fruits and native sweetmeats, their cowries and their cloth, their baskets of parched corn, piles of hot chupatties, and earthen bowls of "cowa," or coagulated milk. A little way on we see a knot of people collected in a listening attitude, and soon we can discern a voice reading. It is that of Edward the catechist. He is reading from the Punjabi Testament. To attract the passers-by he has chosen the text, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come, buy wine and milk, without money and without price." One of the missionaries is with him. He is about to preach to those who have assembled.

A bye-way leads us from the crowded bazaar thoroughfares, with their dense and motley assemblage of vendors and buyers, smokers, loungers, chatters, and bargainers, to the quiet quarter in which the girls' school lies. It is a day-school for heathen girls, founded as a memorial to the late Lady Henry Lawrence, who in her lifetime took a deep interest in the question of Native female education.

There were few children present on the day in question. The woman employed to go round and collect the scholars every morning had brought word to Susan, the catechist's wife, who acted the part of mistress, that one was stopping at home "to wash her head," and that the rest of the absentees were gone to a "mela," or Native fair.

Those who had come read to us, and showed their writing, and very fair it was. The three youngest children were bright, merry little creatures of eight or nine years old; a fourth was a great girl of fourteen or fifteen, whom we much wondered to see

there, as the girls are generally taken away to be married before that age. One of twelve years old, whom Mrs. Ke. inquired for, was, we were told, just about to enter the wed state, for which reason her mother, the woman who collected the children, was desirous of having a month's leave, in order that she might go from house to house to beg or borrow food and clothes for the occasion.

The children looked picturesque in their extraordinary coloured Punjabi trousers, which are made very full at the top, and narrow gradually towards the ankle, where they are almost tight, although, being cut very long, they are curiously puckered up above the instep. The remainder of the female costume consists of a little loose vest or jacket, which is sometimes dispensed with altogether, and the "chaddah," a white or coloured cloth of muslin or other material, which covers the head and a considerable portion of the person. It is brought under the chin, and thrown over the left shoulder so as to form very graceful drapery, if of a proper size. The children had their ears full of ornaments, as many as two or three pendants hanging from the rim of each ear, causing it to swing forward in a very ugly manner; in their noses, too, they wore gold and silver rings, and upon their arms, ankles, and necks, were many ornaments.

Some women came in with their little naked infants perched astride on their shoulders or sides, curious to see and hear the Mem Sahibs. The bright-eyed little scholars darted gleefully hither and thither, looking very pretty and happy.

Year by year female education has gained ground in Punjab; the scholars, formerly counted by units, have increased to hundreds, and that one little school has sent out branches all over the city. Normal classes have been added, from which well-trained teachers have gone forth, and in which Susan, an able and experienced Bible-woman, gives a weekly Scripture lesson to a group of eager and earnest listeners. In 1877 these schools numbered twenty-two. "They contain," writes Miss Tucker, who had then just joined the Mission, "Hindus, Mohammedans, and Sikhs, those who would, without teaching, probably know nothing of religion but the fallacies of Islamism, or the more revolting mummeries of idol-worship. The power of teaching the Bible in twenty-two Native schools seems to me a wonderful power for good."

In 1877, 750 scholars were under the influence of the teaching. There are now Mission girls' schools, not only in Amritsar, but in the out-stations of Batala, Taran-Tarandiala, and Fatehgahr. Let us give our readers a hasty peep into one of each of the different schools—a Mussulmani, a Hindu, and a Mehtrani, or "Sweeper's" school, showing them as they now are, in the words of the present lady superintendent:—

In the first the girls are arranged in four classes, each sitting before a low bench, and moving their fingers over the books arranged on it. The first class are reading *Line upon Line*, and for secular reading they have the *Takmil-ul-Talim*, containing descriptions of animals and other useful teaching. The second and third classes read elementary books; and babies, and some who look rather more than babies, are placed before the blackboard, while the monitor is teaching them the letters. All we wish is to give them the power of reading any tolerably easy Urdu book without difficulty. The four simple rules of arithmetic and a general acquaintance with the maps of India and the Punjab is all we can expect from girls who are considered "finished" at eleven or twelve years of age, and whose school-life is interrupted with perpetual holidays. Still, in spite of the difficulties, something is learnt. The Ten Commandments and a catechism in rhyme, besides several hymns and texts, are repeated. Two or three little songs with movements, such as "Do you know how doth the peasant?" "We all stand up together," are gone through with great merriment, and then we leave the school amidst a chorus of salaams.

We go on to the next. Here are Hindu and Sikh children, as we saw before, by the very bright faces, the Rasida-worked chaddahs, and Gurmukhi books lying before them. They can answer many questions on the miracles and teaching of Christ; and the elder girls, and many of the little ones too, can read fluently. They are always anxious to learn something new, and A.L.O.E.'s charming little books are hailed with great delight. They willingly give their price for the coveted possession.

Now for a Mehtrani school. This is open later in the day, as the girls have to be out in the morning at their work. Dirty as they are, nowhere do we see such eager, intelligent, happy faces as in this school. Running about all day in the fresh air makes them far more lively and energetic than the poor children who are more pent-up. Yes, and there is more than head-work going on here. The fact of their having no caste, and feeling themselves despised, makes these girls more ready to hear of One who embraces all within the arms of His love. Our Native pastor, the Rev. Mian Sadiq, kindly took the Scripture examination for us this year, and these sweeper girls outdid all the others in the readiness with which they gave their answers. We have three Christian teachers amongst our number, all converts from the schools. We still keep up the singing-class. We shall greatly miss the help of Bibi Hannah,* whose sweet, clear voice and knowledge of Native tunes, was a great help to us.

I have no space to speak of the village schools, though they are, if anything, more interesting than the city ones. Four years ago, one girls' school was opened in Batala, now there are seven, and thirty-three zenanas visited. There is a dense jungle of ignorance to be cleared away, but every stroke is doing something; and when ready to faint, we are cheered on by the thought that we are at least gathering out some of the stones, and in some degree helping to fulfil the command, "Prepare ye in this desert a highway for our God."

BISHOP CROWTHER: HIS LIFE AND WORK.

VII.—ON THE NIGER.



OST great rivers have been discovered at their mouths, and their course traced up stream. It was not so with the Niger. That there was such a river somewhere in Western Central Africa was known in the last century; but in the edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* published in 1797, it was confounded with the Senegal, which flows westward into the Atlantic Ocean. On July 21st of that very year, however, Mungo Park struck its upper waters near Segou, the capital of Bambarra. "I beheld," he says, "the long sought-for majestic Niger, glittering in the morning sun, as broad as the Thames at Westminster, and flowing slowly to the eastward." But thirty-three years more passed before its whole course was determined. Park was killed in the attempt to complete the explorations; Clapperton died in making a similar attempt; and it was not till 1830 that the brothers Lander, having travelled overland through the Yoruba country to Boussa, where Park met his death, descended the river from that point to its mouth in the Gulf of Guinea.

Lander's discovery was received in England with enthusiasm; and a mercantile enterprise was set on foot by Mr. Macgregor Laird, with the view of introducing profitable commerce into Central Africa by the new highway. Two steamers with that object ascended the river in 1832; but the attempt was not successful.

In 1841 the British Government fitted out the celebrated Niger Expedition, the main purpose of which was to aim a fresh and effectual blow at the slave-trade. "It is proposed," wrote Lord John Russell, then Colonial Secretary, under whose auspices it was undertaken, "to establish new commercial relations with those African chiefs and powers, within whose dominions the internal slave-trade of Africa is carried on, and the external slave-trade supplied with its victims. To this end, the Queen has directed her ministers to negotiate conventions or agreements with those chiefs and powers; the basis of which conventions would be: 1st, the abandonment and absolute prohibition of the slave-trade; and 2ndly, the admission, for consumption in this country, on favourable terms, of goods, the produce or manufacture of the territories subject to them." In this project, Prince Albert, then a young man, took a lively interest; and one of the three steamers of H.M. Navy fitted out for the expedition was named after him.

The Church Missionary Society saw in this scheme an opportunity for inquiring into the openings for the spread of the Gospel which the great river might present. Many of the Christian liberated slaves at Sierra Leone were natives of the territories through which the Niger flowed. Could they not be utilised to tell throughout those territories the wonderful works of God, "every man in his own tongue wherein he was born"? Permission was obtained for two agents of the Society to accompany the expedition; and the men selected for this service were the Rev. J. F. Schön, an experienced Sierra Leone missionary, and Samuel Crowther.

Thus Christianity and industry were to go hand in hand; and the motto of all Crowther's work on the Niger from that time to this has been the pregnant phrase of one of the leading promoters of the expedi-

tion, Sir T. Fowell Buxton, when he summed up the needs of Africa in these two words—the Gospel and the Plough.

Samuel Crowther was then still a young schoolmaster, thirty years of age. We have gone back from our last chapter sixteen years, in order to tell the story of his connection with the great river from the beginning.

The three steamers composing the expedition, the *Albert*, the *Soudan*, and the *Wilberforce*, sailed from Sierra Leone, on July 2nd, 1841, under the command of Captain (afterwards Admiral) H. D. Trotter. The ascent of the Niger was begun August 20th. Through the slimy mangrove swamps, with their fever-breeding miasma, for the first twenty miles—then through a region of dense tropical forest, palms, bamboos, and gigantic cotton-trees—then past the first plantations of plantains and sugar-cane, with here and there a mud hut—the three vessels slowly steamed up the principal channel of the river; the natives in terror running away from the wonderful floating towns. At Ibo, 100 miles up, the expedition was warmly received by Obi, the king. Simon Jonas, the Christian Ibo from Sierra Leone whom we mentioned in the last chapter, and who acted as interpreter, read to him some verses of Scripture, which astonished him greatly. That the white man should read was natural enough; but that one of his own people should be able to do the same was more than he could believe. He seized Simon's hand, and exclaimed, "You must stop with me and teach me and my people." Both with him and with the King of Idda, another 100 miles further up, treaties were concluded for the suppression of the slave-trade and of human sacrifices, and for the promotion of lawful commerce. At the highest point reached by the expedition, Egan (pronounced Egga), it fell to Crowther to communicate its objects to the king:—

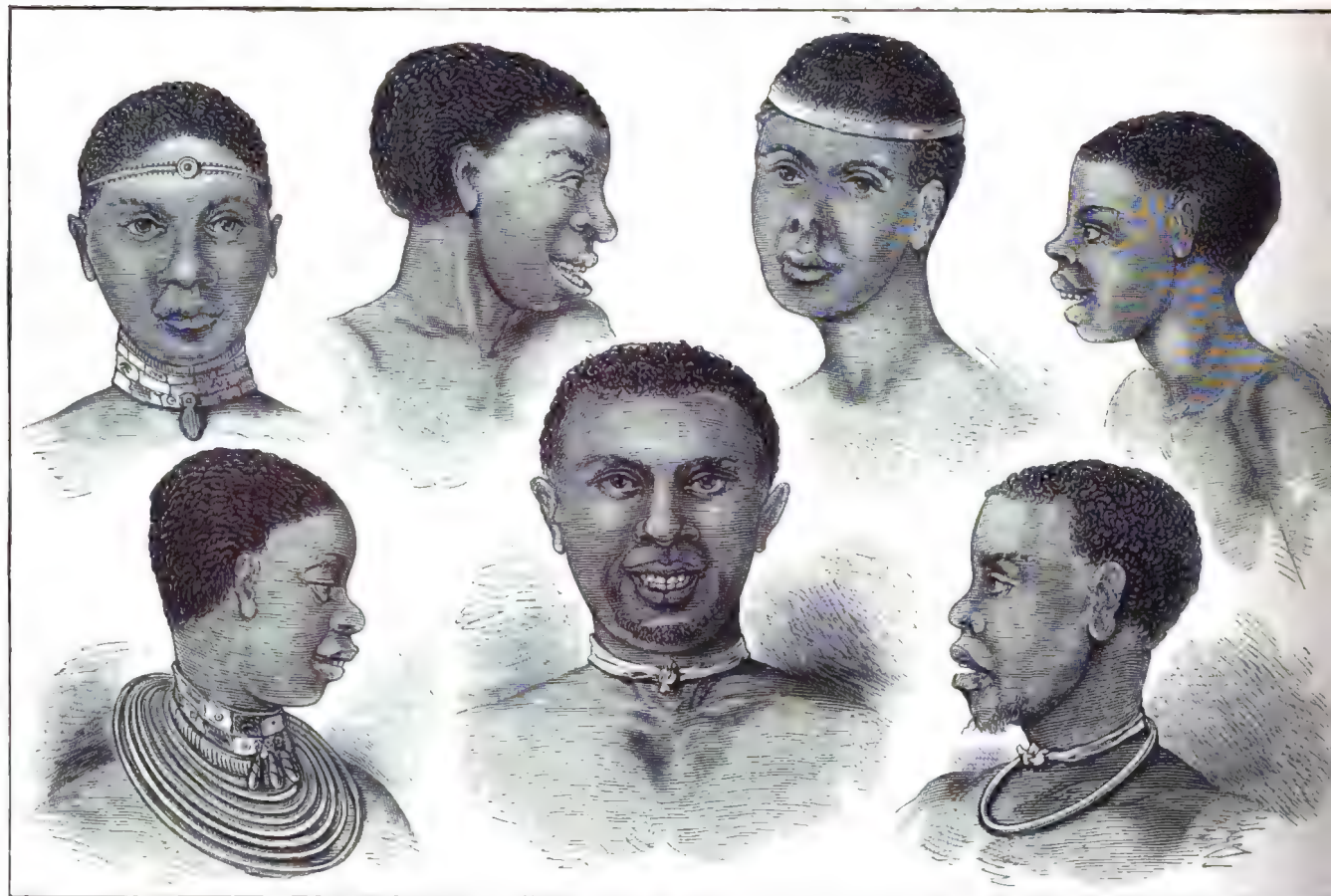
After a hearty salutation, by shaking of hands in the name of the king of the ship, and telling him the reasons why the ship could not then come near, I commenced my message: That the Queen of the country called Great Britain has sent the king of the ship to all the chiefs of Africa, to make treaties with them to give up war and the slave-trade, to encourage all their people to the cultivation of the soil, and to mind all that the white people say to them, as they wish to teach them many things, and particularly the Book which God gives, which will make all men happy. I added, likewise, that there are many Nuß, Hausa, and Yoruba people in the white-men's country, who have been liberated from the Portuguese and Spanish slave-ships; that they are now living like white men; that they pray to God, and learn His Book; and consequently are living a happier life than when they were in their own country, and much better off than their country-people are at present. To this many of them said that they could judge of their happy state merely by my appearance. I added, moreover, that our country-people in white-men's country had written a letter to the Queen, who lives in Great Britain, expressing their wish to return to their country, if she would send white men along with them; but the Queen, who loves us all as her children, told them to stop till she had first sent her ships to the chiefs of Africa, to persuade them to give up war and the slave-trade; and if they consented to her proposals, she would readily grant the request of our country people. The ships are now come; the King of Ibo, and the Attah, King of Igalla, had consented to all that the Queen of Great Britain sent the king of the ship to say to them; and that if all the other chiefs would consent to do the same, they would soon see their people, whom they had lost for many years, and supposed to have been dead, come up in this river with their property, and some even in their own ships, to carry on legitimate trade with them, as they do in the white-men's country.

But the expedition closed in sorrow and disappointment. A deadly fever struck the crews, and 42 white men out of 150 died in two months. Egan was only reached by one of the steamers, the *Albert*, the other two having been sent back to the sea full of invalids; and at the very time when Crowther was delivering his message, only three of the *Albert's* crew had strength enough to work the ship. The sentence seemed to have gone forth, "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further"; and the *Albert*, following the track of her disabled companions, drifted downstream, and crossed the bar on October 16th.

Simon Jonas had been left with King Obi while the expedition went up the river, and was treated by him with every kindness; and another Native interpreter, Thomas King (afterwards an ordained missionary at Abeokuta), was left in charge of a model farm, which was started near the confluence of the two branches of the Niger; but both were soon afterwards withdrawn. The Niger Expedition became a byword as a conspicuous and hopeless failure. Yet it taught some valuable lessons, and so paved the way for the more successful enterprises of later years. It showed that the people were ready to welcome teachers; and that the liberated Africans of Sierra Leone could be employed to teach them. No one doubts this now; but many laughed at it then. In another respect the fruits have been reaped since. Mr. Schön was enabled to collect materials for the closer study of the Hausa language, into which he has since translated portions of the Scriptures, besides compiling a dictionary, grammar, &c.

But for more than twelve years public opinion allowed no further exploration of the Niger. In the meanwhile Samuel Crowther was ordained, and became a missionary to his Yoruba fellow-countrymen, as related in previous chapters; and at Abeokuta he gained the ministerial experience which was in after years to be put to so noble a use on the great water-way of Western Africa.

* The second wife of the Rev. Mian Sadiq, who died at Amritsar, January 19th, 1878, leaving one little boy behind her.



VISITORS TO THE C.M.S. CAMP ON THE ISLAND OF UKEREWE.
(*Sketched from life by the late Mr. T. O'Neill.*)



LUKONGEH, KING OF UKEREWE.
(*Sketched from life by the late Mr. T. O'Neill.*)



KING LUKONGEH AT THE DOOR OF HIS PRINCIPAL HUT.

* * * In forwarding the late Mr. T. O'Neill's Sketches, the Rev. C. T. Wilson testifies to their accuracy, and in particular he observes that the portrait of Lukongeh is an excellent likeness. Other sketches in Ukerewe, and on the route, have been reproduced as coloured lithographs in the publication just issued by the Society, SKETCHES OF AFRICAN SCENERY, price 1s. 6d.



PALM GROVE IN CEYLON.

CONVERTS IN CEYLON.



CEYLON has not had a large share of GLEANER space hitherto. The work there is so quietly prosperous, and the reports so evenly satisfactory, that there is little to compete with the stirring letters from Africa and China. But we must try and do Ceylon more justice for the future; and we begin by giving on the preceding page a glimpse of its beautiful scenery, and "gleaning" from the last annual letters two or three interesting accounts of recent conversions. Of the three writers, Mr. Dowbiggin, of Cotta, is known to our readers; Mr. Allcock is at Baddegama, in the south of the island; and Mr. Champion is a Native Tamil clergyman in the peninsula of Jaffna, at the extreme northern end:—

From Rev. R. T. Dowbiggin.

I translate below the account of a convert from Buddhism—a brand plucked from the burning—as given by one of the catechists labouring in Colombo:—

"The two catechists, H. W. and H. R., working in Colombo, visited almost daily four men who had been condemned to death by the judges of the Supreme Court in July last. We tried to point out to them the way of salvation. By God's blessing, we began to see some fruit of that work. At that time the Roman priests came among them, and turned two of them, who had learned least, away from us. Those who had been longer taught by us resisted the priests, and were more than ever anxious to learn from us. Both of them had previously been rigid Buddhists. By degrees their attachment to Buddhism passed away, and they took refuge in the Saviour of sinners. Of that there were many tokens. The Rev. H. de Silva, Native pastor, labouring in Colombo, also visited the men once a week and exhorted them. When both of them were becoming strong in the faith, one of them received a reprieve and was removed to the Welikada Gaol, where he attends our Sunday-class, and is a candidate for baptism. The other condemned man asked for baptism, and was visited by the Rev. R. T. Dowbiggin, who, after examining him, advised him to wait a little and learn more. Again, on Sunday, the 26th August, the above-mentioned missionary examined him as to his knowledge and faith, baptized him by the name of Don Cornelis, and admitted him into the visible Church of Christ. Until the day of his death, in receiving advice from his teachers, reading of the Scriptures, and in prayer, he passed his time. As the day of his execution drew near, the fear of death was taken away, and he frequently showed that he had great joy in the Lord. On the morning of the execution, the Rev. H. de Silva, and H. R., catechist, went to him. He gave a hand to each, and saluted them with a cheerful countenance. They said, 'Are you now ready to die?' He answered, 'Yes, I am now ready for it.' 'Are you not afraid of that death which is so soon to happen to you?' 'Now I have not any fear about it.' He said, moreover, that faith had driven away the fear of death, and his coming to prison for his sin had been, under God, the means of salvation of his soul. We knelt down and prayed to God for him, and afterwards the Government officials came and led him away to execution. We walked on each side of him, speaking comfortable words, and seeking to establish his faith that he might be able to bear his death with patience. On the way he said, 'I bear no one any malice; I love everybody.' When ascending the scaffold, he said to the assembled people, 'I wish to see you all in heaven.' He also said to the two others who were to be hanged with him, 'Brothers, do not be afraid—be steadfast.' When drinking a little water, he said, 'I will not drink this water again, but I shall drink of the water of life.' Whilst the hangmen were completing their preparations, he said, 'I now see the kingdom of heaven; I see a great host waiting to receive me.' The Rev. H. de Silva then knelt in prayer, commending his soul to the merciful hand of God, he also saying, 'O Lord, receive my Spirit!' and at this moment his earthly existence was brought to an end by the hangman."

Baptisms from among the school-children have taken place during the year. No less than fourteen young people are the fruits of our school-work, and were admitted into the Church by baptism. One of these fourteen is the daughter of a devil-dancer; she has bravely confessed Christ, and is enduring persecution for His sake. She finds herself in clothing by making and selling embroidery.

From Rev. J. Allcock.

A young man, who was a disciple of the notorious adversary, Migettuwatte Unnanse, has been converted and baptized this year. This Migettuwatte is a man of many devices, and goes about to stir up the prejudices of Buddhists against Christianity. In this way he makes more money perhaps than any Buddhist priest in Ceylon. One of his disciples attended our moonlight preaching in Kotagoda school-room. The subject was, "How long halt ye between two opinions?" When we repeated the

solemn question at the end of the address, and pressed it upon the Buddhists present, this young man, with much presumption, began to ask blasphemous questions, and said that God was evil and cruel in having harmless lambs, sheep, goats, and bullocks slaughtered. We had no hope that he would repent and be reconciled to God. From that day he began to associate with the old man who was baptized last Christmas. A few weeks afterwards he made a public profession of his faith in that God and Saviour whom he had previously blasphemed. I am sorry to say that his past life has been one of much sin. We earnestly pray that his future may be adorned with fruits of repentance and beauties of holiness.

The blessing of God has rested on our new out-station at Elpitiya. I was enabled to occupy this new outpost by the aid of 30*l.* which Christian friends sent me from Holbrook for paying an evangelist and opening a girls' school. It appears to me their offerings, and self-sacrifices of faith, and their faithful prayers have prevailed with God. In a year we have four baptized adults and six anxious inquirers. The Bishop paid a visit to this out-station in September last, and was very much pleased with the conduct, intelligence, and answers of these candidates for baptism. They all belonged to one family—the father and his two sons. The father took the name of Abraham, and the two boys David and Samuel. The Bishop kindly commissioned me to give Abraham and Samuel a Singhalese Bible each. I do hope that they will diligently and prayerfully read the Holy Book all the days of their life.

Forty-one persons have been admitted into the visible Church by baptism. Twenty-six of these were adults, and fifteen infants.

From Rev. G. Champion (Native).

A young man of this place who was baptized at Kandy, is now returned from Kandy, and lives with his parents. He is really a burning and shining light in his house and in the neighbourhood. The house was indeed a dark one, though his father was a Christian. It is now changed to be a house of prayer and thanksgiving. The incense of prayer rises morning and evening from the family altar. His mother is a rigid heathen, and always opposes her husband when he does anything favourable to Christianity. His example and earnestness in his religion moved his younger brother to seek after salvation. His relations and neighbours consider him as a devotee in Christian religion. He has a great desire to become a proclaimer of the Gospel. Let God help and prepare him to become so.

The young man whom I mentioned in my last report, that his father and friends opposed his becoming a Christian, was at last baptized and taken into the fold of Christ. He has overcome a severe trial at that time. We fixed a day for his baptism with another of his age, and waited for him in the church, but he did not come there on that day. By inquiry on the next morning we learnt that his father, by some way or other, having understood that he was to be baptized on that day, closely watched him in the house. But the boy openly told his parents that he wanted to become a Christian, and to be baptized, and, so saying, he set out to go to the church. His father flogged him severely, and tied him to a post, and thus prevented him. But the boy insisted much, and showed his determination to become a Christian. His parents, having seen his determination, left him to his own course, saying that they will take no interest in his welfare nor give any help towards his education.

THE TRIDENT, THE CRESCENT, AND THE CROSS.

Gleanings from Vaughan's Religious History of India.

VII.—HINDU REFORMERS.



FROM time to time, as we have seen, there have been thoughtful men in India, as in other countries, who deeply felt the helplessness of their old religion to give them peace, and who longed for something better. Buddhism failed to give them what they wanted. So did Mohammedanism. And these two religions, widely different as were their most fatal defects, had one great fault in common, which of itself was sufficient to make them powerless to satisfy the longings of mankind. Buddhism tried to find a remedy for the miserable idolatry and superstition of Hinduism by saying, "There is no God." Mohammedanism said, truly enough, "There is but one God"; but it represented Him as a God afar off, "dwelling," as Mr. Vaughan expresses it, "in the absolute solitude of a sterile unity, with no tender bond of affinity to man." So that the truths which give Christianity its greatest power and beauty, viz., that God reveals Himself as a Father, and "so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son," and that the Son became man like ourselves, to sympathise with us and to suffer for us—these are the very

truths from which Buddhism and Mohammedanism alike were furthest removed. Hindu mythology itself was in this respect no worse, and indeed seemed to be better. And Hinduism conquered Buddhism and resisted Mohammedanism by clinging more and more resolutely to the doctrine of a Divine Incarnation. The incarnations of Vishnu, the second person in the Hindu Triad, especially as Rama and Krishna (see our 3rd chapter), were more and more taught, and sung, and believed in, because they gave to the popular fancy, not only a god to worship, but a god with human passions and sympathies. Sect after sect arose, in both the Buddhist and the Mohammedan periods, professing the most ardent devotion to Vishnu, though with many varieties of doctrine and practice; and these Vaishnava movements played an important part in keeping Hinduism alive.

Some of these sects were founded by men of the thoughtful class, who, while finding nothing to attract them in Buddhism or in Islam, were dissatisfied with the old Hindu faith, and sought to reform it. Of several of these Mr. Vaughan gives an interesting account; but it would not be possible to describe them intelligibly here. The following words of one of these reformers will give an idea of the way in which, from time to time, men were feeling after better things. The passage is taken from the *Bijak*, a book written by a disciple of a great religious leader named Kabir, who flourished about the time of our Henry V. :—

"Of what benefit is cleansing your mouth, counting your beads, performing ablution, bowing yourselves in temples, when, whilst you mutter your prayers, or journey to Mecca, deceitfulness is in your heart? The Hindu fasts every eleventh day, the Mussulman during the Ramazan. Who formed the remaining months and days, that you should venerate but one? If the Creator dwell in tabernacles, whose residence is the universe? Who has beheld Rama seated amongst the images, or found him at the shrine to which the pilgrim has directed his steps? The city of Hara is to the east, that of Ali to the west; but explore your own heart, for there are both Rama and Karim."

Two of the reformers deserve a passing notice. One of these was Chaitanya, who lived in the sixteenth century. We have already seen (in the 3rd chapter) that the Vaishnavas (Vishnu worshippers) lay stress upon *bhakti*, which Mr. Vaughan translates as "faith," while the Saivites (Siva worshippers) rely upon *karma*, "works." Chaitanya preached fervently the sufficiency of "faith" without "works"; and it is a strange coincidence indeed that he did so in Asia at the very time that Martin Luther in Europe was raising the same cry. But how different was the result! Luther had the inspired Word of God to guide him, and his faith, being in a holy and loving Saviour, produced holiness and love in the life. Chaitanya had no such guide; his faith showed itself chiefly in ecstatic ejaculations of "Krishna! Krishna!" for hours together; and after his death, his disciples, thinking "faith" enough *without* "works," fell into the grossest vices.

The other, who flourished a little earlier, was Nanak, the founder of the Sikh religion, which is now professed by more than a million souls in the Punjab. Living in a part of India where Mohammedanism ruled, Nanak aimed at establishing a society which should attract Moslems as well as Hindus. He taught that there is one God, the Creator of all things, perfect and eternal, but incomprehensible; that the knowledge of God and good deeds together would procure salvation; that the souls of the dead might (as the Brahmins said) live in other bodies; but that the righteous might (as the Moslems said) hope for a consciously happy existence at last. Those who joined him were called *Sikhs*, or "disciples," and at first they were only a religious fraternity; but in the seventeenth century, Guru Govind developed them into a nation of warriors, who for two centuries maintained their independence against the Mogul Emperors; and in the present century Runjeet Singh made the Punjab a powerful Sikh kingdom. After his death, the Sikhs waged a desperate war with Great Britain, which ended in the

annexation of the Punjab to our Indian Empire twenty-nine years ago.*

The most recent, and in some respects the most remarkable of Hindu reforming movements is that known as the Brahma Shamaj. As Sikhism is midway between Hinduism and Mohammedanism, so Brahmaism is midway between Hinduism and Christianity; and it is one result of those English influences which, as we shall see in another chapter, are destroying the old Hindu faith. Its founder was Rammohun Roy, a man of the highest talents and culture, and a good English scholar, who died while on a visit to this country in 1833. He made selections of what he thought best in both the Hindu Vedas and the Christian Scriptures, and framed out of them a kind of Unitarianism. His successor, Debendra Nath Tagore, receded from this position, and followed the Vedas only; but in 1865 the society split into two, the old president and his disciples calling themselves the "Adi (original) Shamaj," while the "Progressive Brahmos" followed a younger leader, the well-known Keshub Chunder Sen. Under Keshub's guidance, the Progressives seemed, for a time, to be coming very near to the kingdom of God. They called themselves a Church; they adopted Christian terms like "justification," "sanctification," "regeneration," &c.; and in a remarkable lecture delivered at Calcutta in May, 1866, on "Jesus Christ, Europe, and Asia," Keshub, in glowing language, enlarged upon the greatness of "Christ and Him crucified." "Another step," remarks Mr. Vaughan, "would have landed him within the Kingdom. Alas! that step was not taken. To stand still in such a matter was impossible. Retrogression was the only alternative; and this result all too clearly and sadly ensued." In a subsequent lecture Keshub put Jesus on a level with "Moses, Mohammed, Nanak, Chaitanya, and other regenerators of mankind;" and from that time his teaching has shown that the foundation of personal religion, a *true sense of sin*, is absent from his system. The original Brahmos have gone still further astray. Debendra Nath Tagore has become, in his old age, a Hindu hermit in the mountains; and another accomplished leader, Babu Akhoy Coomar Dutt, is now a confirmed atheist.

How utterly Brahmaism has failed to satisfy the yearnings of dissatisfied Hindus is shown by the fact that at the Census of Calcutta taken two years ago, the Brahmos numbered only 479, after sixty years' existence. Slow as the progress of the Gospel may be, the Native Christians in the city are nearly six times as numerous as that.

A PARABLE FOR A HOT DAY.

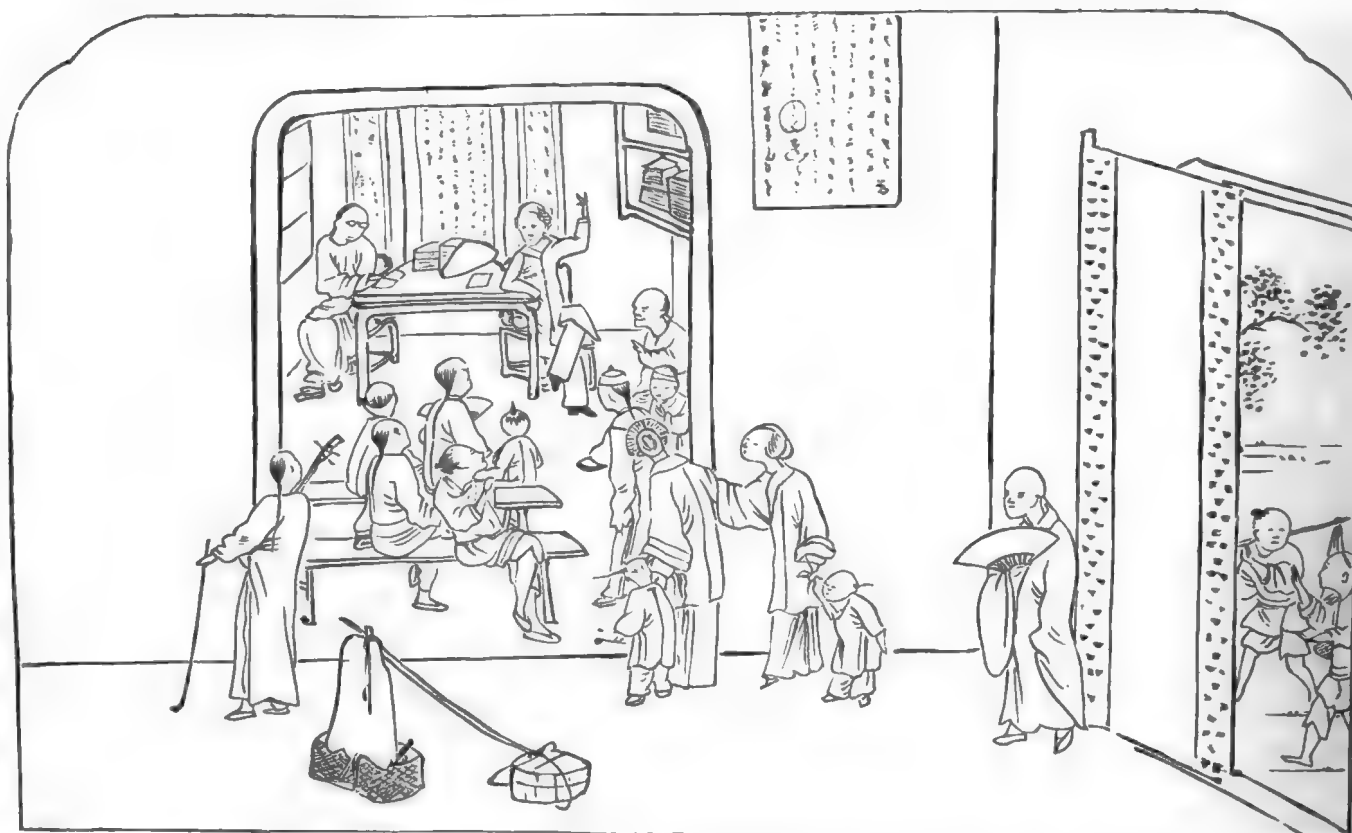


ONE hot afternoon in July, with the thermometer above 90° in the shade, I was preaching to a roomful of listeners in the vestry of our Mission Church, which is daily open for conversation and addresses to the passers-by.

Every one was very warm, and both preacher and congregation were vigorously fanning themselves. A man, who had been listening for some time, broke in, and tried to prove the similarity in object and efficacy between Christianity and the three great religions of China—namely, Confucianism, Buddhism, and Taoism, implying that however excellent my discourse might have been, it was hardly worth while to change religions when they are all so much alike.

I answered him as well as I could, pointing out the vast difference between *salvation from sin*, and mere *exhortation not to sin*. Then one of the native Catechists, Matthew Tai, offered what he called a simple and rude illustration of the subject in

* Further information about the Sikh nation and the Sikh religion has been given this year in the GLEANER, in the papers entitled "Sketches of the Punjab Mission."



PREACHING IN THE VESTRY OF THE SIN-ih-DONG (MISSION CHURCH), HANGCHOW.

(Fac-simile of a Drawing by Matthew Tai.)

hand. "See," he said, "you honourable gentlemen, all of us have fans. The English preacher has one too, and so have I. Our fans differ in shape and colour; some are black with gold flowers and letters, some white with coloured landscapes, some are round, some crescent-shaped. But really the object and effect of all is the same—to stir a little air, and cool us in our heat; and it is hardly worth while to exchange fans. Now Confucianism, Buddhism, Taoism, Mahometanism, and the many other native and foreign creeds, are all like fans. What is Christianity like? THE WIND. Is there any comparison? One can get on very well with wind and no fan, but surely not with a fan and no wind." The illustration struck the audience and gained their ear, and refreshed me much.

Hangchow.

A. E. MOULE.

The drawing by Matthew Tai, which is engraved above, represents the vestry referred to by Mr. A. E. Moule. Mr. G. E. Moule sends us the following notes on the picture:—

On the right is the gateway opening on Horsemarket Street, a thoroughfare of considerable traffic. A Buddhist monk with shorn pate, loose sleeved, grey or yellow cassock, and fan in hand, is stepping in to hear the new doctrine. In front of him two women, each leading a child. To the left a cobbler's pack, the owner resting (perhaps listening) inside. Close to the pack a blind soothsayer, using his long tobacco pipe as a staff, his guitar appearing over his shoulder. Within the wide doors of the vestry a little group of men listening to the missionary, who sits at the table at the head of the room, a catechist supporting him on the other side, and the earnest chapel-keeper on a bench at the side taking his turn in telling the Gospel story. Above the table the Decalogue in Chinese, and on either hand a scroll with Rom. iii. 23 and 24. Against the wall, above the porter's head, shelves loaded with portions of Scripture and tracts for sale. Hung against the wall in front is the Proclamation, granted in 1872, to the effect that the Treaty fully authorises foreigners to travel and reside in the interior with a view to preaching Christianity.

Our audiences are often numerous enough quite to fill the little room; but the draughtsman has chosen a scene more suitable to his pencil.

A LETTER FROM PIND DÁDAN KHÁN.



OR a long time we have wished to introduce to the readers of the GLEANER a most interesting Mission in the Punjab, called the "Jhelum Itinerancy." The Jhelum is one of the five rivers of the Punjab and throughout the district through which it flows the Rev. G. M. Gordon is continually moving about preaching. His head-quarters are at Pind Dádan Khán, of which he has now sent us two sketches, with the following letter:—

PIND DÁDAN KHÁN, February 28th, 1879.

I have great pleasure in sending you a sketch of Pind Dádan Khán kindly furnished by Mrs. Nugent.

The sketch is taken from the top of an old Sikh fortification, presented in a second sketch, which has long carried the Red Cross mission flag with the inscription Jehovah Nissi. Around these are three or four ancient Hindu temples, with the flags of their various monastic orders, but Christ's flag floats highest. Close in front is the native town, with its bazaars and houses inhabited by Hindu shopkeepers, and Mohammedan traders and cultivators.

One of these wealthy merchants was yesterday sitting with me and telling me how thirty years ago he was a prisoner with the Sikhs on the battle-field of Chilianwála, distant not many miles from this spot.

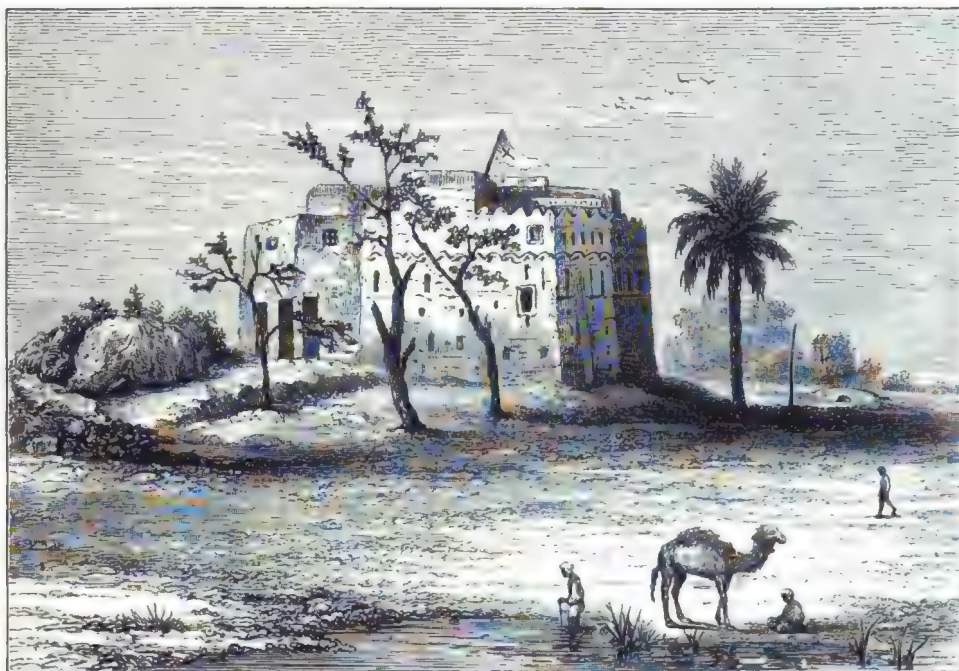
In the background are the Hills of Salt, which have for twenty-centuries and more supplied a lucrative revenue to the successive rulers of the land. To the left you may see the gorge whence every morning issues the stream of traffic from the salt mines on camels, mules, bullocks and asses; some going to Central Asia with their Afghan drivers and travel-worn packs, some to the river gháts to be shipped for Multan and Kurráchee, and some to the railway to supply the marts of Lahore and Delhi.

This morning, walking up to Khewra I passed five miles of camels in long strings, nose to tail. There must have been more than 1,000 camels, besides other beasts of burden. A camel will carry from 10 maunds to ten maunds of salt—each maund being equal to 80 lbs. Yesterday 10,000 maunds of salt were sold at the mines to traders, and



PIND DÁDAN KHÁN AND THE SALT MOUNTAINS, PUNJAB. (From a Sketch by Mrs. Nugent.)

maund brings a clear gain to Government of five shillings and sixpence. On the extreme right you see a sharp peak, which has a fort on the top and a Hindu temple. The fort is so strong that it long defied the armies of Runjeet Singh, and was taken by him only when the water supply failed. There is a village below the fort named Koosuk, inhabited by Hindus, and distant about fourteen miles from Pind Dádan Khán. They came round me when I preached there, and the illustration of the fort's history supplied an appropriate answer to the



OLD FORT NEAR THE SALT MOUNTAINS, PUNJAB. (From a Sketch by Mrs. Nugent.)

old argument of justification by works. "Your ceremonial penance and pilgrimage, my friends, is like the water of that fort. It could not save the garrison, because it dried up, and there was no renewal. Christ's merit is more sure than the casual rainfall which refills the empty tanks, or the spring which dries in summer heats. Only thus can you hold the fortress of your soul against your sleepless enemy."

The Sunday before last we baptized a native of these hills, who has long been an earnest inquirer. Six months ago he came to me for

instruction, saying, "I have read a good deal, and I want to know the root of the matter—the secret of this new birth which Christ gives!" His search has at length been, we fully trust, rewarded, and on the day of his baptism he said, "This is the happiest day of my life." This was a confident assertion for one who had been cut off from wife, family, and lands as a deserter from the religion of his forefathers, and it gave encouragement. For we may well be anxious about the stability of our Mohammedan converts, when their relapse entails no penalties such as a Hindu would be subjected to who had broken his caste. If an adult baptism in this country be not an unclouded joy, one remembers that the Saviour also sighed when in act to bless—

"The Son of God, in doing good,
Was fain to look to Heaven and sigh,
And shall the heirs of sinful blood
Seek joy unmixed in charity?"

There are other points of attraction in the view from the top of the old Sikh tower, which cannot be included in a single sketch. There are the snowy peaks of the Kashmir mountains, rising 100 miles away behind the salt range, and visible only on a clear day. There is the Jhelum river a mile off, which sends its overflow up to our very walls, while its sister, the Chenáb, glitters on the far southern horizon.

But more congenial than all to the missionary eye is the pretty little church which rises among the trees, the "place by the river side where prayer is wont to be made." Here, a few Sundays ago, we thanked God for the safe arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Nugent, in answer to many prayers for help. Here repose the remains of our native brother Andreas under the quiet turf, and here we gather nerve and sinew for each successive embassy in our Royal Master's name.

G. M. GORDON.

THE RED MAN'S APPEAL.

AT the ordination of the Rev. G. Litchfield, one of the members of the recent reinforcement for the Victoria Nyanza Mission, in the Parish Church of Islington, the preacher, the Rev. E. H. Bickersteth, related the following simple story as told by the American Bishop of Minnesota:—

"One who had been a heathen red man came 600 miles to visit me in my home. As he came into the door he knelt at my feet. He said to me, 'I kneel to tell you of my gratitude that you pitied the red man.' He then told me this simple, artless story:—'I was a wild man living beyond the Turtle Mountain: I knew that my people were perishing: I never looked in the face of my child that my heart was not sick. My fathers told me there was a Great Spirit, and I have often gone to the woods and tried to ask Him for help, and I only got the sound of my voice.' And then he looked in my face in that artless way and said, 'You do not know what I mean. You never stood in the dark and reached out your hand, and took hold of nothing. One day an Indian came to my wigwam. He said to me he had heard you tell a wonderful story at Red Lake; that you said the Great Spirit's Son had come down to earth to save all the people that needed help; that the reason why the white man was so much more blessed than the red man was because he had the true religion of the Son of the Great Spirit, and I said I must see that man. They told me you would be at the Red Lake crossing. I came 200 miles. I asked for you, and they said you were sick, and then I said, 'Where can I see a missionary?' I came 150 miles more, and I found that the missionary was a red man like myself. My father, I have been with him three moons. I have the story in my heart. It is no longer dark. It laughs all the while.' And he turned to me and said, 'Will you not give me a missionary?' Shame on the Church that I had to say to him, 'We have not the man, and we have not the means.'"

A GOOD PLACE FOR A MISSIONARY-BOX.

THE missionary-box occupies a variety of positions in the houses of those who have at heart the great and urgent work undertaken by the Church Missionary Society. It has a prominent place in the hall, the dining-room, the nursery, and the kitchen, and there it speaks and pleads for the perishing. But is there any rule to exclude it from the bed-room? If so, there are exceptions, and here is one.

"After a long journey by rail and road," writes one to us, "I reached the house of my host, and was soon shown to my room, in which nearly the first thing that caught my eye was a missionary-box. On approaching it I found the words 'Church Missionary Society' printed on it, and that a slip of paper had been pasted by its mouth and the words 'In acknowledgment of travelling mercies' written on it.

"Those words were full of force. I was reminded by them that not only was I, when I had shut-to the door, to acknowledge by thanksgiving in prayer the mercies shown to me by One who had been a shield

and shelter on my way thither, but also that my gratitude was not end with this. Acts were to follow words, and the presence of missionary-box gave a present opportunity thus to prove that gratitude.

"I may not visit that hospitable house again. Its tenant has given place to another; but if, in the resting-places on the journey through dangers seen and unseen, I find no missionary-box, on return home I seem to see that self-same piece of paper pasted on my own, and the words written on it pleading with me, on the ground of gratitude, to care for those millions who, unlike ourselves, know nothing of the great and gracious Guardian of the soul and body.

"I think the visitors' room is a good place for a missionary-box."

F. I.

EPITOME OF MISSIONARY NEWS.

Bishop French arrived in his new diocese at the beginning of March and on the 3rd was duly installed at Lahore. He then immediately started on his first visitation tour, taking in his way Umritsur, Dera Ismail Khan, Tank, and Bunnoo. He writes in encouraging terms of work everywhere.

The C.M.S. students lately appointed to various missions, Messrs Elliott, Eales, Grundy, Gollmer, Haslam, Day, Pickford, and Kemp, were admitted to holy orders by the Bishop of London, on Trinity Sunday, at St. Paul's Cathedral.

The Bishop of Saskatchewan having earnestly pleaded that another C.M.S. missionary might be sent to the vast field comprised in the diocese, Mr. S. Trivett, a student in the C.M. College, has offered for work, and been appointed to it. He was ordained by the Bishop himself on Trinity Sunday, and will in the first instance proceed to the old station at Stanley, English River, now in charge of a Native catechist.

The Rev. Eugene Thornton, who was educated at the C.M. College, but was ultimately ordained independently, and has since been labouring as a curate at Liverpool and elsewhere; and Mr. C. B. S. Gillingham, student at St. John's Divinity Hall, Highbury, have offered themselves to the Society, and been accepted.

The Nyanza party going to Uganda up the Nile arrived at Suva on May 31st, and were to leave next day by steamer for Suakim, the port of Upper Egypt on the Red Sea, which they hoped to reach on the 8th. They have received every attention in Egypt from the British Consul-General, and are the bearers of a letter from Lord Salisbury to King Mtesa.

Information has been received through the Foreign Office that Rev. C. T. Wilson had returned to Uganda (i.e., after his journey to Kagei, and to Unyamuezi); and that Mr. Mackay was pushing forward through Ugogo.

Another member of the Nyanza Mission has been removed to heavenly rest. Mr. W. C. Tytherleigh, an excellent young carpenter who was with Mr. Mackay's party, and whose cheerfulness, industry, and Christian consistency had endeared him to his companions, died on April 10th at Magubika, in the Usagara hills, from some internal injury accidentally received while pushing one of the bullock-carts.

Mpwapwa has been re-occupied by Messrs. Copplestone and L. Their comrades, Dr. Baxter and Mr. Henry were still on the march thither at the date of the last letters.

An invitation to Christian teachers was lately received at Frere Town from Mandara, the principal king of Chagga or Jagga, a country not unknown to Switzerland, lying between the East Coast of Africa near Mombasa and the Victoria Nyanza. The first European to visit this country was Rebmann, in 1848, when he discovered the great snow-capped mountain Kilimanjaro. Capt. Russell last year sent his "salaams" to Mandara an Arab trader named Sadi, and this invitation was the response.

Three urgent appeals from India have been before the Committee, one, to resume the special Mission to Mohammedans at Bombay, which was ordered last year to be closed owing to the Society's financial difficulties; the second, to begin a new Mission to the Bhils, a hill-tribe of Rajputana; the third, to open a new station at Dera Ghazi Khan on the Indus, with a view to reaching the Beluchis on the frontier, Beluchistan being a country as yet unvisited by missionaries (see GLEANER of April 1877). The latter has already been resolved upon.

An encouraging report on the Santal Mission (see GLEANER, April 1877) has been received from the Rev. W. T. Storrs, who went out in autumn to consolidate and extend the work. The people are ripe for the Gospel, and a vigorous effort made now would, he believes, by God's blessing, result in a large ingathering of souls. The C.M.S. has now missionaries at work, besides one at home for awhile, and one just newly appointed. The Native pastor, the Rev. Ram Charan, is labouring successfully, and Mr. Storrs is training four others for holy orders.

Competent men are urgently required by the Society for missionary work in higher education at the Cathedral Mission College at Calcutta, and for college classes which it is proposed to establish in connection with the Robert Money School at Bombay. Two men are needed at each station.

THE CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.

AUGUST, 1878.

VINEYARD WORK.

Thoughts for those Engaged in Christ's Service.

By THE REV. G. EVERARD, *Vicar of St. Mark's, Wolverhampton.*

VIII.—THE MINISTRY OF GIFTS.

"Jesus sat over against the treasury."—*Mark xii. 41.*



ESUS sat there, and what did He see? He saw the people cast money into the treasury. He saw many that were rich cast in much. But He saw that which pleased Him far more. He saw a certain poor widow, and she came and threw in two mites, which make a farthing. It was all she had, even all her living. And Jesus knew it. Yea, and He knew the secret spring of her self-denying liberality. He knew what was in man, and He saw her heart. He marked what she *was* as well as what she *did*. Poor in this world's wealth, doubtless her provision scanty, her raiment worn, her home ill-furnished, yet for all this He knew her to be very rich. She was rich in faith, trusting alike the providence and the grace of God. She was rich in love to God and His house, and thus was willing to give her all. She was rich in a rare spirit of contentment, and in her free-hearted and ungrudging liberality. And was she not rich too in the approval and commendation of her Saviour? Yes, and out of her great riches she gave a great gift. In Christ's sight it was more than they all. So He takes this widow and sets her before His Church in all ages as the pattern of all true givers.

"Jesus sat over against the treasury;" and doth He not sit there still? Doth He not notice each gift, small or great, given in His cause? Doth He not notice still the proportion between the wealth of the giver and the offering that is made? Doth He not also mark the motive that prompts each gift? Surely He does. Therefore let each follower of Christ arrange and consider his offering as in His sight. He will accept the widow's mite from the widow, but not from the rich man. Four great chapters on the subject of giving are worthy of careful study—Exod. xxxv.; 1 Chron. xxix.; 2 Cor. viii. and ix.

Let Christian people exercise more self-denial. A Christian in humble life might give weekly a small offering to the work, whilst a wealthier brother or sister might raise the annual subscription from one guinea to five or ten, and even then scarcely feel it.

And let Christians learn the pleasure and profit of a cheerful thankoffering for special mercies. A year's freedom from sickness and the expense of a doctor's bill, a new treasure of a little one given to their care, an increase of income, the restoration of a beloved one to health—each blessing of the kind demands its acknowledgment.

And let it never be forgotten—Jesus knows all!

THE TRIDENT, THE CRESCENT, AND THE CROSS.

Gleanings from Vaughan's Religious History of India.

VIII.—THE CHRISTIAN ERA.—DISSOLVING AGENCIES.



NE of Mr. Vaughan's chapters bears the above heading; and it opens with the following graphic illustration:—

A peculiar and suggestive phenomenon again and again greets the eye of an Indian traveller. He beholds a mass of vegetation growing out of the roof of an ancient temple. Besides grass and tangled weeds, he may sometimes see trees of considerable size thriving in that strange locality, with nothing, as it seems, but the stones to subsist

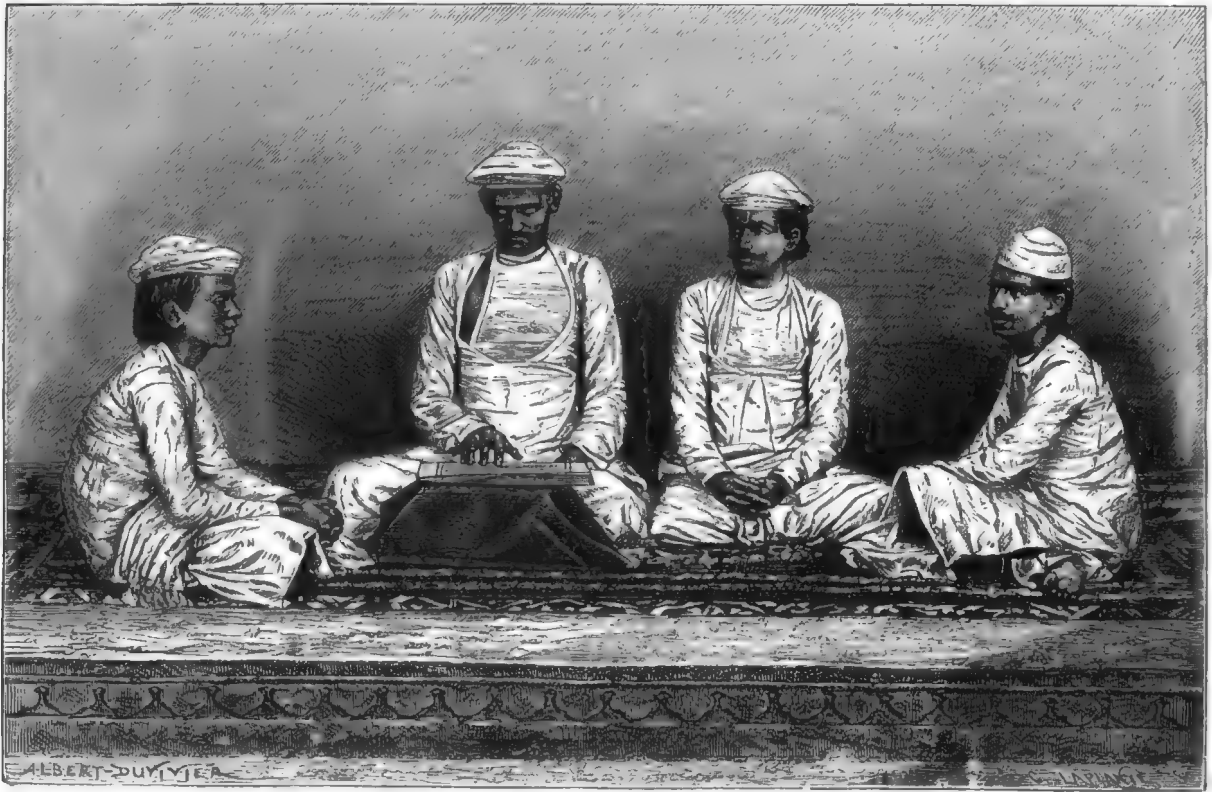
upon. How came these trees there? The answer is simple enough—a breath of wind, or a little bird, has at some time deposited a living seed on the dome of the idol shrine; the accumulated dust of centuries in the many crevices of the roof has given it a home; the silent dews or the pouring rains, together with the vital rays of the sun, have caused it to germinate. By and by a sprout appears; the roots insinuate themselves into the interstices of the masonry; at length the priests discern the growing mischief, and try to remedy it, but it is too late; they cut down the plant level with the stone, but the roots are there still, and in a few weeks it re-appears. For a long time no serious damage ensues; the tree flourishes and the temple remains intact; but it is only a question of time—the lifeless temple must yield to the living tree. Ominous rents and fissures appear in the walls; by and by the rents become gaping wounds; piece by piece the old shrine crumbles to the ground, and at length nought but a majestic tree marks the spot where once it stood.

The temple is Hinduism: what is the tree? We might interpret it as Christianity; but Mr. Vaughan applies it to Western civilisation generally, to those influences of Western literature and science, Western engineering, Western social usages, and Western sanitary improvements, which are subtly, steadily, and surely, destroying the fabric of Hindu religion. English rule, and all that English rule has brought with it, have done more in one century than Buddhism and Mohammedanism did in eight centuries each.

Of the power of these Western influences, Mr. Vaughan gives some striking examples. First, he mentions the railway. "Twenty-two [now twenty-four] years ago the first railway was opened in India. The projectors thought only of their dividends; they had no quarrel with caste; but caste had a quarrel with the railway. Caste forbade a Brahmin to sit on the same seat with a Sudra or a Mussulman. The Brahmin protested that he could never use the railway; but Brahmins are mortals, and, like ordinary mortals, they understand what suits their convenience. They found that by using the railway they could do a journey in a day which, by using their legs, would occupy them a month; and the temptation was strong. Accordingly, one or two Brahmins stepped into a railway carriage, devoutly hoping no one else would presume to get in; but railway guards were no respecters of caste, and the Brahmins soon found themselves shoulder to shoulder with low-castes and out-castes and hated Mohammedans. It was a terrible ordeal; 'but what can't be cured must be endured,' and so now the Brahmins endure the indignity with delightful equanimity." But it has become a great blow to the caste system.

Again, the ancient law of caste forbids a Brahmin to undertake secular work. He must devote his whole time to ritual observances, and use in their performance only the Sanscrit language; and he must live upon the voluntary offerings of the people. But English rule has opened lucrative offices to the educated classes, and this temptation, too, the Brahmins cannot resist. The Government never meant to interfere with caste; but caste has had to give way. Thousands of intelligent young Brahmins have deserted Sanscrit for English, and taken official situations under their Christian rulers.

Again, caste forbids a Hindu to take medicine as well as food from the unclean hands of a stranger; nor does it allow anatomical studies; and when a medical college was started in Calcutta, "a howl of execration," says Mr. Vaughan, "denounced the idea of Hindu youths dissecting a dead body." But when experience showed that English doctors could cure where Native doctors



GROUP OF EDUCATED HINDUS.

were helpless, the Hindus began, at first secretly, to seek medical advice from the foreigners; and now there are scores of Native surgeons and physicians, efficiently trained under English eyes, practising amongst their countrymen.

The next case is still more significant. Only seven years ago, the authorities of Calcutta determined to bring pure water into the city, to replace the foul water of the river and the tanks. It was to be brought sixteen miles in pipes, which would be laid down in the streets, so that all might draw water from them. But the Brahmins said, "As all other castes have access to the same pipes, we, to avoid contamination, must stand aloof." But pure water conquered. It was soon seen to be good for the people's health; and the Brahmins met in solemn council to decide what was to be done. They at last found some texts in the old Shasters which satisfied their scruples. One was, "Impure objects become pure by paying the value of them"; which, observes Mr. Vaughan, enabled them to argue thus—"If we pay the *water-rate*, to us the water will be pure"; and, as he adds, *that* was an argument to satisfy the authorities as well as the Brahmins!

But the most powerful of all these "dissolving agencies" has been Education. Indian science is inextricably bound up with Indian religion. The consistent Hindu must believe, for example, that the earth is not a globe, but a flat plain; that it rests on the head of a huge serpent, which is poised on the back of an elephant, which stands upon a prodigious tortoise, which rests upon—but there science stops! When the British Government opened schools for high and low, the intention was to be absolutely neutral as regards religion; no rules of caste were to be broken; the Bible was to be strictly excluded. But they could not help teaching science; and in teaching true science they were refuting false science, which was in reality an attack upon the Hindu religion. The consequence is, that multitudes of educated

Natives, while they still observe the external rites of the system, have lost all faith in it.

So keenly do the more orthodox Hindus feel the force of these "dissolving agencies," that a few years ago they established a society called the *Sanatana Dharma Rakshini Sabha*, "Society for the Defence of the Eternal Religion." It was inaugurated with a great flourish of trumpets, and the Hindus as a nation were appealed to earnestly to rally round its standard. *It has now been dissolved.*

The process figured in the parable with which this chapter opened, is being worked out before our eyes. "The seed of truth," says Mr. Vaughan, "not only of religious truth, but of scientific, philosophic, historic, and social truth, have fallen upon the roof of the old system. They have been germinating; the trees have been growing; the fabric of falsehood and error has been yielding; huge rents and fissures tell of a coming crisis. Hinduism is doomed; its fall may not be at hand, but its end is numbered; and already, with the eye of faith, we behold the glorious tree of truth rearing its victorious head over the ruins of the fane of India, whilst her emancipated sons gladly shelter under its branches."

THE REV. PIRIPI PATIKI ON PASTORS' WIVES

ON Jan. 20, Bishop Cowie, of Auckland, held an ordination service when five Maori deacons were admitted to priest's orders. A sermon was preached by the Rev. Piripi Patiki. A private letter says: "After he had addressed the congregation and the deacons, he said a few words to the wives of the clergy. He repeated what St. Paul said about the duties of the wives, and then went on to say that a wife was like the mast of a ship and his wife was the rigging. That if he left their husbands to stand alone a sudden gust of wind might come and snap it off; but if the ship had its proper rigging it would carry its mast and weather every gale. Then the wife must be an example. If she did not behave properly it would be hard for the clergyman to correct his people, when they could point with a finger of scorn at his wife."

THE LATE BISHOP WILLIAMS.



EXT after Samuel Marsden, perhaps William Williams has the best title to be called, the Apostle of New Zealand. For half a century he laboured untiringly for the good of the Maori race. When he landed in the island in 1826, the first baptism—that of the chief Rangi—had just taken place, after eleven years of patient labour and long-deferred hope on the part of those who had preceded him. And during the next sixteen years, he took a leading part in the wonderful work which led Bishop Selwyn, on first arriving in his new diocese in 1842, to write home the memorable words, "We see here a whole nation of pagans converted to the faith. A few faithful men, by the power of the Spirit of God, have been the instruments of adding another Christian people to the Family of God."

The life of William Williams is the history of the New Zealand Mission of the Church Missionary Society; but the outline of it can be given in a few lines. Born July 18th, 1800, he began life as a medical student, but subsequently entered Magdalen Hall, Oxford, and having taken his B.A., was ordained September 26th, 1824, by the Bishop of London. In the following year he sailed for New Zealand as a C.M.S. missionary, three years after his brother Henry. The Mission was then confined to the northern extremity of the country, and both brothers laboured for some years in the Bay of Islands district. But William was the first, in 1834, to carry the Gospel to the eastern coast, which was afterwards to be his own diocese, and so great was the success of the work there, that at one time the number of Native Christians exceeded those of all other parts of New Zealand put together.

One of the first acts of Bishop Selwyn, after landing in 1842, was to appoint William Williams Archdeacon of Waiapu; and shortly afterwards Henry Williams and another C.M.S. missionary, Alfred N. Brown, were raised to the same official rank. Of these three only the latter now survives. And when the diocese was divided in 1859, the man who above all others had been the evangelist of the eastern province was, with universal approval, selected to be its first Bishop; the title of the archdeaconry—Waiapu—being continued in that of the see. His son, the Rev. W. Leonard Williams, subsequently became archdeacon, and still holds that office.

In later years, no district suffered more from the unhappy war

between the settlers and the Maoris, or from the evil influence of the Hau-hau superstition; and Bishop Williams wrote two or three years ago to the C.M.S. Committee that "the Church had been brought very low,"—yet he could add that there were abundant signs of revival, and since then these signs have become still more manifest.

Bishop Williams was the first to translate the Bible into the Maori tongue, and though his version has been superseded, it is still dear to many of the older Native Christians as the channel to them of so much comfort and blessing. He was also the author of an interesting work, *Christianity in New Zealand*, and of a Maori dictionary.

On March 25th, 1876, the very day fifty years from his first

landing in New Zealand, the warning came to him that his work was done. That day a paralytic seizure struck down the venerable Bishop in the midst of his usefulness; and though he recovered for the time, he felt it his duty to resign into younger hands the duties he could no longer hope efficiently to perform. In accordance with the constitution of the New Zealand Church, the appointment rested with the Synod of the diocese; and after some delay, the Rev. E. C. Stuart, formerly C.M.S. Secretary at Calcutta, was unanimously elected to the vacant bishopric. He was consecrated on Dec. 9th, 1877, by the Primate (Bishop Harper of Christ Church), Bishop Cowie of Auckland, and Bishop Hadfield of Wellington—the last named another old C.M.S. missionary. Five days after, an interesting incident occurred, which the *Auckland Church Gazette* thus relates:—

On December 14 the Primate, with the Bishops of Auckland, Wellington, and Waiapu, visited Bishop Williams, who had signified his wish to see the four Bishops together. The aged Bishop, though unable to move in his

bed, could speak a little, and was able to move his right arm. He shook hands with each of the Bishops, and gave his blessing to them and their families. The Bishops then knelt round the bed, with Mrs. Williams and her daughters, her son the Archdeacon, one of her granddaughters, and the Rev. S. Williams, and joined the Primate in prayer. When the four Bishops were about to leave, Bishop Williams said, "We shall soon meet again up—"; and not being able to finish what he intended to say, he pointed upwards. His mind had evidently been much relieved by the consecration of his successor, and his prayer seemed henceforth to be, "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace."

And very soon the Lord did let His servant depart in peace. He entered into rest on Feb. 9th, leaving behind him, both as missionary and as bishop, a fragrant memory and a bright example.



THE LATE BISHOP WILLIAMS, OF WAIAPU, NEW ZEALAND.

SKETCHES OF THE PUNJAB MISSION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MOBAYIAN LIFE IN THE BLACK FOREST," &c.

VII.—Amritsar.—The Work Advancing.



SINCE the date of the last visit which our readers made with us to Amritsar, many changes have taken place there. Many missionaries have come and gone; some have been called to their heavenly home, some are employed at other stations, some have returned to England. But the early pioneer, the Rev. Robert Clark, still labours there; so also does Mr. Keene, who joined the Mission so soon after him and Mr. Fitzpatrick, that he may be considered as one of its founders. To the former has fallen at intervals the difficult but interesting task of pioneering in other stations; the latter, with the exception of eighteen months spent at Kotghur, has devoted himself entirely to Amritsar. In the course of years the central station has surrounded itself with many off-shoots, and the Christian congregation, including these, numbers at the present time 345 members. Several of the converts are men of education and independent circumstances, who display much zeal and activity in their Divine Master's cause. To this number belonged Paulus, Sadiq's father, the head-man of *Narowal*. He died in 1871. A church now stands where once the good old man sat and smoked alone in his faith, for he was for some years the only one of his family or village who called himself a Christian. The boys' school here numbers sixty-nine pupils, and the Christian head master has been ordained Native pastor of the flock, which includes several young converts whose story might form a volume in itself. They owe their training and instruction to the Rev. Rowland Bateman, whose head-quarters are at *Narowal*, although he itinerates so extensively, moving about from place to place on his camel, that no station can claim him. "I have a great deal more room to work in," he writes, "than six men could occupy."

The *Narowal* out-station was commenced in 1856 in consequence of Paulus's baptism; the out-station of *Jandiala* existed still earlier. A school-house was built there by the late Captain Lamb, who desired to erect one at each encamping ground on the road which was in his charge between the *Beas* and *Lahore*. He died in 1854, when only this one had been completed. But the *Jandiala* school has been carried on ever since, and numbers over a hundred scholars. *Batala*, a city of 24,000 inhabitants, was occupied in 1865 by a catechist from Amritsar. It was Sadiq's first charge after his ordination; and recently Mr. Beutel, the Inspector of Mission-schools, formerly of *Kotghur*, and Miss Tucker (A.L.O.E.), have been devoting their zealous energies to this interesting field. It was here that the Moulvie, Hasan Shah, died with the Prayer-book under his pillow, calling on the name of the Lord Jesus, and exhorting his son to be bolder than he himself had been, and to confess Christ openly.

Taran-Taran became an out-station in connection with Amritsar in 1871. It is an important holy place of the Sikhs, and a religious fair is held once a month around its large sacred tank. *Rukh Hindal*, or *Clarkabad*, named after Mr. Clark, is a Christian settlement served by the Rev. Daud Singh, formerly Native pastor of Amritsar. He possesses the confidence of the Native Christians, and has much tact and prudence in advising and instructing them.

Fatehgahr, *Majitha*, and *Uddoki*, are out-stations of more recent foundation. The two first were commenced at the request of the respective head-men. In the last, Mrs. Elmslie, the devoted widow of the late Dr. Elmslie, of *Cashmere*, has been earnestly endeavouring to establish a girls' school. The chief pundit of the place is a Christian, but his wife and little daughters continue heathen.

In spite of all these out-stations, established as openings have

offered; in spite of the systematic itineration of a mission specially devoted to that work; and in spite of the cold-se evangelistic tours of others, it is greatly to be regretted that living voice is raised for Christ once a year in as much as the twentieth part of the villages of the Amritsar district.

In Amritsar itself, by the blessing of God, the Christian Church has effected a sure settlement. Mr. Clark first made the attempt at residing within the walls, and since then there have been living in the city, at one time, as many as two hundred English clergymen, two Native clergymen, and many catechists and teachers, besides a large number of converts.

This is the leaven which, God grant, may in His good time leaven the whole lump. It is not much more than a quarter of a century ago since there were but few schools for boys in Punjab, and none for girls. The opening of a zenana school for Christian teaching was a thing unheard of. Europeans looked upon with curiosity and fear whenever they appeared in towns or villages. Children fled at their approach, and the girls were hidden lest they should be carried off and shipped to foreign lands. Now there are 1,300 boys and 800 girls under Christian influence and instruction. There is real life in the schools, and a true work for Christ going on in them. Every day the Bible is taught in each class by Christian teachers, and a knowledge of God's Word is thus spread throughout the country. A Christian shop has been established in the centre of the city in which a Christian schoolboy is the shopkeeper. "It pays," writes Mr. Bateman, the promoter, "in a missionary as well as a pecuniary point of view. At first the neighbours would not allow even water to be given to the Christian shopkeeper, now they go freely in and out of the store and receive him as one of the trading community in their own shops; and have, in fact, made an unconsciously honourable *amende* by christening the *Sachchi Dukan* (the honest shop)."

From the book-shop £125 worth of books have been sold; the munshi, and the colporteurs associated with him, in the course of one year; and Susan, now one of four Bible-women, is permitted to bring the Bible with her into more than a dozen zenanas. The number of those willing to listen to her is steadily increasing. Sometimes she may be found reading and teaching on the borders of a bathing tank, sometimes in the *Mission Hospital*; or she has an opportunity of speaking to the women at some domestic festivity; or, again, she takes up her post at a place for the burning of the dead, where females of all religions congregate on various occasions, and listen to her attentively.

An important agency in the Amritsar Mission is the large mission room in the city, close to the Native pastor's house. Known as "Shamaun's Flag for Christ," Shamaun was the first fruits of the Amritsar Mission, a Sikh Grunthi, or priest, who Mr. Fitzpatrick baptized in 1853. In 1868 he died. Native Christians had just then completed a new burial-ground which had become necessary, as their numbers increased, and he was the first buried in it. At his death he bequeathed to the Mission all his property, in order, as he said, that a flag for Christ might be erected in a city where so many flags are in honour of Nanuk and Mohammed, and of the Hindu deities. He referred to the flags which are seen on the tops of the high trees in the city, marking out the abodes of the fakirs of the Native religions; and he wished that a house might be set up to represent in Amritsar the Christian faith. His own house had, in the course of time, to be taken down on account of Government improvements, but with the compensation-money the present mission room was built; and here a Sunday-school, night-school, and Bible-readings are held, and attended, not only by Christians, but by Mohammedans and Hindus. Here too there is a Native Christian reading-room and library; and here the Native Church Council holds its meetings.

Amongst the children are reckoned those in the orphan

or Mission boarding-schools, superintended by Mrs. Elmslie. Some few are the children of Native Christians, but the greater number have been deserted starvings or waifs and strays sent to the missionaries' care by the police or the magistrates. On one occasion a tiny baby girl was welcomed; she had been found on the cold marble steps of the durbar. A slip of paper was in her mouth, on which was written that she was the child of high-caste parents, but that her mother had died. She was "only a girl," so that it was not thought worth while to rear her in her natural home. Another time a beautiful boy of about five was removed from the dead body of his father, who had fallen prostrate by the wayside, and to whom he clung in an agony of grief. The man had apparently been overtaken by sudden illness on his journey, and had died ere he could seek help. None knew who he was, so the boy found a home in the orphanage. Scarcely a month passes without some child being received; often several at once. Amongst the rest is an Abyssinian boy, a curious contrast to his companions. He was sent by the officer of a passing regiment. He had been found by some English soldiers, when an infant, hidden in a cave at Magdala. Amongst these different elements there is need of constant care and watchfulness. Many of the children have been brought up under the most unfavourable circumstances possible, some in the midst of vice; some have had their constitutions wasted by famine and sickness. The latter become an easy prey to cholera and fever, and it is seldom possible to preserve the lives of the little infants. Still this is a fruitful field, and those who labour in it find happiness and blessing in their self-denying toil. The good seed is sown in many young hearts, and the promise is sure that it shall be found "after many days."

GLEANINGS FROM RECENT LETTERS.

A Christian Maori Girl.



UCH of the Church Missionary Society's work in New Zealand was greatly damaged by the long wars and the sad "Hau-hau" heresy twelve or fourteen years ago. But hidden fruits come to light from time to time. Here is one, described in a recent letter from the Rev. B. Y.

Ashwell, who has been a C.M.S. Missionary forty-five years:—

A circumstance took place when in Auckland which afforded me much pleasure; it was a visit from Mary Terotoroto, our first Taupiri scholar, after nearly twenty years' isolation in the King country. This poor girl found us out at our lodgings in Auckland. It was some time before I recognised her. She came with Heta Tarawhiti, the Maori minister. After looking at her for some time, I said, "Surely this must be Mary Terotoroto?" "Yes," she replied, bursting into tears. "E Wera!" ("Oh, Ashwell!") "E taku matua!" ("Oh, my father!") She wept for a long time. Afterwards we had much conversation. One of my first questions was, "Mary, are you a Hau-hau?" She replied, "I am not." "Do you still cleave to Christ?" She said, "I do; He alone is my hope." I then took her to see Bishop Cowie, Dr. Maunsell, and Brother Stuart. She spoke and read English fluently, with a right pronunciation, and I was glad to find that she remembered some of her texts and hymns, both English and Maori. All were surprised that, after so many years in the bush, isolated from Christian worship, and among the Hau-haus, she should remember so well her English and Scripture. Perhaps I ought to say that, when at Taupiri school, nearly twenty years ago, on one of Bishop Selwyn's visitations, he said to me, "I think that Mary Terotoroto is the best educated Maori girl I have met with." Her knowledge of the English language, history, geography, mental arithmetic, and her singing, were very good. She sang, from notes and ear, anthems, chants, &c.; she was the leader of our choir of sixty children. Sir George Grey was so pleased with her that, on his arrival at Cape Town, he sent her a present of a handsome shawl. The result of her visit to Auckland was, she sent her son, a youth of sixteen years, to St. Stephen's Institution. This visit gave me much encouragement, for I feel assured that there are many sincere disciples of our blessed Lord hidden among the Hau-haus.

Death of the oldest Ibadan Christian.

The Rev. Daniel Olubi, in his report for 1877, mentions the death, on March 17th in that year, of James Oderinde, Mr. Hinderer's first

convert at Ibadan twenty-five years ago, and ever since the acknowledged "head-man" of the Church in that place:—

Six of the Christians here during the past year have been graciously removed to Himself, who, we humbly trust, died in hope of a happy resurrection at Christ's second coming. Among these were James Oderinde, the head-man of the Ibadan Christians.

James Oderinde was a bigoted heathen before his conversion, but, finding no real peace in this service, was told in a dream to serve the true God; and, as there was no other way of accomplishing this, he resolved to embrace the Mohammedan religion. This was some years before the missionary came up to Ibadan in 1853. In this also he was not happy. Then the Spirit of truth and grace led him to the Saviour, whom he truly found, and was satisfied.

During his long illness he often sent for the catechist, and sometimes for an elder of the Church for spiritual conversation and prayer. Once we met with him for prayer, and before we began he said, "You must not ask of God to spare my life longer, for I should like much rather to be with Him before long." At another time he said, "Would to God I be with Him to-day!" Oderinde was a man of a decided character. He never could be convinced of any argument unless it can be proved and confirmed from God's own Word.

A Children's Prayer-Meeting for Rain.

Last year a severe drought in certain districts of North India gave rise to fears of a famine like that in South India. In connection with these anxieties, the Rev. S. T. Leupolt, then at the Secundra Orphanage, Agra, relates an interesting incident:—

In our distress we had constant recourse to prayer.

There is an interesting event in connection with our first service which greatly encouraged me in our work here, and which showed us that our labour here is not in vain. I expected many would respond to our invitation to prayer to the Lord Jesus, and so gave orders to exclude the younger children from the service for want of room. The younger boys were kept back, but our ladies misunderstood the order, and were taking the younger girls to church. On seeing them, I gave my reasons for it, and sent them back. On their return to the school they were met by the exclamation, on the part of the Hindu doorkeeper, "The little ones are too small and insignificant for God to hear their prayers." The little girls, however, were not of that opinion, for, on the return of the elder ones, in charge of Miss Stoephasius, they gathered round her, and complained of having been excluded from joining with the rest in prayer for rain. To comfort them, they were told that they might have prayer amongst themselves. On receiving permission, they trooped off to the school-room. A girl of eight years conducted the service, opening it by the reading of the 42nd Psalm. Then followed the Prayer for Confession of Sins, the Lord's Prayer, Prayer for all Estates of Men, Prayer for Rain, the General Thanksgiving, and close. Miss Stoephasius saw all without being seen, and described the service as one of great reverence and deeply touching. Some of the younger boys, though excluded for want of room, congregated at the steps of the church to listen and join in the service.

Deaths at Ningpo.

The following extract from the Rev. F. F. Gough's annual letter to the Society refers us in two places to the GLEANER of last year:—

As to the Native Church in Ningpo City, this year has been very trying. Amongst other deaths, I will especially mention two. 'O Ling-teh (or Ah-ling, as he has been more familiarly called) died in July. He and the catechist, Bao Yüeh-yi, were the two first baptized in our Mission at Ningpo. Ah-ling outlived Bao nearly three years. Mr. Arthur Moule mentions him in his sketch, page 44 of the GLEANER of last April (1877). He, too, has been for some time catechist in charge of different country stations, so I can give you no details, but I know that he lived a transparent, loving Christian life, and died a Christian death. The other was that of 'Eo Yüeh-yi (or 'Eo-kô-pang, "Uncle 'Eo," as he was familiarly called), who was in point of age the patriarch. He died at his house in Ningpo, on the 11th of February last—after twenty-five years of Christian profession, in point of time coming next to Ah-ling. The old man died in faith. Originally a basket-maker, brought to hear the Gospel by his two sons, who were among the early pupils in the South Gate School, when Mr. (now Bishop) Russell spent much time in instructing the boys. The two brothers became interested in Christian truth, and brought their father to hear it, and the three were eventually baptized together by Mr. Cobbold, July 18th, 1852. There is some notice of Jing-zin, one of the two sons of the old man, and also of Ruth his daughter-in-law, in another of Mr. Arthur Moule's Sketches—that contained in page 68 of the June GLEANER. The old man was not a gifted speaker, but he did much by his decided Christian profession, and by a subordinate work, especially by keeping the door and persuading passers-by to come in while others preached.

BISHOP BO



AST wint
Metlaks
Mission
Pacific
difficult

glance at any map mountain chain runs and that the rivers of while those on its ea the Gulf of Orleans ; peg, and so to Hud so to the Arctic Sea. the Athabasca River the immense territor kenzie itself, with th Diocese of Athabasc British Columbia, an request of the Bishop

Now the Peace Ri Mountains, has its s another mountain cha access to the Pacific miles, and then, turn Rocky Mountains by long. No boat of a rapid, the roar of v 6,000 feet above. B a short cut of only t great mountain regio in winter by dog carr

A most vivid desc given in Major Butler permitted by Messrs. panying pictures. should be noted that t just referred to, but through which a bo safely taken.

Bishop Bompas on He made a push to g way ; and he succeed it, was a hard one.

The Bishop's epis Chipewyan on Lake A Place of many Water Fort stands, the Atha Slave River, which, a mately becomes the M miles falls into the P Chipewyan for the m zero, or 55 below fre December the wind b the square foot. "I who gives these figure bascan winter." Yet C.M.S. stations in Bi Simpson, and Archde and 1,500 miles, at le

These "forts" are dozen buildings, inclu pany's agent and his n in the country, or half Indians bring in and ammunition. "Wild, "are these isolated tra the feelings with whic



PEACE RIVER, BETWEEN FORT VERMILLION AND FORT DUNVEGAN.



PEACE RIVER, NEAR FORT DUNVEGAN.

RACE WITH WINTER.

mpas of Athabasca paid a visit to other stations of the Church British Columbia, on the North this, he had to take a long and ss the Rocky Mountains. A erica will show that this great e continent from north to south; flow down to the Pacific Ocean, me into the Mississippi, and so to Saskatchewan, into Lake Winni- d some into the Mackenzie, and , there are three great streams, iver, and the Liard River; and them, and by the mighty Mac- connected with them, form the rn side of the mountains is in pas's journey was taken at the e.

flows to the east from the Rocky western side, between them and cut off by this latter chain from thwards between them for 800 forces its way right through the chasm or cañon thirty-five miles ever ventured down this awful es up to the top of the rocks is distance, which is avoided by ver a pass, the route over that ace River—in summer by boat,

route and its grand scenery is Land. From that work we are & Co. to take the four accom- ly explain themselves; but it ion" is not the "Great Cañon" tributary of the Peace River, ery great skill and caution, be

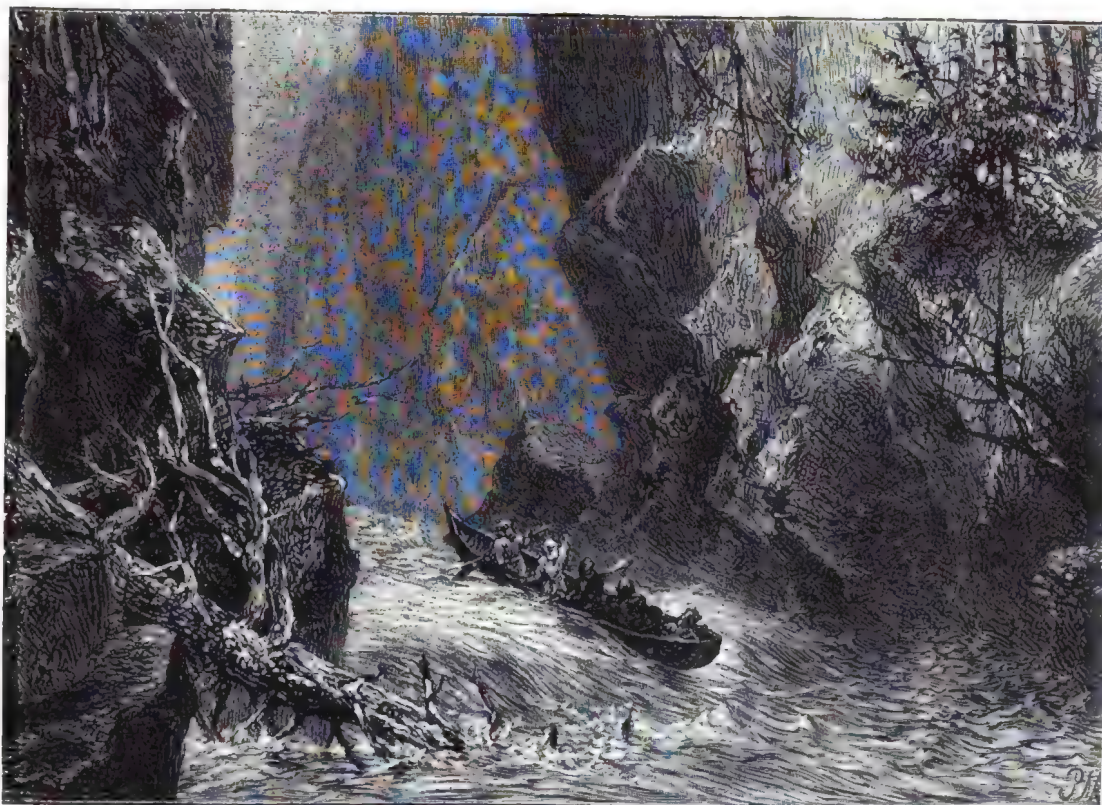
and not use dog carriages at all. boats before the ice blocked the "race with winter," as he calls

—such as it is!—is at Fort Athabasca means "The Meeting- corner of the Lake where the e Rivers combine to form the ough Great Slave Lake, ulti- after a course of some 2,000 e average temperature at Fort y, 1844, was 23 degrees below ad in the preceding month of l pressure of 1,160 pounds to eedless," says Major Butler, e about the rigour of an Atha- n is the southernmost of the diocese. Mr. Reeve at Fort l at Fort McPherson, are 500 y away to the north-east.

lockades, enclosing, perhaps, a es of the Hudson's Bay Com- te men of Scotch descent born e stores for the furs which the ts, ribbons, beads, guns, and remote," writes Major Butler, d yet it is difficult to describe them across some ice-bound



PEACE RIVER AND THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.



THE BLACK CANON, PEACE RIVER.

lake or silent river, as the dog trains wind slowly amidst the snow. Coming in from the wilderness, from the wreck of tempest and the bitter cold, wearied with long marches, footsore or frozen, one looks upon the wooden house as some palace of rest and contentment."

The Bishop left Lake Athabasca to ascend Peace River in September, in a canoe. Passing Fort Vermillion, where the Rev. A. Garrioch is stationed, he reached Fort Dunvegan, after a voyage of 600 miles against the stream. At this place, according to the map, you are very near the Rocky Mountains; yet from a hill 1,000 feet high you can see no trace of them "One feels," says Major Butler, "half inclined to doubt the reality of the mountain barrier one has so long looked for in vain." Bishop Bompas started forward again on Oct. 8th, and after five days' more canoe travel, arrived at Fort St. John, where the towering snow-peaks come into view for the first time. "It is a remote spot," writes Butler, "in a land which is itself remote. To the north and south and east all is endless wilderness—wilderness of pine and prairie, of lake and stream; and from out the plain to the west, forty or fifty miles away, great snowy peaks rise up against the sky." On the 17th the Bishop reached the mouth of the Great Cañon, whence, leaving the canoe, he had to march twelve miles over the rocks to the other end, as already mentioned. Then, taking another canoe, his crew had eleven days' hard work, "poling" against the stream, to Macleod's Lake Fort, almost at the very head of Peace River, which was reached on Oct. 29th. Winter was now rapidly coming on. Hard frost already reigned, and huge blocks of ice were floating down the river. But 1,000 miles had now been accomplished, quite two-thirds of the whole distance.

A land journey of eighty miles had now to be taken across the watershed dividing east and west. Sunday, Nov. 4th, was spent at Fort St. James, where the Hudson's Bay Company's officer had lived for twenty years without ever seeing a minister of the Gospel. Then followed seven days' canoeing across lakes and down rivers (it was down now towards the Pacific), to Fort Babine, and then another march across the last mountain chain. The "race with winter" was now a desperate one. The Indian carriers could scarcely be persuaded to take the journey. But the mountains were successfully crossed, and as the party descended the western slopes, they left their rival, grim Winter, "frowning down upon them from the heights behind." He made, however, "yet one last effort" with a heavy snowstorm as the canoe descended the Skeena; but as they "approached the mild breezes of the Pacific, he ventured to follow them no longer"; and on Nov. 24th the Bishop arrived safely at Metlakahla.

The maps for this latter part of the route are mostly very uncertain, but the one in Major Butler's book gives it fairly enough. The Bishop says, "The character of the scenery continued mountainous and rocky throughout our whole journey, the height of the mountains rather increasing till we approached the coast, the highest peaks being on the portage between Babine Lake and Skeena Forks. At the same point the trees change most remarkably from the dark forbidding pine to the graceful cedar; and the people also change from the Chipewyan race that stretch, like their own pines, from the shores of Hudson's Bay, to the more lively coast tribes that fringe, like their own cedars, the shores of the Pacific."

Of the neglected tribes on the western side the Bishop gives a sad account, and earnestly pleads for missionaries to be sent among them; and the Rev. R. Tomlinson, of the North Pacific Mission, has been designated to this difficult and trying work. We trust that God's time has at length come for the yet unevangelised Indians of the Rocky Mountains, and that we may soon be able to sing with reference to them—

On your far hills, long cold and grey,
Has dawned the everlasting day!

THE JOYFUL SOUND.

Psalm lxxxix. 15.



OW sweet the sounds that come and go
Above the round earth's silent breast—
The thrush's song across the snow,
The winds that rock her leaf-hid nest,
The bee's hum through the flowery land,
The sea's cool music on the summer strand.
Glad was the *Shophar*'s* far-sent voice,
Loud echoed by the granary-door;
It bade the weary land rejoice
For freedom and the fruit-strewn floor;
Fields rested for their rightful lord;
Lost faces met around the ancient board.
But sweeter far than Nature's song,
Or trumpet's call to Jubilee,
From heaven did herald-angels throng;
Eternal music thrilled our sky;
The stars together sang, Amen,
Glory to God on high, goodwill to men.
The Lord was there! Immanuel,
Of seraph-harps the theme and king,
Oped the great year acceptable,
Came by His woes our bliss to bring;
Set free the tides of joyful sound
And bade them swell and flow to earth's last bound.
Sweet sound—of blood, of pardoned sin,
Of new birth by His Spirit's power!
Justly the unjust entered in
At starry gates in death's glad hour,
Or, militant on earth awhile,
Walked in the morning glow of God's own smile.
Thus onward swells the joyful sound;
It sings of life beside the bier;
The Coliseum's roar was drowned
By this in many a martyr's ear;
This triumphed by the cross of shame;
This rung above the blast of mounting flame.
The Pole's vast silence, hark! awakes,
Glad voices sound o'er fields of snow;
And o'er the blue of Africa's lakes,
And where old Nile and Niger flow:
Swift as the veiled earth leaps to sight,
Morn's hymn pursues the flying rear of night.
Flow, flow, thou tide of heaven-born song;
Flood yet the expanse of China's plain;
Thy waves amidst her hills prolong—
Ah! let them know the unknown strain;
Till Heaven has dawned, till Christ is crowned,
And life eternal thrills with joyful sound.

HANGCHOW, January, 1878.

A. E. MOULE.

BISHOP CROWTHER: HIS LIFE AND WORK.

VIII.—UP THE NIGER AGAIN.



ALTHOUGH for twelve years after the return of the ill-fated Niger Expedition of 1841, the great river dropped almost out of sight, the white man was not forgotten by the tribes upon its banks. Year by year old King Obi, who had given the visitors so warm a welcome at Ibo, used to look wisely down the stream for the ship that never came. "The white man," he said to his sons, "has forgotten me, and his promise is too"; and he died without again hearing the message of salvation.

Meanwhile the trade with Bonny, Old Calabar, and other places on the coast, which has since so wonderfully developed, began to be cultivated, and Consul Beecroft, of Fernando Po, visited several places in the delta. When Dr. Vidal landed at Sierra Leone in 1852, as the first Bishop of that colony, a petition was presented to him signed by a hundred of the liberated slaves there who belonged to the Ibo tribes, asking him to send missionaries to their fatherland on the Niger, as had been done for the country of the Yorubas. In response to this appeal, the Church Missionary Society sent a Native clergyman, the Rev. E. Jones, with three of the Ibo Christians, to Fernando Po to see what could be done, but the way proved to be not yet open.

* The trumpet of ram's horn used in proclaiming the Year of Jubilee.

At length, in 1854, the second Niger Expedition, consisting of a single steamer, the *Pleiad*, was fitted out at the expense of that tried friend of Africa, Mr. Macgregor Laird, and under the auspices of Government. Its commander was Dr. Baikie, and a free passage was offered by Mr. Laird to Samuel Crowther, now an ordained and experienced missionary. This expedition was a signal success. The *Pleiad* was up the river 118 days, nearly double the time occupied in 1841, yet not one man died, nor was there any serious sickness. It had occurred to Crowther that the mortality in 1841 might have been due to the noxious vapours generated by the raw and green firewood with which the bunkers had been loaded; and he suggested that it should now be kept in the canoes accompanying the steamer, and only be taken on board as it was wanted. This was done; and he has always attributed the good health enjoyed by the party to this cause. In other ways, he was of essential service to the Expedition; and on its return, Dr. Baikie wrote to him as follows:—

Your long and intimate acquaintance with native tribes, and your general knowledge of their customs, peculiarly fit you for a journey such as we have now returned from, and I cannot but feel that your advice was always readily granted to me, nor had I ever the smallest reason to repent having followed it. It is nothing more than a simple fact, that no slight portion of the success we met with in our intercourse with the tribes is due to you.

The geographical results of this Expedition were important. At a point 230 miles from the mouths of the Niger, the channel divides. To the left appears the Kworra, or Niger proper, coming from the north-west; to the right is seen the Tshadda, or Binue, flowing from almost due east (see map, *GLEANER* of July, 1877). The natives, fancying they can see a difference in the colour of the two streams, call the former "the white water" and the latter "the black water." Before 1854, only the Kworra had been explored. It was the Kworra which Mungo Park had struck in 1797, at a point something like 2,000 miles further up its mighty course. It was the Kworra on which, only some 300 miles above the confluence, he had been afterwards killed. It was the Kworra which the Landers had descended. It was the Kworra which the *Albert* had ascended in 1841. But the *Pleiad*, on reaching the confluence, turned eastward, and explored the Binue for nearly 400 miles; and it might have gone further, but for the failure of fuel. Crowther and Dr. Baikie visited Hamarua, an important town belonging to the Mohammedan Foulahs, a dozen miles from the river at the highest point reached. Beyond that point no traveller has yet penetrated. Dr. Barth, indeed, coming from the interior, had struck the Binue about seventy miles further up, only three years before the *Pleiad* ascended it; but he was compelled to return by the way he came, and this noble stream is one of the last remaining problems of African geography.

Not less encouraging were the openings for missionary effort. Crowther wrote to the Society, "The reception we met with all along, from the kings and chiefs of the countries, was beyond expectation. I believe the time has fully come when Christianity must be introduced on the banks of the Niger. God has provided instruments to begin the work, in the liberated Africans of Sierra Leone, who are natives of the Niger territories." Yes: the wise purpose of God in leading the Society to Sierra Leone was now revealed. The work among the freed slaves settled in the colony, which had been carried on for forty years under great trials of patience, and with heavy sacrifice of life, was now bearing noble fruit. By a marvellous providence, the slave-trade itself had been made the instrument of gathering representatives of a hundred tribes and languages to a common centre, whence, redeemed from heathenism and ignorance as well as from slavery, they could be sent forth again to carry the Gospel to the countries whence they had been kidnapped. "Our God had turned the curse into a blessing." The flourishing Yoruba Mission was already one example of good brought out of evil by these providential circumstances. The Niger Mission was now to be another.

Yet not without further delays. When the *Pleiad* descended the river after its successful trip, the sons of King Obi, who had received the expedition warmly, and were assured that teachers should soon be sent to them, said, "The words were too good for them to hope they would be realised, and they could not believe anything till that which had been promised was actually done." And three years more elapsed before the white man again appeared.

The problem was, how to get up the river. Trading steamers had not yet begun the regular visits which for some years past have made the Niger a highway of commerce. Mr. Laird pressed the Government to send a small steamer up yearly, as a beginning; but the Crimean War then filled all thoughts and taxed all energies, and there was no time to attend to Africa. On July 18th, 1856, however, after the conclusion of peace, the C.M.S. Committee presented a memorial on the subject to Lord Palmerston, the result of which was an agreement between the Government and Mr. Laird to carry out his proposal; and when the next 18th of July came round, the *Dayspring* was steaming up the river, with Samuel Crowther on board, commissioned by the Society to locate Native teachers wherever he found suitable openings.

Difficulties, however, there had been, besides those of transport. In a

previous chapter we mentioned the visit of Bishop Weeks to Mr. Crowther at Lagos in December, 1856. He was accompanied by two Sierra Leone missionaries, Messrs. Beale and Frey; and together they conferred with Crowther on the projected Niger Mission, and promised to send him for it from Sierra Leone some of the Native teachers of Ibo, Nupe, and Hausa race. But it pleased God to remove all three from the service of Africa. Mr. Beale died at Lagos, and the Bishop and Mr. Frey on their return to Sierra Leone. Under this heavy blow the West African Mission could not make up its mind to spare the promised teachers, though they were ready and anxious to go; and when the *Dayspring* was to ascend the river, only one was on board. This was an Ibo, the Rev. J. C. Taylor, pastor of Bathurst, the very village in which Samuel Crowther had passed his boyhood. Simon Jonas, however, the Christian Ibo interpreter who had accompanied both the previous expeditions, was again engaged; and also two Hausa youths, who had been brought to England by the traveller Barth, and had been residing with the Rev. J. F. Schön, assisting him in the Hausa works we have before mentioned, and receiving Christian instruction at his hands.

With this utterly inadequate staff, Crowther proceeded up the river in the *Dayspring* to lay the foundations of the Niger Mission.

OUTLINE MISSIONARY LESSONS.

For the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

III.—THE PROPHET'S PICTURE.

"How beautiful upon the mountains!"—*Isaiah* lii. 7.



REAT coming—child thinks of it—imagines what it will be like—sees picture in mind's eye: grown up people do the same sometimes.

Old prophet—Isaiah—lived in sad times. Many heathen nations round Israel. Israel commanded not to mix with them; but one thing they ought to have done for them—shown them what a happy thing it was to serve God. Instead of this, learned their bad ways. Isaiah a true servant of God—grieved over His people's sin—looked forward and saw in mind's eye a picture of something brighter to come. How know about it? Sometimes people make pictures for themselves that never come true; but God showed this picture to Isaiah.

I. The Picture.

A dark valley—thick mists lying over it—people groping about—making mistakes—hurting themselves and one another—gloomy and wretched (ch. ix. 2, lix. 10). Mountains rising above the valley—a rent in the mist shows the dark summit—there stands a figure bright and beautiful. Only a man—why so bright? Sun shining on him (just as on cloudy day a ray of sunlight falls on one object—or like bright red sail on a dark sea). And he is moving—coming on towards the valley—face full of gladness and kindness—must be bringing some good news.

II. What the Picture meant.

People in darkness. What sort of darkness? *Heart* (Rom. i. 21); *understanding* (Eph. iv. 8); *ignorant of what is most important—of God* (Acts xvii. 23; 1 Thess. iv. 5, last clause), of way to be saved (Rom. iii. 17). Therefore *ways* dark (Prov. ii. 13, iv. 19), *works* dark (Isa. xxix. 15). Millions now in this condition. [*Illustr.*—Snake-gods at Brass, and King Oekiya's idols, *C.M. Juv. Inst.*, 1877, p. 58; Shango, god of fire, *C.M. Juv. Inst.*, Feb., 1878.]

But a messenger should bring them good news. What news? Same as Peter told (Acts x. 36, 43); Paul (Acts xvii. 32, 33, 38). Of God's love; of Christ's death; of a home above.

III. What has come of the Picture.

No longer something far off, to come to pass by-and-by. A reality—going on now—sight to be seen in many lands. Feet of messengers have reached frozen shores of North America, burning plains of India, forests of Africa, &c.

What said of these messengers? "How beautiful!" In whose eyes?

(a) *Beautiful in the eyes of the people to whom the message comes.* Think of poor shut-up women in zenanas of India—wretched slaves in Africa for whom no man cares—Hindus trying to work out salvation by self-torture [see *Gleaner*, June, 1877, p. 63; July, p. 73; Dec., p. 138], hearing that *God cares for them!* [See *Gleaner*, Oct., 1877, p. 113; Nov., 1877, p. 129.]

(b) *Beautiful in God's eyes.* He says, "How beautiful!" None but God knows depth of darkness (Matt. vi. 23, last clause), nor glory of light (2 Cor. iii. 8).

IV. How the Picture becomes a Reality.

Where are feet seen? Must first go up mountain—go through trouble, toil, and danger, like Paul (2 Cor. xi. 26, 27). [*Illustr.*—The Nyanza missionaries.] Yet so glad to go. Will your feet go up? If can't go, try and help send others. Is the message precious to you? Have you ever said "How beautiful!"?

A PEEP AT HONG KONG.

A Letter to the Scholars at the Trinity Church Schools, Leicester.

FROM THE REV. E. DAVYS.



PROMISED that I would some day send you a letter, to tell you a little about Hong Kong, and the Chinese here, as far as I have made acquaintance with them; and this I will now try to do, sending at the same time my affectionate remembrances to you all, and to your parents, and to our superintendents and teachers.

Hong Kong is an island, now belonging to the English, and it is very close to the mainland of China. The sea lying between makes a fine harbour for ships, and always has in it some ships of war, steamboats, and merchant ships of almost all nations, besides a vast number of Chinese junks and boats. It takes about ten minutes to go across the centre of the harbour in one of the steam-launches or ferry-boats, and when you land on the other side you are in China itself. Just at first, however, you are still on English ground, as a small piece on that side also belongs to us. Then there rises a line of very steep hills, and they and all behind them belong to the Canton province of China. The harbour is so large that it cannot escape the fierce winds, which are here called typhoons. The year before last there was one so terrible that hundreds of those Chinese families who live in boats (as barge people do in our canals) perished. Many of the stone wharfs and harbour walls were washed down, and lie, some of them, still in ruins; and if the storm had lasted a few hours longer, they say that scarcely a building, and no trees, would have been left standing in Hong Kong.

We went across the other day in a Chinese boat. A woman, with a baby tied on her back, had one oar, and held the ropes of the rudder with her feet, and her husband had the other oar. The baby was jolted and jerked up and down with the motion of the mother's rowing till it fell asleep. There were two incense sticks burning all the time in the boat to secure the protection of the spirit of the sea. There was another little child playing about the boat. He had his head carefully shaved, and his Chinese tail just long enough to begin a plait behind. The children were both boys. There was no little girl. You hardly ever see them. A great many, I fear, are drowned by these boat people.

We landed in a large bustling village, and walked along between many boats and a row of shops. The people stared at my little boys very much, but were not at all rude. Outside the village are a few English gentlemen's houses. The hills are red and bare. They have in some places a little long grass on them, and ferns and bushes, and also wild pine-apples (not eatable); but most of this will soon be withered up by the powerful sun. Further on we climbed up the side of a long low bank, and saw before us an immense field of rice like the greenest grass, growing in the water, and quantities of wild ducks quacking in it, while a Chinaman was beating a gong to drive them away. Beyond was a pretty row of white cottages among some trees, and behind them were the tall bare hills. Here and there you see a white spot on the hills: it is a Chinese mountain grave.

Coming back, we passed by another small village; outside it there

were some tall upright stones, and red poles for flags and lanterns standing before a shed like a gipsy's tent, which was set up among some rocks and trees. In the shed there was no idol, but many incense sticks were burning to the spirit who takes care of the village. We gave a few books to some people we met, but only here and there one of them could read. Our missionary at Hong Kong hopes soon to send a Native preacher to visit this side, for there are many villages, even before crossing the hills, and there is one walled town (where a mandarin lives) called Cowloon City. It is not a very grand place, more like a Welsh mountain town than a smart English city; as you will guess by my youngest boy's description of it, who invited a friend to come with me next time, and have a "smell"—the said "smell" not being that of sweet flowers, but of fish, pigs, chickens, dogs, ducks, and drains which drain nothing away.

But now to return to Hong Kong itself. It is a long, narrow island made up of steep high hills, with some little level ground here and there near the sea. Many streams fall down among the rocks, in the hollow

between the hills, and there are some fine places to climb among thick thorn bushes, rushes, and ferns, and occasionally very curious flowers are to be found. We have only been on the west side of the island, where the large long town of Victoria lies by the harbour side. It reaches along the shore about four miles, and contains half as many people again as Leicester. There is first the "Praya," or line of buildings by the sea; behind that is the principal street (called Queen's Road) running nearly the whole length of the town, and above that, cut out on the steep hill sides, are two or three other roads. On the upper roads are many handsome English houses, and the public gardens, where you may see almost anything growing in the open air, from a tea plant to a palm tree, and great black and white swallow-tailed butterflies dart about not knowing whether to choose the flowers that are on many of the tall trees or the many coloured ones below. I will try and describe to you the "Praya" first, and then the principal street.

The buildings along the Praya are mostly the great Hong's (or business houses of the merchants), the barrack offices, shipping-yards, and stores, but there are also good many Chinese shops. The busier parts of it are hard to get along, for, though broad, it is filled with people. You can hardly go a step with-



CHINESE SEDAN CHAIR AND BEARERS.

out being asked on one side in English, by the sedan chair carriers, "Chair, sir?" "You want chair?" or on the other side by the boat people, "Want a boat?" "Want Sam pan?" of which there are hundreds. A "Sam pan" is the common rowing boat. "Sam" in Chinese means three, and the word expresses that the families who live in these boats possess only the three elements of water, air, and fire, but no earth to dwell on. However, when they get on the Praya the boat children evidently enjoy the land as much as we do, and race, and tumble, and play about right merrily. At four o'clock you see all in these Sam pans, and also in the larger luggage boats and junks eating their afternoon meal. The old grey grandmother seems at the head of affairs. They help themselves with their chop-sticks out of a general dish, containing a fine mess of rice, bright-coloured vegetables and bits of fish, duck, or pork, and occasionally frogs; and whether the boat is still, or dancing up and down on a windy day, it makes no difference to them. Every now and then you hear a quantity of crackers fired off, or see a smart red or yellow paper junk floated out on the

water. These are their offerings to the sea serpent, and their way of asking for a prosperous expedition. Whilst you are looking at these people you must take care that you are not tumbled into the sea by one of the boys in a hurry to scramble into his boat, and not lose his share of the feast; or if you are anywhere near the middle of the road, mind you are not knocked down by the chairs, or by the coolies (that is, the labouring class of men) carrying as fast as they can, slung on a thick bamboo, between two, the boxes, heavy bales, and burdens of cloth, silk, tea, luggage, fish, baskets, and I am sorry to add, loads of opium.

The Chinese shops are mostly built (for the sake of coolness) under a projecting colonnade; and on the pillars hang for each shop large white boards, with Chinese characters describing the nature of the wares sold. For example, "Ching Foo has all sorts of fine rice; customers, walk in." "Wang Ching has all sorts of large and small toys and sweetmeats; strangers are welcome." "Hong Leo has all kinds of nails, locks, and brass work for ships; wealthy customers are invited," &c. On both sides of the thoroughfare are quantities of street stalls, at which the small traders sit, inviting attention, sometimes by a drum or a sife. On the stalls for eatables are, according to the season, many very tempting-looking things. Pieces of sugar-cane, red and yellow plums, small Chinese peaches, bananas (looking like great Windsor bean-pods, but yellow and black), lichees (a Chinese fruit like a large arbutus berry), oranges (some with their leaves on, others peeled and split), lumps of pink ginger, dried fruits, pieces of sickly-looking jelly, rice cakes, and shining, sugary goodies of all colours and sorts, puffs, and meat pies, and glasses with lemonade all ready poured out.

When a steamer has newly come in, and especially when the two large white steamboats arrive from Canton, filled with Chinese, there is a fine rush and crush of the sedan chairs, coolies, boxes, and people of every sort. This Praya reaches an immense distance along the harbour side. The large vessels can only come up to it at a few places, where wharves have been built. So most of these lie at a distance, and their luggage and coal boats go out to them. The merchant ships and junks are only allowed to lie at one end of the



NEW MISSION CHURCH AT OSAKA.

harbour. The other end is reserved by the Government for the ships of war and the mails. There is always good order. The Chinese labourers are immensely industrious and good-tempered. You hardly ever hear a quarrel, and if there is, it generally ends in a laugh; and there is no drunkenness except among the English sailors and soldiers, but I am glad to say we do not often see even that here—not at least on the busy Praya.

(To be continued.)

At Hong Kong the C.M.S. has 1 missionary, 1 Native clergyman, 10 Native lay teachers, 123 Native Christians, 2 schools, 125 scholars.

THE WORK AT OSAKA.



OSAKA has more than once been introduced to the readers of the GLEANER. In December, 1874, we gave a brief account of the place in connection with the arrival there of our first missionary, the Rev. C. F. Warren. In November, 1875, we presented a picture of the Mission chapel, with a letter from Mr. Warren describing the chapel and the services at its opening. In June, 1877, another picture appeared, representing the first six converts, sitting in a group with Mr. and Mrs. Warren and Mr. Evington; and accompanying it was a most interesting account from Mr. Warren of these six first-fruits of his work.

We have now two more engravings to present, from photographs by Mr. Evington. One is a new and substantial church, opened in August last year. It stands on the site of the old Mission chapel (as will be at once seen by comparing the picture of November, 1875); and to make room for it, the little chapel was transported bodily to the other side of the street—an operation depicted in our second engraving annexed. "The Japanese joiners," says Mr. Evington, "took out the flooring, and, by long poles placed inside and out, they bound the building together that it might not twist out of shape, and then, raising it upon rollers, with levers and a windlass dragged it across the road."

Mr. Warren thus describes the new church:—

"The length of the entire building is about 46 feet, and its



REMOVING THE OSAKA MISSION CHAPEL ACROSS THE STREET.

breadth about 23 feet. The foundation is of granite, laid on well-prepared ground just below the surface—about two feet of the wrought stone being left bare between the ground and the plaster above. About two feet from the ground, the wooden framework which supports the roof, and gives stability to the entire structure commences. Between the perpendicular timbers, strong bamboo is laced and tied with straw rope, like lattice-work, and the whole is plastered with coarse mud, both within and without, forming good solid walls. A strong lime plaster covers all, and the corners of the building are made to resemble blocks of stone, adding to the neatness of its appearance. The principal—or what in an ordinary English church, built east and west, would be the west—door faces pretty nearly north, and opens upon a much-used road, which runs between the two principal bridges which connect the Foreign Settlement with the Native city, and one of its most important suburbs. The porch outside was erected so that we could always have the doors open during our services, and to make shelter for any who, though not sufficiently bold or interested to enter, might be willing to stand to hear the preaching. An inscription on the porch in the Chinese Seal character, and the small cross with which the building is surmounted, alike show that it is a Christian building, where believers in the Crucified One meet for prayer and praise. This porch may be looked upon as a perpetual preacher of the unity of the Godhead. In the centre of it above is neatly inscribed in plaster, in Native *Kana*, 'There is one God, and there is none other but He.'"

The opening of this church on August 23rd, just three years and three months after the opening of the chapel, suggested to Mr. Warren a comparison between the Mission *then* and the Mission *now*. *Then*, there was not a single convert—scarcely an inquirer; and those who attended the opening service (or rather preaching) were there merely from curiosity. *Now*, there was a congregation of eighty persons, "a fair number of whom were either Christians, catechumens, or hearers of the word"; and the singing and responding "would put to shame scores and hundreds of well-attended churches in our own favoured land." *Then*, there could be no Communion. *Now*, six consistent Japanese Christians united with the missionaries in commemorating the Lord's death. *Then*, Mr. Warren could only preach an elementary explanation of Christian worship. *Now*, addressing the converts, he could take for his text, "Ye are the light of the world."

Certainly there has not been very rapid progress. The Japanese are being "redeemed one by one." Perhaps their Church will be all the stronger for that. But at least our brethren have not had to wait eleven years for a convert, as in New Zealand and in Fuh-kien. A later letter mentions the baptism of four men and three women on March 10th last.

A WEST AFRICAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

MANY of our readers will note with much interest the following account of the Sunday-school at Trinity Church, Kissy Road, Sierra Leone, sent by the Rev. Nicholas J. Cole, Native Curate, in his Annual Letter:—

Sunday-school.—This department of work, under its Native superintendent, Mr. Surry T. Cole, is very encouraging. The scholars number 306—101 adults and 205 children. The average number of attendants is 263. There are nineteen teachers connected with the school, of whom the students at Fourah Bay College and the advanced pupils of the Annie Walsh Memorial School form the greater number. Mr. Cole, the superintendent writes thus:—"It affords me very great pleasure to be able conscientiously to report that the state of the Sunday-school during the year has been very encouraging in respect to number and attendance. The scholars have given great satisfaction to the teachers and all interested, in the attention always paid to the instructions imparted to them, and in their gentle way of asking for explanation of what they do not understand. It is pleasing to see with what haste they run to school whenever they suppose they are late, and the excuses given for being late (and this without being asked). This sight is most affecting when seen done by the aged men and women."

The rainy season, which has always been pleaded as an excuse for the smallness of numbers in many religious assemblies, has not that effect in our Sunday-school, but has been the most convincing evidence of the earnestness of the scholars, who, notwithstanding the heavy and incessant falls of the rains in the months of August and September, were always seen present in their respective classes.

There have been four addresses delivered to the school during the year—First, "On the vanity of dress;" second, "To the teachers, on the importance of their work;" third, "On pride;" fourth, "On early death."

There was a treat given to the scholars, also an exhibition of the magic lantern. Prizes of books were awarded to fifty scholars for diligence and regularity; there were many more deserving ones, but want of means prevented prizes being given to them.

STATISTICS OF THE C.M.S. MISSIONS, 1878.

Condensed from the Annual Report.

	European Clergy.		European Lay Agents.		Native Lay Agents.		Native Christians.		Communicants.		Baptisms in 1877.		
	European Clergy.	Native Clergy.	European Lay Agents.	Native Lay Agents.	Native Lay Agents.	Native Christians.	Communicants.	Adults.	Children.	Schools.	Adults.	Children.	Schools.
Sierra Leone ...	6	4	16	2,143	842	5	81	4					
Yoruba	5	13	1	5,845	2,024	202	207	23	1				
Niger	10	1	14	901	201	49	48	7					
East Africa ...	2	3	10	450	44	15	30	3					
Nyanza	1	9											
Palestine	7	3	1	80	1,110	227		44	21				
Persia	1		8	125	35								
Western India..	13	5	4	74	1,188	469	38	71	80	1			
North India ...	58	18	16	566	12,970	2,995	158	675	333	15			
South India ...	36	71	7	1,077	66,533	13,924	1,153	2,320	725	23			
Ceylon	14	10	3	580	6,037	1,446	132	166	255	9			
Mauritius	6	2		22	1,201	245	103	50	10				
China	18	8	3	155	3,216	1,218	350	96	37				
Japan	7		15	88	30	18	8	3					
New Zealand ...	15	24	1	214	10,315	1,956	17	417	15				
N. W. America.	13	12	1	46	10,472	1,424	53	340	21				
North Pacific...	3		2	11	1,150		67	64	4				
	205	179	56	2,705	123,724	27,080	2,355	4,618	1,499	57			

The "European Clergy" include those at home on sick leave, &c. figures for Sierra Leone are exclusive of the independent Native Church, which there are 13 clergy, 12,400 Christians, and 3,400 scholars.

EPITOME OF MISSIONARY NEWS.

On July 2nd, a Valedictory Dismissal took place at the C. M. Coll. at Islington. The instructions of the Committee were delivered to nineteen missionaries, four returning to their former fields of labour, the Rev. H. K. Binns, to East Africa; the Rev. T. P. Hughes, Peshawar; Mr. R. J. Bell, to Calcutta; and the Rev. T. Kember, Tinnevely; two transferred to new fields, viz, the Rev. A. Schap from Sierra Leone to Lagos, and the Rev. J. S. Hill, from the Yor Mission to New Zealand; and thirteen going out for the first time, Mr. J. A. Alley, to Port Lokkoh; the Revs. C. H. V. Gollmer and T. Haslam, to Lagos; the Revs. H. P. Parker and H. D. Day, to Calcutta; the Rev. R. Elliott, to the Santal Mission; Dr. Andrew Jukes, to Punjab; the Rev. H. W. Eales, to the Telugu Mission; the Rev. I. Pickford, to Ceylon; the Rev. J. Grundy, to Hong Kong; the Rev. Andrews, to Nagasaki, Japan; Mr. W. Goodyear, to New Zealand; the Rev. S. Trivett, to the Saskatchewan.

The death of Mr. Russell Gurney, the Recorder of London, has deprived the C. M. S. of an old and valued friend. He took a peculiar interest all labours for the welfare of Africa and the suppression of the slave trade, and was chairman of the Parliamentary Committee on the African slave trade in 1871.

The Bishop of Colombo had an interview with a few members of C. M. S. Committee on June 26th, with reference to the differences between them respecting the Society's Missions in Ceylon.

The oldest of our missionaries, Mr. W. G. Puckey, died in New Zealand at the beginning of April. He was born in Australia, and joined New Zealand Mission in 1823, fifty-five years ago. Letters from appeared in the GLEANER of May, 1874, and March, 1876. The name now on the list is that of Bishop Gobat, of Jerusalem, and among those still in the Society's service, Archdeacon Brown, of Tauranga.

In February last, the Bishop of Calcutta, while at Benares, ordained Aman Masih Levi, late of the Lahore Divinity College, to the pastorate of the C. M. S. Native congregation at Sagra.

The Nile party for the Nyanza Mission arrived at Suakim on June and hoped to leave for Berber on the Nile, on camels, in a day or two. The *Henry Fenn*, with Mr. Ashcroft on board, arrived at Lagos May 25th. She was about to convey Bishop Crowther on to the Niger.

The Mission at Leke, on the Guinea coast, begun three years ago by Mr. Hinderer, continues to progress. Twenty-two adults and five children were baptized there by the Rev. J. A. Maser on April 23rd.

Mr. Duncan announces the death of his eldest convert, Samuel Mars, who was the first Teimshean baptized at Fort Simpson in 1861. "He a faithful follower of Jesus, and the clear testimony he bore on his bed to the blessedness of the Christian's hope and the presence of the Saviour was very cheering. His end indeed was peace; and such a full the Indians never saw."

THE CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.

SEPTEMBER, 1878.

VINEYARD WORK.

BY THE REV. G. EVERARD, *Vicar of St. Mark's, Wolverhampton.*

IX.—THE MINISTRY OF PERSONAL EFFORT.

"Philip findeth Nathanael."—*St. John i. 45.*



N John i. we have plain evidence of the power God gives to a word spoken to lead another to the Saviour. The Baptist cries, "Behold the Lamb of God," and the two disciples henceforth follow Christ. Andrew, one of these, finds his own brother Simon; speaks to him, and brings him to Jesus. The next day, Jesus having found Philip, Philip findeth Nathanael, and, after removing his difficulty, brings him to Christ.

It is the privilege of every believer to act in the same way. I must aim at winning souls for Christ. How may I best do this? What means may I employ that the Spirit will be most likely to bless, in leading a brother, a sister, a servant, a friend, a neighbour, to find salvation in Christ?

I must be consistent in my daily walk. If I have grace to live a holy, loving, watchful life, this will give double weight to the least word I speak. "It was not master's sermons, but master's life, that made me think," was the remark of a servant in a clergyman's household.

I must be well skilled in the use of God's Word. An arrow from this quiver will often pierce a hard heart. A leaf from this tree of life will often heal a wounded spirit. A ray of light from this lamp will often remove some dangerous error.

I may do much good by a timely, courteous question. Avoiding all roughness, harshness, and lofty self-assumption, I may yet give a quiet home-thrust in the shape of an inquiry that may awaken a sleeping conscience. "Have you the presence of Christ in this trial?" "Can you rest on the promises?" A kindly question of this kind may make conscience speak out and thus open the door for further counsel.

I must watch my opportunity. There is a time to speak and a time to be silent. We need to be wise and prudent as well as faithful. Though Christians may often be far too cautious, yet it is "the word in due season" that is usually most profitable. A time of sickness, of bereavement, of adversity in some form, a moment when something has stirred the heart, a season of revival, a quiet Sunday when alone with an unconverted one, an opportunity when something at hand suggests a profitable lesson—any such season ought not to be lost.

After all, it is the Spirit of God that must give wisdom, and then add the blessing. "Who is sufficient for these things?" "Our sufficiency is of God."

PRIZE DAY AT THE CHILDREN'S HOME.



AND a very pleasant day it is—this Prize Day at the Children's Home. "What Home?" asks some reader; "and whose children?" To answer the second question first—The children of the missionaries of the Church Missionary Society. To answer the first question next—The Home which the Society provides for their reception and education. But why are they not at home? Ah, "home" is one of the things their fathers and mothers have given up. When they heard Christ's call to them to go to the heathen, they

Turned from home, and toil, and kindred,
Leaving all for His dear sake.

No doubt they have made the Indian bungalow, or the African

compound, or the American log-hut, as home-like as they can; and quite right too. But when in the far-off land God sends them children, they know that one of the heaviest trials of a missionary's life must soon come. In three or four years the pale, pining faces of the little ones will remind them that an English child cannot thrive out of its proper climate; and even if it could, where is the good school for it in the Yoruba forest, or the Travancore jungle, or the Chinese paddy-field, or the wild waste of Athabasca? So the parting must come; parent and child must be separated, "it may be for years, and it may be for ever"—in this world; the little one is sent across the sea, and the Society takes it into the Children's Home.

For the first fifty years the Society had no such Home. It was one of the fruits of the Jubilee Commemoration of 1848-9. In the following year it was begun on a small scale in a house in Milner Square, Islington. In 1853 the new Home, built to accommodate eighty-four children, with Director's house, &c., was opened; and for many years past it has always been full. Among the numerous institutions of all kinds which abound in London, the Church Missionaries' Children's Home is one of the very pleasantest to visit; and the pleasantest day in the year is Prize Day.

This year it was Wednesday, July 3rd. At two o'clock the large hall is filled with friends, parents (those who chance to be at home), and the children themselves. Good Mr. Auriol, whose sunshiny presence has not been missing once during the whole twenty-seven years, occupies the chair. Prayer ascends to the Father of all; the 103rd Psalm is read; and the Director, the Rev. John Rooker, reads his Annual Report. Whatever other reports may be, this one is anything but "dry," as our readers shall see for themselves presently. Then come the reports of the Examiners, whose names will be seen in Mr. Rooker's; and we all mark with interest and pleasure that these gentlemen, who have acted quite independently and without even meeting each other, point out exactly the same features in the children—the brightness of their manner, the evenness of their answers, and the accuracy of their language. Then some singing by the children; and then the great business of the day, the distribution of the yearly prizes.

To us who know so many of the fathers and mothers, it is a most touching sight to trace the likeness in graceful girl and bright boy as they answer to their names. "— Vaughan"; this name is called over and over again, and each time our thoughts wander back to a beloved mother gone to her rest, and away to a father "spending and being spent" under the sultry sky of Bengal, with a burden of trial and perplexity there such as is laid on few even of the most laborious of missionaries. "— Bruce"; another name entered in several prize-books, for there are three Bruces, and our thoughts fly to the ancient kingdom of Persia, and to the one only missionary representing (with his devoted wife) Christian England there. "— Cowley"; a name suggestive of an Archdeacon in snow-shoes, "the father of all the Cowleys"—for since the Home was opened it has always had a Cowley within its walls. And so on with the familiar names of Wolfe, and Moule, and Hughes, and Thomas, and Grace; and some that remind us of those who have laid down their lives in the field—Dibb, Mahood, Davis.

The books in their calf and gilt having been borne off in triumph, we have more singing and some speeches. Mr. Boyd Carpenter tells the children a quaint story about an ambitious and philosophical duck, and gracefully draws the moral thereof; Mr. Gollmer, the veteran from Yoruba, speaks with a full heart as the father of one who was brought up in the Home, and who,

only the day before, had in his turn donned the armour of a missionary; Mr. Hughes, of Peshawar, happily reminds the children that if their fathers are preaching "the truth" abroad, they should speak "the truth" at home; Mr. Lang, for the Committee, and Mr. Wright, encourage with kindly words those who did *not* take prizes; and so the time goes pleasantly by.

But rather than add more—though much more might be added—let us now "read the Report" (a little condensed for our narrow space); and those who don't skip it will agree that it is worth reading:—

The brief report of another year's proceedings at the C.M.C. Home has no event of special magnitude or significance to chronicle. Not a death has occurred; but very few cases of temporary sickness have intervened. There has been no change in the regular staff of directors or teachers, and thus we have been permitted, without any serious interruption, to pursue a comparatively even tenor of way.

Perhaps the briefest outline of daily routine may interest as well as give information to some who are here to-day.

Fancy, then, the tones of a large handbell beginning every morning at 6.15, and sounded vigorously from top to lower landing, along each corridor, and in front of every bedroom. That bell! a terror to sleepy heads, a friend to all who wish to be in school at 7. Breakfast each morning, winter and summer, at 7.30; family prayers at 8. On Sundays, Bible-classes at 9, and afterwards the children are dispersed at different churches.

Mondays: bell at 6.15, school at 7 and at 9, with short interval before dinner at 1. Afternoon: school from about 3 to 5, tea 5.30, prayers 6, preparation of lessons 7 to 8, all in bed by 9. On first Monday in each month, called visiting Monday, there is a whole holiday, when the children visit their friends from 9 in the morning till 7 in the evening.

Tuesday, same routine as Monday, except that a singing class is given by Mr. Cooper to some 40 of the children. Wednesday, half-holiday. Thursday, the drill-sergeant attends from 11 to 1 in the morning, and in the afternoon a French master waits upon the elder boys. Friday morning, both boys and girls have lessons in drawing; whilst Saturday is a half-holiday, with regular pocket-money allowance to boys, and occasionally to the girls.

This routine has recurred without interruption as a whole. The bell has never failed to ring, nor the schools to commence as usual. Scarce a class lesson has been omitted. Our daily meals are as regular as clock-work, and what I consider as worthy of special mention and thankfulness is that not a night's rest has been disturbed, either by alarm or by sickness, but we lie down and rise up in God's mercy, like a small or an ordinary family, though there are sheltered beneath our roof 112 persons.

As to the number of children. The Home was built for the accommodation of 84, for boys, girls, and infants, from 4 to 15 or 16 years of age; and this total has been sustained during the year.

India, North and South, has contributed, as usual, by far the larger portion—viz., 51; China 6, Ceylon 9, West and East Africa 5, North-west America 7, New Zealand 2, Persia 3, Mauritius 1—total 84.

Arrivals.—First and foremost, on the 3rd September last, after Mid-

summer holidays and beginning of school year, we welcomed Beatrice Still Cowley, the last of eleven who have entered the home in unbroken succession from Robert George Sainsbury Cowley, who was admitted on the 16th of January, 1852. The Home has never been without a Cowley since that date. Well might the Archdeacon playfully ask us to pay the succession duty once more, when asking for the admission of Beatrice. Six sons and five daughters! The last is a regular Cowley in appearance and good temper; she bears an honoured name, and we all wish her God-speed. On the same day, September 3, were admitted another Sell, and two Kembers—a new name. These were followed in January by another Hale, two more Hughes (from Peshawar), Minnie Smith (an orphan), and two little Streeters, the first instalment from the East African Mission. In March we received another Vaughan, and in April two little Hoernles, also little Henry Davis from the Santal Mission, age 4 years, and lastly, in May, two more Gmelins from Krishnaghur, making in all 16 arrivals during the year. [Here follow the departures.]

It has been very cheering to us to receive such good reports of many who leave the Home. Thus, from the girls' side, two elder ones who left us last year, and who entered a first-class or higher school, were found to be so far in advance in a certain subject (arithmetic) as to be placed in a class by themselves. They also stood first, respectively, in two other subjects—one being first in English, the other in French and German.

We continue to receive good reports of S— D— from Mar-

borough, and the two M—s from Monkton Comb. One of our boys, B— C—, took a Foundation Scholarship at St. Paul's, directed from the Home in January last. Two others, who left us for public schools, have each taken a Scholarship at Cambridge. While R— D—, one under this roof, was placed fourth in the Cooper Hill Examination—a position of real merit. I mention here that, with very few exceptions, the children have turned out well. We know of 4 who have given themselves to Foreign Missions. This is very gratifying and cheering. For



THE CHURCH MISSIONARIES' CHILDREN'S HOME, HIGHBURY.

never inculcate the idea that they *must* be missionaries, but we do teach them to feel it a great honour to tread in parents' steps, if they feel the call and the love of Christ constraining them. One was ordained at Trinity Sunday last, and received his dismissal only yesterday for West Africa—Rev. Charles Gollmer.

The Examinations are all over, and we are all so glad. We have had the same Examiners—Rev. E. Matheson, Rev. C. J. Hutt, Rev. Edward Auriol, Rev. G. Calthrop, Monsieur Ragon, Rev. L. B. White.

"The same Examiners as last year," exclaimed some of our young friends. "Mr. Auriol for Scripture, and Mr. Calthrop for English." "Are you very glad?" "O yes, we like Mr. Auriol and his questions." "What of the other gentleman?" "Oh, we like him too, but he sets such odd, out-of-the-way questions—but then we know the kind of questions." "What do you mean?" "He always asks about the social condition, area, and population, and he always gives us a map to do. It will be West Africa or very likely Turkey, this year. I shall be ready for him."

Gentlemen of the Committee, if it has come to this state of things, I think we shall have to "change the bowling" another year, and provide Examiners who can give a new kind of twist to the questions. And the illustration brings me to the last examination of all, where I feel sure there is no need of change, for if any one knows the best way to the stumps, it is Mr. Catlin, the dentist. Four examinations each year have perfected his knowledge of the Home children. Well, I am glad to say his final examination on Monday last proved very short, and more satisfactory than



TRADERS FROM CENTRAL ASIA, DESCENDING INTO THE DERAJAT.

usual. There was more of *vivâ voce* in the way of kindly advice as to scrubbing and cleaning, and fewer of those sharp, though short, *extracts*. We all like Mr. Catlin—only a few are afraid of his visits; even a little girl said, “I don’t mind having a tooth out if he won’t give it a twist.”

The report then proceeds to thank several friends, particularly the medical attendant, Dr. Allan, and a good lady, Miss Pratt, who has a working party for the benefit of the Home. But, naturally, it does not thank those who most deserve thanks, Mr. and Mrs. Rooker themselves. No one can be at the Home on Prize Day, or, indeed, on any other day, without not only thanking *them*, but thanking God *for* them. Truly they have been made instrumental in the fulfilment, both spiritual and temporal, of the inspired words that meet the eye as we enter the building—“The children of Thy servants shall continue, and their seed shall be established before Thee.”

SKETCHES OF THE PUNJAB MISSION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF “MORAVIAN LIFE IN THE BLACK FOREST,” &c.

VIII.—The Mission to the Derajât.



SOMEWHERE about the year 1820, an Afghan youth named Mohammed Ali Khan, a chieftain’s son, of the Derajât, went down to the North-West Provinces of India to sell horses at the Hurdwar fair.

Here he was accosted by a missionary, who offered him a Bible in the Pushtu tongue, largely spoken in his own country, enjoining him strictly to take great care of it, for it

was a precious book, and must be preserved from fire and flood, and some day he would surely find the value of it, when the English should reach his country.

“I,” wrote Sir Herbert Edwardes long afterwards, “was the first Englishman whom Mohammed Ali Khan saw from that time. It was in 1847 or 1848, and the old man brought out the Bible to show me, carefully wrapped up in many folds of silk. ‘See,’ said he, ‘I have preserved it from fire and water.’ I asked if he had read it. He said, ‘The village priest, who was a scholar, had looked into it, and said it was a good book, for it was all about father Moses and father Noah.’” Strange to say, when the Peshawar Mission to the Afghans was founded in 1854, and we wanted to reprint the Serampore version of the Bible in Pushtu, the only copy that could be found in India was this one that had been treasured up in the Derajât for twenty or thirty years.

The Derajât is a long reach of frontier which lies between the right bank of the Indus and the eastern slope of the great Suliman range, which separates British India from Afghanistan. It extends from the Salt range, which is the southern limit of the Peshawar division, to the north-eastern frontier of the province of Sindh, and is over 300 miles long, by 50 or 60 broad. [See Map in February GLEANER.]

Some thirty years ago, every village in the valley of Bunnoo, the upper part of the Derajât, was fortified with a high mud wall, from the top of which it carried on war with its neighbours. The Sikhs never subjugated this tract of country, and when we first took possession bloodshed and crimes were so rife that it

was said of it, "If there be a hell on earth, it is this, it is this!" Its pacification was mainly due to General Nicholson, who was Deputy-Commissioner of it for four years. He turned it into one of the most orderly districts of the Punjab.

The name Derajāt means "the camps," and it arose from the conquest of the country by three chiefs, Ishmael Khan, Futteh Khan, and Ghazee Khan, who parcelled it out between them. They were evidently nomads, for their resting-places were called, as in scriptural language, the tents of Ishmael, Futteh, and Ghazee. Gradually the wanderers took root, houses replaced the tents, and towns grew up, the three principal of them being named after the invaders. Dera Futteh Khan has sunk into comparative insignificance; Dera Ghazee Khan, which is only thirty or forty miles from Multan, is a city of palms, a place of great natural beauty; Dera Ismail Khan, a hundred miles further north, is an important commercial centre, although it cannot boast of beauty of situation, for it lies in the midst of an arid plain, a bare and desolate waste.

Both these latter towns face frontier passes, through which the inhabitants of the mountains issue forth by thousands at certain seasons of the year, bringing their wares and goods for sale in other parts of Hindustan. These are the Lohani and Povindah merchants of Afghanistan. There are several tribes of them. Between them and the proud, fierce Wuzarees of the border, ancient blood-feuds reign, and from the moment the caravans enter the Wuzaree defiles, each march has to be made in battle array, and desperate have been the struggles through which they have pushed their way, losing here a camel, there a bale of goods, a sturdy comrade, a foot-sore wife, or a stray child. Yet from generation to generation they go on undaunted, and as certain as the wintry frosts set in, do the Lohani merchants, with their wiry little camels, make their appearance on the plains of the Derajāt. Here they are in British territory, the land of law and order, and most striking must the transition seem to them. Precautions cease; arms are laid aside, except when pasturing the camels under the skirts of the Afghan hills; the loads are opened out, and exposed for sale in the bazaars of the Derajāt; and the whole company of the caravan enjoy a peaceful rest within the British border.

But the mass of their goods have hundreds of miles yet to go. The merchandise is rich and various: silk from the Oxus, lamb-skins from Bokhara, furs from Russia, gold from the Ural Mountains, fragrant spices, dyes, cloths, and metals. After a few days' rest, the onward march towards Hindustan, by Multan and Bhawalpore, begins. One or two Lohanis, deputed by their comrades, take charge of a long string of camels, laden heavily with their costly freight, and conduct them the whole length of British India, with a staff in their hands instead of weapons, and a dog at their heels in place of armed retainers. The main body, men, women, and children, remain throughout the winter encamped on the plains of the Derajāt, pasturing their breeding-camels, and awaiting the return of their friends with Manchester goods and indigo for Central Asia. Thus for several months of each year these mountaineers are brought within reach of Christian influence and Gospel teaching, leaving again to carry the experience and knowledge gained to the distant strongholds of Islamism—Cabul, Candahar, Bokhara, and Khiva.

The settled tribes of the Derajāt are hardly less interesting than their Lohani visitors, and "common gratitude demands that we should do all we can for them, for in two great struggles they have come to our assistance, and fought nobly on our side—viz., in the Sikh War of 1848-9, and in the Sepoy Mutiny of 1857." On the former occasion Mohammed Ali Khan, the faithful depositary of the Pushtu Bible already mentioned, brought 400 followers to join our standard. Sir Henry Lawrence and his assistants had shown great kindness to the Derajāt people,

and they did not forget it, but manfully repaid it in our hour of need.

These and other incidents of the past gave to the Derajāt border and its wild clans an unusual interest in the mind of many high in power in India. In 1861 Colonel Reynell Taylor, who had lived for many years among them as Commissioner, "on more than friendly terms," offered £1,000 to establish a Mission in the district. His idea of being the people's friend was to help them to hear of the true God, and he felt that he "should not look back happily on his long association with them, if this one effort were left unmade." Sir Robert Montgomery, the then Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab, was like his predecessor, Sir John Lawrence, regarded Christian missionaries as friends both of the people and the civil government, warmly seconded the proposal.

The Derajāt Mission was commenced in Dera Ismail Khan in April, 1862. Its founders were the Rev. T. V. French, Bishop of Lahore, and the Rev. Robert Bruce, one of the evangelists at Amritsar, and since a zealous pioneer in Persia. French's health soon broke down under the influences of the trying climate, and in a few short months he had to leave, not until he had preached in the streets and bazaars of the town of Dera Ismail Khan, by the road and riverside, and throughout the country districts. Mr. Bruce and others continued opening up of the Derajāt Mission, but Mr. Bruce was often more than not alone, so great were the ravages made by sickness among the little staff of missionaries. From 1868 the Rev. D. Brodie was almost in sole charge for several years.

A very interesting and important addition has been made to the work, in the establishment of a medical mission in the frontier town of Tank. It had its origin in the spontaneous liberality of a single individual, who offered to build a hospital with house for the doctor, and necessary offices, and give a monthly sum of fifty rupees to meet the current expenses, with a further sum of fifty rupees yearly to keep the buildings in repair, if the Derajāt Mission would supply and pay the salary of a Native doctor. For the charge of the dispensary the services were available of Mr. John Williams, the son of a Native Christian. He had been a doctor in Government employ, but had given this up in order to devote himself to mission work. He accepted the post at Tank, and during the first month about 300 patients received medicine and advice. The success of the treatment was most satisfactory, and he reported a daily increase in the number of those applying for relief. Two years later Mr. Brodie wrote:—

From early morning till midday, or later if necessary, the Native doctor is unceasingly employed prescribing for and, with the aid of his helpers, dispensing medicines to all comers. After his first or middle meal he has a constant succession of visitors till late at night. So established has this custom become, that it is commonly said there are no cutcherries or courts in Tank, one that of the Nawab, and the other of the doctor's. In the summer, under the shade of an enormous pipal tree, and in the cold weather round a fire in the compound, as many as ten to thirty persons congregate at a time, to whom he has constant opportunities of preaching the Gospel, and that in such a way, free from the excitement and ill-feeling so often consequent on bazaar preaching, as to obtain for it a patient hearing. Of course amongst these the Indian patients always form a part, and they are composed chiefly of Povindahs and hill-men, who come from great distances.

It was at Tank that Sir Henry Durand, Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab, met his death, owing to the elephant on which he was riding passing under one of the gateways of the town, which was not high enough to admit the howdah. His tragic end invests with painful interest this place, which is our most advanced military outpost on this part of the frontier, and also an outpost of Christ's Church militant, here preparing to push forward into the heart of Central Asia.

In 1874 Mr. Brodie was compelled to return home, leaving a young colleague, the Rev. W. Thwaites, at Dera, and a sister

younger missionary, the Rev. T. J. Leo Mayer, at Bunnoo. The latter, referring to the discouragement felt at home on account of the difficulties connected with the Mission, wrote: "You seem to be well-nigh in despair at the little fruit in North India, but we ourselves feel much encouraged, considering how vast a gulf lies between us and the religion of the false prophet." He added, "Bruce's work lives here; his seed is springing up; it is not an ear, nor a full corn, hardly even a blade, but it is up. May God water it abundantly!" And Mr. Brodie related in England that during a tour of five or six hundred miles in the Derajat he had found scarcely a village in which there was complete ignorance of Christianity. There were Bibles and tracts in almost every one. Here surely is something for our hopes to rest on; for the promise is, "My Word shall not return unto Me void."

GLEANINGS FROM RECENT LETTERS.

"Found after many days."



ONE of the most striking examples we have met with of the fulfilment of the Divine promise respecting "bread cast upon the waters" is the following. Many of our readers are aware that the interesting and well-known Mission at Metlakahla, on the North Pacific Coast, originated with an appeal to the Society for a missionary to the Tsimshian Indians, from Captain Prevost, R.N.; and it was he who, in 1856, gave Mr. Duncan a free passage out in H.M.S. *Satellite*. After twenty years' progress, the Mission branched forth, two years ago, to the Hydahs of Queen Charlotte's Islands, and our missionary, the Rev. W. H. Collison, mentions in a recent letter an interesting fruit of Captain Prevost's prayerful zeal:—

One young man, a chief, brought me a book last year, that I might tell him what it was. He informed me that it had been given him many years past by the captain of a man-of-war at Victoria. On opening it, I found it was a copy of the New Testament, bearing on the fly-leaf this inscription—"From Captain Prevost, H.M.S. *Satellite*, trusting that the bread thus cast upon the waters may be found after many days." This young man has attended the services and evening school very regularly, and has been endeavouring lately to influence others, and lead them to a knowledge of the truth. At our meeting, held on the evening of the Day of Prayer for Missions, he prayed very earnestly for the spread of the truth amongst his brethren, and, though he has met with reproach, yet he remains firm. I trust the good seed has taken root in many hearts amongst them.

A Tamil Clergyman's Report.

The Rev. Jesudason John is Native Pastor of the large Christian congregation of Trinity Church, Palamcottah. He is the son of the late well-known Rev. John Devasagayam, and brother of Mrs. Sattianadhan; and is one of the few Tinnevely clergy who can write in English. A few passages from his annual letter to the Society will interest our readers:—

I beg to acknowledge, with fervent gratitude, the merciful forbearance and long-suffering of our Almighty God, in having kept me and my fellow-labourers in the same cause in perfect peace and security, while thousands of all classes are suffering privation and death by famine and sickness. "It is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed, because His compassion faileth not."

Since I wrote to you my last annual letter, I have experienced much mercy from the hands of my dear Heavenly Father, though I have been much cast down by deep domestic trials, which befel me by the deaths of my dear partner and my eldest daughter. Both died in December last, yet, through mercy, I have not been left alone without consolation. Wave upon wave of affliction has rolled upon me, but my loving Jesus was with me. On His word I trust, "My grace is sufficient for thee."

There are 1,053 souls in seven villages in the Palamcottah pastorate, of whom 964 are baptized, and 91 are catechumens. The number of communicants is 297.

We are permitted to see great cause for gratitude and encouragement, not only as regards their regular attendance on Sunday Divine Services, but also in stability and works of piety. It is gladdening to one's heart to see how solemn and attentive the people are during Sunday services. The services of our Church are conducted with great solemnity, and the loud heart-felt responses of the people show, I would hope, the depth of their zeal and earnestness in our blessed religion. Two services have been regularly conducted both in the morning and in the afternoon; and our

beloved Bishop always preaches in the morning, while I take the afternoon service entirely. The average attendance on Sunday morning 830, and afternoon 415. Week-day services are also attended by the boarding-school boys and girls. This is conducted at the large church at Palamcottah. In accordance with the usual practice in every village church, daily morning and evening prayers are conducted also at Adeikalapuram church, to which as many as possible are invited to attend. The catechist J— conducts the prayers. I hold prayer-meetings here on every Wednesday night, from seven to eight p.m.

At the conclusion, permit me, my dear sir, to entreat your affectionate prayers, that the God of all grace grant that, in activity, prayerfulness, and love for souls, I may follow the good example of my late father, the Rev. J. Devasagayam, even as he followed Christ.

The Prodigal's Father—in China.

Our readers will not have forgotten the wonderfully clever pictorial designs on the Parable of the Prodigal Son, by Matthew Tai, the Chinese Christian artist at Hwang-chow, which appeared in the GLEANER of November last.

We have now something far more interesting even than those sketches to present, illustrating the power of that Divine story on the Chinese mind—as on every other race. It is a passage in a letter from Miss Laurence of Ningpo, dated May 17th, describing an evangelistic tour she had made with Bishop Russell and other friends. They stayed one night in a village among the mountains called Dong-so:—

In the evening an old man of about seventy, deaf as a post but still vigorous in mind and body, came up-stairs for a talk. Bishop Russell found the Parable of the Prodigal Son, and asked him to read and translate it into the colloquial. This he began to do with great alacrity and vividness, but we were all taken aback at the intense excitement he manifested after reading two or three verses. He evidently thought the Bishop could read his history—he too had a son who had demanded his portion of goods and had squandered it in—opium! He turned to the bystanders, and sent one after the other to call his sons; he wanted them all to come and listen, the doctrine was true! It was long before we could get him to read on, and while inveighing bitterly against his son a new idea struck him—we were English, the English brought the opium; and turning to the Bishop he exclaimed, with uncontrollable emotion, "Oh, why did you bring the opium and ruin my son?" The Bishop, touched almost to tears, entreated him to read on and see how the father treated the son. His rendering into the colloquial was vivid in the extreme, and his expressive translation of the father's distress at sight of his son's condition, though not quite answering to our word "compassion," was very natural. At the "fell on his neck," he threw one arm round the Bishop's neck and hugged him. His remark on the ring was, "That was too much politeness."

With the garrulity of old age he returned again and again to the opium charge, and the Bishop had nothing to say; we offered to be beaten, if he wished, for what our country had done. The bitter shame which this cruel trade causes the Missionary can never be understood by those who have not confronted an inquiring heathen. Bishop Russell exhorted the poor father to pray to the Heavenly God for his son, but he replied, "Eh! just as if I could make myself heard." We pointed him to "Ask and it shall be given you," but he did not seem able to take it in. The sore had been too suddenly and deeply probed to be easily soothed.

Sunday-school in Lagos Gaol.

The Rev. J. A. Maser, of Lagos, writes:—

On Aug. 27th (1877), we commenced Sunday-school in the gaol of the settlement. The authorities had readily given their consent to it. It is held from half-past two to half-past three. We occupy two rooms and a spacious verandah. There is a class of eighteen men who read the English Bible. Mr. E. Henley, Native Tutor of Mr. Wood's Institution, has taken this class from the beginning, and by his diligence has supported me a great deal in this work. The other teachers are chiefly students from the Training Institution; they have a second class reading the New Testament in English, and about four classes in which the English primer or English sheet-lessons are used. A large number of the scholars are Kroomen, who prefer to learn to read English to Yoruba, as they have mostly English-speaking masters. Sometimes there are prisoners who can read the Yoruba translations of Scripture, but it is scarce, as our converts who can read them are happily not often found in the prison; therefore the Yoruba reading is of the elementary kind. Three large classes are using the Yoruba sheet-lessons. Easels, sheet-lessons, and Scriptures were brought from the communion offertory and from the Sunday-school fund, the expense of which amounted to £1 9s. Of results we cannot report much, except that the rudiments are slowly mastered all round. May the Lord own and bless this attempt to preach deliverance to the captives!



NORMAL CLASS OF MAZHABI SIKH WOMEN, AMRITSAR.

A PHOTOGRAPH AT AMRITSAR.

[Mrs. Elmslie, of Amritsar, who is now in this country, has kindly sent us the following in explanation of the above picture.]



N A hot and dusty day in March, 1875, a large gathering of native girls might have been seen in the Mission garden at Amritsar. It was a grand occasion. The friends of the Mission in England had made a request for photographs of some of the many hundreds of people in connection with the work at Amritsar, and an experienced photographer had come from a distance to put his skill in requisition.

It was no easy matter to coax and persuade the elder girls connected with the Lady Lawrence Memorial Schools to come within the range of the photographer's lens, accustomed as they are to avoid the eye of every man; but the young women of the Mazhabi Sikh Normal Class, being of lower caste, had less scruple on the subject, and hence the graphic picture before you. The brilliant colouring of their dresses, and the variety of their jewels, can hardly be appreciated in a colourless engraving, but the imagination of the reader may find exercise in adding the charm of rainbow-like hues to every one of the somewhat grim-looking figures depicted in our illustration. We must not forget that the sparkle of the eye and the intelligent expression are rarely reproduced in a photograph.

The only figure *not* bedecked with jewels is that of Rupa, the teacher. From the absence of the nose-ring you see that she is

not a married woman, and the orange-coloured garments, which she always wore up to the day of her baptism some two years ago, were a sign of her being a religious devotee, or nun, of the Sikh religion. She is now, I rejoice to say, a Christian, and is one of the tokens of progress made in the work generally. Christian women can be employed in a city where formerly prejudice would have prevented parents from sending children to be taught by them.

Chandro, now the animated and successful teacher at the village of Taran-taran, stands second to Rupa. She has often expressed a desire to become a Christian, but has been hindered hitherto by various family considerations. In her school Bible teaching is undertaken by the wife of the catechist of the place, and in all other cases, where the teachers of the government schools are not Christians, the Scripture classes are taught by the Zenana missionaries and the Bible-women.

We have felt more or less hopeful about all the members of this normal class, and one of them—dear Pruni, who is seen on the floor with a baby in her lap—has become one of our most valued workers. With her husband and two children she was baptized more than two years ago, and she set to work at once to gather together a school in a hitherto unrequited quarter of Amritsar. She shows much genuine love for Jesus and real fervour in seeking to win souls for Him. It is Pruni's school that the superintendent writes: "It is like a large Zenana filled with women and girls, all eager to hear the 'old story,' to them so new, and becoming so wonderfully 'dear'."

MARGARET ELSLIE



MANGROVE SWAMP IN THE DELTA OF THE NIGER.

THE CALL AND THE ANSWER.

[At the Valedictory Dismissal on July 3rd, twenty missionaries about to sail for different parts of the world took leave of the C.M.S. Committee.]

THE CALL.

THE Master spake: "Go forth and take thy place
Amid the chosen band of men, who know
That I will guide their steps where'er they go.
Part of My flock in distant lands are fed,
Among their pastors thou art numbered;
Then do not fear, for I will give thee grace."

THE ANSWER.

"O Master, though the way be long and rough—
Though numberless the perils of the sea—
Though hard the task Thou hast appointed me—
Without a fear, in all things trusting Thee,
I go. Whate'er the toil and danger be,
I tremble not; THY PROMISE is enough."

ACANTHUS.

BISHOP CROWTHER: HIS LIFE AND WORK.

IX.—THE NIGER MISSION.

THE year 1857 was in many ways a memorable one in missionary history. It was the year of the Indian Mutiny, the result of which was an immense impetus to the evangelisation of India. It was the year of the disputes with China, which soon afterwards opened the interior of that great country to Christian enterprise; and only a few months later came the still more wonderful opening of Japan. It was the year of Mr. Duncan's sailing for British Columbia. It was the year of Burton and Speke's first expedition to Central Africa from the East Coast, which originated in Krapf and Rebmann's discoveries, and ultimately issued in the Nyanza Mission. And it was the year of the establishment of the Niger Mission by Samuel Crowther.

Sanguine expectations accompanied the *Dayspring* up the Niger. They seemed warranted by the success of the *Pleiad's* exploration in 1854; and the discoveries of the traveller Barth, who had lately returned from his great journey through Soudan, had shown what a vast field for commercial enterprise was open on the upper waters of both branches of the Niger. The plans for the new Mission were drawn on a bold scale.

Crowther was to post teachers at Aboh, the town of King Obi; at Onitsha, a still more important Ibo town, on the east bank, 140 miles from the sea; at Idda, still higher up, among the Igaras; at the confluence of the two branches, the Kworra and the Tshadda, which is a confluence also of tribes and languages—the Hansa, Nupe, Kakanda, Igara, Igbara, and Yoruba tongues being in use there; at Egan, a great ivory market town on the Kworra, 320 miles from the sea; and at Rabbah, the city of an important Mohammedan chief, 100 miles still higher up; and from thence Crowther himself, with Dr. Baikie (who commanded the expedition, as he had done in 1854), hoped to travel overland some 300 miles to Sokoto, the great capital of that part of Africa, to whose Sultan all the petty Mohammedan kings and chiefs owed (and still owe) allegiance.

But on the Niger, as in so many other Missions, the lesson had to be learned—"Tarry thou the Lord's leisure." The failure of the supply of teachers from Sierra Leone, referred to in the preceding chapter, prevented the occupation of several stations, and Crowther never reached Sokoto. Still, looking back now twenty years, we can see great results from the effort of 1857.

Aboh, notwithstanding the warm welcome again offered to this expedition by the sons of King Obi, was one of the places that had to be disappointed. Onitsha was decided on as the best centre for the new Ibo Mission, and there Mr. Taylor and Simon Jonas were stationed. Proceeding up the river, Crowther met a cordial reception at Idda, and at Gbegbe, the town at the confluence. At both places sites were at once granted for Mission-houses: but where were the teachers? Alas! there were none to spare, but Dr. Baikie left a Christian trader at Gbegbe, with instructions to open a day-school. On went the *Dayspring* to Egan, and thence to Rabbah, which was now visited for the first time by a Christian missionary. The Foulah chiefs, though Mohammedans, gave Crowther a much heartier welcome than he expected from a nation which has, in some respects, been the scourge of West Africa. "Sumo Zaki and Dasaba," he wrote, "have not only offered the whole river to us for trade, with their protection, but they have also given us full permission to teach the heathen population under their government the religion of the Anasara [i.e., Nazarenes], and promised me a place for a mission station at Rabbah."

Full of hope, Dr. Baikie and Crowther left Rabbah on October 6th, and steamed up the river. But the very next day the *Dayspring*, in endeavouring to force the passage between two islands against a strong rapid, drifted on to the rocks and became a wreck. (See picture in GLEANER, July, 1877.) Native canoes came to their assistance, and all were safely landed, and passed the night under torrents of rain as best they could. A camp was afterwards formed near Rabbah, and there they remained for twelve months, awaiting the arrival of another steamer, the *Sunbeam*, which had been expected to follow the *Dayspring*, but was detained.

This unexpected disaster was turned to the advantage of the expedition in many ways. Dr. Baikie paid visits to many neighbouring chiefs: Lieut. (now Sir John) Glover surveyed the river and some of its tributaries while Crowther found Rabbah the very spot for a missionary to stay at. At this point the Niger is passed by the large caravans—sometimes of 3,000 people and 1,000 head of cattle—between Illorin, the Hausa capital in the north of the Yoruba country, and the interior of Soudan; and there is a regular tariff of fares at the ferry. Frequent conversations were held with merchants and others, mostly Mohammedans, from all parts of West Central Africa, and even from the shores of the Mediterranean. One Arab from Tunis did some good by saying he had seen the English there, and they were a harmless people!

Communication with the coast was established through the Yoruba country, and the news of the wreck of the *Dayspring* reached England by this "overland mail" in exactly three months. On December 13th an American missionary, from one of the Yoruba towns, reached Rabbah with a load of sugar, tea, and coffee, with which he had hastened to the assistance of the party on hearing of the accident. "His visit," wrote Crowther, "brought us again into connection with the civilised world. To-day we were first made acquainted with the disastrous mutinies in India, and the newspapers he brought were read with avidity."

At length, in October, 1858, the *Sunbeam* appeared, and conveyed Crowther and others down the river. At Gbegbe he found three teachers from Sierra Leone, who had come up in her, and at Onitsha two more who had joined Mr. Taylor there. At the latter place Mr. Taylor had won the affections of the people in a remarkable degree during his sixteen months' stay, and when he and Simon Jonas left in the *Sunbeam*, to visit their families at Sierra Leone, the greatest grief was exhibited. Jonas, who had been so useful an agent in all three Niger expeditions, died shortly after at Fernando Po. Crowther did not return to the coast, but remained behind at Onitsha, and thence, after a while, he made his way up the river again in native canoes to the confluence at Rabbah, a distance of 300 miles. From Rabbah he tried the "overland route" for the first time, and travelled on foot by way of Illorin and Abeokuta to Lagos, in February, 1859.

In the summer of that year he again went up in another steamer sent

by Mr. Macgregor Laird, the *Rainbow*, but could only go as far as the confluence,—a message from Dr. Baikie, who was still up the river as an agent of the British Government, informing him that Rabbah was closed to missionary operations for the present. No reason was given, but we may be sure that the real cause was the jealousy of the Mohammedan priests. The work at the two other stations, Onitsha and Gbegbe, however, was hopeful, and at each place there were several candidates for baptism. But the native teachers were now put to a severe test. When Crowther returned in the *Rainbow* to the coast, two years elapsed before their solitary posts were again visited by any ordained missionary.

The cause of this suspension of operations was again the lack of opportunity to ascend the river. The *Rainbow*, on its return, was fired at by the natives of the delta and two men were killed. A gunboat was promised by the Government to accompany the next trading steamer, and Crowther and Taylor proceeded to the mouth of the Nun (the principal channel through the delta) hoping to go up in it, but no gunboat appeared, and they returned baffled to Lagos. In January, 1861, the cause of African enlightenment suffered a severe blow by the death of Mr. Laird, and the consequent withdrawal of his trading vessels and closing of his factories. The evangelisation of the Niger tribes seemed further off than ever. In the meanwhile Mr. Taylor had visited England, and on his return to Africa brought with him St. Matthew's Gospel, part of the Prayer Book, and some tracts in the Ibo tongue, the fruit of the combined labours of himself, Crowther, and Mr. Schön.

In July, 1861, H.M.S. *Espoir* arrived, and proceeded to punish the hostile villages. Crowther took advantage of the ascent of the river to visit the two stations, relieving the teachers by taking them away for a while and leaving others in their place. At the same time a new station was established at Akassa, at the mouth of the Nun, to serve as a dépôt and base for the Mission; and here Mr. Taylor set vigorously to work.

During the following winter Crowther was busily occupied in preparations for a permanent occupation of the Niger on a larger scale; and in August, 1862, a missionary party of no less than thirty-three persons, including wives and children, with their "belongings," were assembled at Akassa waiting for another gunboat, H.M.S. *Investigator*, to take them up to their stations. On its arrival Crowther found, to his extreme disappointment, that the commanding officer had no instructions to convey any; but so much sympathy was awakened on board the ship in his behalf that ultimately room was found for twenty-seven of the party; and with this goodly reinforcement he joyfully passed up the river.

A FINISHED COURSE OF FOUR MONTHS.



OD'S estimate of work in His vineyard is very different from ours. We look at the length of time spent in it, or the degree of talent consecrated to it, or the amount of money given to it. Not so the all-seeing and unerring Judge.

"The Lord looketh on the heart." Is there faithfulness in proportion to opportunities? Then to him with the one talent, as well as to him with the ten, will be accorded the "Well done!" and the entrance into the joy of the Lord.

We must not judge the work of a missionary by the number of years he is permitted to carry it on. We honour, and rightly honour, such a man as Archdeacon Cockran, whose "finished course of forty years" in the field, without once returning home, was incidentally mentioned in the February GLEANER. But a few months may be a "finished course" too, if God appoint so short a time, and He may take the willing labourer to his reward before his labours seem, to our imperfect sight, to have begun. "My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways My ways, saith the Lord."

Some ten years ago, in view of the demand for men of well-stored mind to cope with the learned moulvies and pundits of India, the standard of teaching at the Church Missionary College was raised, and a certain examination was arranged, which every student must pass on entering. Subsequently, the Preparatory Institution at Reading was founded, for the purpose of taking really promising young men of humbler attainments, and educating them up to it. But at the time, a few probationary students who failed to pass the test, had to retire; and among them was James Benjamin Read.

From a child, James Read had wished to be a missionary. The Rev. G. Stokes, of Ipswich, writes, "He was one of our Sunday-scholars, and never gave the least trouble. His love for the Lord Jesus was unmistakable from his boyhood onwards. He always expressed a strong desire to go out as a missionary." To retire from the College, therefore,

after having actually entered it, was the bitterest trial that could be laid upon him.

But though disappointed, he was not disheartened. His heart was in missionary work, and a missionary he was resolved to be. For ten years, during which he served as assistant-master in more than one National School in the North of London, he sought opportunity to go out to the heathen, but effort after effort failed. He was a devoted "children's evangelist," and one of his plans was to get the many young people who learned to love him to raise money for the purpose of sending him to India as their own missionary. He also wrote some pretty tracts and leaflets, hoping to make sufficient profit out of them to at least pay his passage out. He applied again and again to the C.M.S., but the way did not open, for the Society, as a rule, must look for other qualifications in its agents besides earnestness. At length, in April last, his persistence was rewarded by the Committee accepting him as a lay teacher for the Yoruba Mission, and appointing him to Leke.

His acceptance was communicated to him on April 12th, his birthday. There lies before us, as we write, a printed letter, which he wrote that day to the children who attended his classes and services. It is headed "AFRICA FOR CHRIST!—I heard the voice of the Lord, saying, Whom shall I send, and who will go for us? Then said I, Here am I; send me"; and begins as follows:—

To-day the desire of my life has been granted. The Church Missionary Society has decided to send me to Leke, in the Gulf of Guinea. I am going to a very unhealthy and perhaps dangerous place. Yet do not trouble on my account. You, my little friends, can help me. I would rather be surrounded by a hundred prayers than a hundred soldiers. Two reasons move me. 1st, I love the heathen; 2ndly, I love you. Some have said to me, "We understand the first, but the second is a puzzle; it is a strange love which shows itself by leaving us." I want some of you to wear a missionary crown in "Joy-land." I may not see you any more. The next you hear may be that my Heavenly Father has called me out of "Tear-land."

After spending a few weeks with Mr. Hinderer at Hastings, to learn from him the first rudiments of the language, and to receive hints how to carry on the work at Leke, which Mr. Hinderer himself had begun, Mr. Read sailed in July for West Africa. The following letter, announcing his arrival at Lagos, would probably have never appeared in print had he lived to labour for some years. But now that he is gone, his simple words seem to us exactly fitted to touch the hearts of some of our younger readers. God grant that they may indeed do so!

LAGOS, August 18th, 1877.

Tuesday, the 14th, about one o'clock, I stepped upon African soil. I earnestly pray that I may not leave for Home until my Heavenly Father has used me in winning souls for my Saviour. I shall remember your words, viz., "It is the Spirit that gives the blessing."

Lagos is rapidly increasing in size on account of runaway slaves. Oh, that the Christians in England may not forget Western Africa when subscribing or offering themselves to the Nyanza Mission! In my diary the text for the 14th, when we landed, was, "Ye are the light of the world," Matt. vi. 14. Since April 12th Leke has been upon my heart. May this wilderness soon be turned into a garden! May the light of the Gospel, with its healing and strengthening power, find its way from Leke to the banks of the Niger! I count the hours when I shall be amongst my people. As I write the following words, I trust they express the language of my heart:—

"Oh, to be nothing, nothing!
Only to lie at His feet,
A broken and emptied vessel
For the Master's use made meet.
Emptied that He might fill me
As forth to His service I go,
Broken—that so unhindered,
His life through me might flow."

Trusting that I may soon be able to tell of a grand raid into the enemy's camp by all the "Standard Bearers" here, and a great capture of souls, through the guidance and help of our Captain, I remain, &c.

On August 29th he proceeded in a canoe by the lagoon, which stretches the whole fifty miles from Lagos to Leke, at a short distance from the sea. The Rev. J. A. Maser accompanied him, in order to baptize the first-fruits of the work of Mr. Hinderer in 1876 (see GLEANER, February, 1877). On Sunday, Sept. 2nd, fifteen adults and two children were received into the Church, in the presence of a congregation of 114 persons, inquirers and heathen. Among the baptized was the priest or

babalawo, Mr. Hinderer's "big fish" mentioned in the GLEANER article just referred to. He received the name of Joseph Sidney, after the Rev. J. S. Hill, who was for a short time at Leke. Two Sundays after, on the 16th, he publicly related the story of his conversion in the little mission chapel, taking as a text the words, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou Me?" A leading worshipper of the god of small-pox, named Lagbon Doko, who was present, was deeply impressed. "Joseph," he said, "spoke too much truth; it is here (pointing to his heart) ever since."

Mr. Read threw himself into his work with an ardent and loving spirit that at once won the affections of the people; and his letters gave every promise of a large ingathering of souls. He rightly gauged the capacities of the poor degraded runaway slaves, who chiefly compose the population of Leke. "The people," he wrote, "want the milk of the Word; and they receive it better with illustrations." Do our readers know the *Wordless Book*, with its four blank leaves, black, red, white, golden? If not, let them buy one without delay, and they will understand the following:—

LEKE, Oct. 23rd, 1877.

In my rambles, when there has been a group of persons, I have often shown them the "wordless book," and explained to them the meaning of the black, red, white, and golden pages. The four pages are pegs upon which I hang four texts. I tell them all have sinned (Black page), therefore all need a Saviour, and God provided one in the person of His dear Son, Jesus Christ, who shed His blood for all (Red page). Trusting with their whole hearts to the finished work of Christ they are clothed with His righteousness (White page). The last page (Golden) assists me in speaking of the glories of Heaven.

Another extract tells of his first preaching tour:—

October 19th.—A day ever to be remembered. Since my arrival here the last day in August, I have often looked from my window towards the Niger. It has been my prayer that openings might be found in the villages seaward. October 10th seemed to be favourable. I started upon the Rev. D. Hinderer's missionary horse, but had not proceeded far when a violent storm of rain came on, so I reluctantly turned back wet through. October 19th found us (catechist and myself) making way the second time for the village of Sirinevon. Having reached the place, the headman was waited upon and informed of our errand. Under a spreading tree the people flocked (I gave a special invitation to the young folks); a seat was brought, and palm-wine placed before me. The address was the old, old story of sin and the remedy. I tried to make them comprehend the truth by telling at the end to the young folks the Parable of the White Robes. Whilst I was speaking a man exclaimed with great emotion, "Surely the truth has come!" At the close they all thanked me, and said that they would look forward with pleasure to next Friday, for my next visit. In answer to inquiries, "They had no questions to ask; they all felt it was the Truth." I look upon this village only as a stepping-stone to one larger beyond. By night and by day the words of the man, "SURELY the truth has come!" have rung in my ears. God grant it may come quickly, through the help of God's children at home.

He had been warned by the Rev. J. A. Maser, our Secretary at Lagos, not to cross the lagoon to the mainland till he had had his first fever, and so got acclimatised. But his health had been so good since he reached Africa, that, on Nov. 19th, he ventured to visit Epe, in the Jebu country, where he sang hymns to the people and preached the Gospel. There, no doubt, he took the fatal fever, though it did not appear immediately. On Sunday, Dec. 2nd, he preached twice to the Leke congregation, and announced, as was his custom, his next Sunday's subject, "Midnight Watch"; but he never addressed them again. On the Friday, the fever struck him down. On the Sunday he seemed better, but weak. The converts all came inquiring after him most affectionately, and he told them that if he died, he was going to heaven, and they must "trust in Christ, whose name was Love." On Tuesday he was much better, and talked pleasantly with the Native catechist, telling him stories of England, and singing "Hold the Fort," and "Scatter seeds of kindness." But in the afternoon he became suddenly worse; and at 8 p.m. he was put into a canoe to be taken to Lagos. All night the boat sped along the lagoon; but at 11 a.m. next day, when still five hours from Lagos, the redeemed spirit of James Benjamin Read was taken to its Saviour's presence.

He would be a missionary. God gave him his desire; nay, did more—gave him the crown almost before the cross was taken up. He could say what his Master said—what it should be the aim of every one of us to say—"I have finished," not the work I expected to do, not the work I wished to do, but "the work which Thou gavest me to do."

A PEEP AT HONG KONG.

A Letter to the Scholars at the Trinity Church Schools, Leicester.

FROM THE REV. E. DAVYS.

(Continued.)



Reach the Queen's Road, or principal street, which I wished to describe, we turn up one of the narrow lanes or alleys from the Praya, through rows of little meat, vegetable, herb, or fish shops. Entering the Queen's Road at the Central Clock Tower is like coming into Granby Street, in Leicester, about the railway station. There are the City Hall, the Hotel, Club House, Banks, and Post Office; all fine buildings, and a few large English and Japanese shops. In this part there are planted green and shady trees, which are a great refreshment from the glaring sun. The chair coolies lie and sit under them very comfortably, and so do the flower bouquet sellers. The trees themselves have, many of them, handsome scarlet and lilac, or green and white flowers; and just now a sort of tall cotton tree is filling the air and strewing the ground with pure downy cotton from its bursting pods.

Following the street, towards the Chinese portion, you soon find yourself in the midst of Native shops. The larger ones are often very handsome, and full of beautiful curiosities. Then you come to tailors' shops, carpenters' shops, tea shops, crockery shops, bird shops, and shops where they sell idols, gilt paper, and incense sticks, and candles, and paper junks, and ornaments for offerings. Then you have shoe shops, Chinese cap and hat shops, barbers' shops, noisy braziers' shops, vegetable, umbrellas, toy, trunk, basket-makers, and almost all other kinds of shops, not to say the eating shops, where dried ducks hang up, squeezed flat, and occasionally a poor cat or kitten served in the same style, and dishes of soup stand all ready, and plates of pretty-looking vegetables.

The streets are quiet (for there is scarcely ever a carriage), but full of sedans, and porters running along, and as crowded with people every day as if it was a fair time. There are Englishmen, Scotchmen, Americans, and Germans, with sun hats of all shapes, from a helmet to a soup dish, and nearly all dressed in white clothes, even the soldiers wearing white uniforms. There are Persians dressed in muslin, and fine Shikh policemen with immense red turbans. There are Parsees with black straw hats like mitres, some negroes, and quantities of Roman Catholic Portuguese. And then there are the swarms of Chinamen themselves—the coolies, with dark brown skins, scanty dress, and Chinese hats as large round as a tea table, and most of them with a fan; and then the better class dressed in a blue or white sort of smock-frock and white gaiters, with no hat, but shading their shaven heads with a fan or umbrella, and all wearing of course their long tail of plaited hair. The coolies wear their twisted round their heads, but the upper classes have them hanging down their backs nearly to their feet. As their own hair would not often be long enough for this, they plait in with it some silk or worsted, and finish with a tassel of the same. Blue used in this way is a sign of deep mourning, black of half, but the common colour is red.

And now next to get an idea of the shops, you must suppose in Granby Street, and all down Belgrave Gate, the shop fronts and glass all taken away (as in a coach-maker's shop in England), or else in some cases partly taken out (as in a fishmonger's or butcher's shop). Then make on one side a stone shelf or niche, and suppose standing inside this a cup, with incense sticks burning in it, a lamp, or wax-candle, a few pieces of peacocks' feathers and gilt paper ornaments. Then, inside, at the back part of the shop, hang up a large red paper scroll, with the family name in Chinese characters, set a table before it, ornamented with coloured feathers and paper (with, on New Year's Day, offerings of fruit piled up, a whole roasted pig, and branches of peach blossoms, and

narcissus flowers). Then set a counter in the shop, fill the shelves with articles for sale, have six, or even twenty, blue-dressed Chinamen in to attend to customers (for they join their small capitals, and do business as numerous partners), and have one fat, clever-looking Chinaman in great spectacles to give change and keep the books, and you may have notion of the generality of the shops. There is also to every fair-sized shop a little private door on the side, leading up some steep steps to the dwelling-rooms, and over this door hang five scarlet papers, and an inscription inviting the five blessings of health, wealth, honour, old age, and a good examination to enter there. From the front niche that I spoke of, I once copied the inscription. It was this, on one side: "May a gold ship fly with the speed of a horse to this house"; on the other side, "May a gold vase full of money fall from the mountains into this house"; and in the middle, where the fragrant sticks were burning, "dragon, preserve this house." But you see there is no thought of a God of love, and no thought or desire for His forgiveness or His grace. Such then, is one side of Queen's Road, Hong Kong, and the other is not very unlike it.

In the other main streets and roads running along the hill side and parallel to these, and joined to them by multitudes of small Chinese cross streets, are the various English houses, the English and Scotch churches, Government schools, hospitals, and police stations. There are also the long Mission premises of the London Missionary Society, and of the German and Basle Missions; and likewise the Church Missionary Society's churches and schools. There are also several Chinese Joss-houses, or idol temples (Joss is a corruption of the Portuguese word for God). They are by no means fine buildings, but curious and odd. Two ugly stone creatures stand in front, something between a lion and a dragon, and on the top are red and green dolphins and coloured dragons. If you go in (to which there is no objection made) all looks dark and dingy, and by the light of a few tapers for there are no windows, you see many red and gilt images, and in the corners some of cloth and paper, but all looking smoked and dirty. Every now and then some one comes in, bows to the idols, or kneels, and knocks his head on the floor several times, then he burns some gilt paper, which a man at a side table sells, the gong is struck to attract the attention of the idol, then he throws up two sticks, and they fall he considers his prayer answered or not. If not, he goes through his service again. On festive days, which are the idols' birthdays, these temples are decorated with flowers and fancy figures in a most beautiful and expensive manner, a large covered space being arranged for the purpose in front of the building. The



"ONE FAT CLEVER-LOOKING CHINAMAN IN GREAT SPECTACLES."

priests then come and bow before the pictures and moving figures that are hung up on all sides, and chant (fanning themselves all the time); and a noisy music like the hammering of kettles, and crowds of people, make the scene very exciting, especially at night, when hundreds of lamps and Chinese lanterns make it blazing and bright.

A little beyond the principal joss-house is the church belonging to the Church Missionary Society. It is admirably placed, the front door opening just upon the Chinese recreation ground. On that ground are quantities of people. There is no grass—the heat has destroyed all that. It is about as large as our Leicester market-place. Here are groups of men sitting round a teller of tales, who has made himself a shed to shade his audience, and who sips tea, smokes, and tells his story together. There are many fortune-tellers' stalls, and dentists' stalls adorned with strings of teeth of all sizes, which their skill has extracted. Medicine stalls, with snakes' skins and medicine-bottles; photographic exhibitions, showing English landscapes through stereoscopes, and often there is a large crowd gathered round a juggler or athlete. Now at 8 o'clock, almost every night, the bell of the Missionary Church rings, and numbers of the idlers stroll in, and hear the Native catechist or the missionaries tell the (to them) new story of the love of Jesus Christ.

We have very few discomfords. The mosquito-gnats are very tiresome



PULAYAN OR SLAVE CHURCH IN THE PADDY FIELDS, TRAVANCORE.

and we are glad of the muslin curtains at night to keep them out, as well as the huge cockroaches (as large as any three in England) which fly and sing about the room, and spiders as large as a sand-orab. On the hills there are no dangerous animals or venomous snakes. We have some pretty birds; the commonest (next to sparrows) are a sort of small magpie, with habits like a robin-redbreast. Thousands of beetles sing in the trees as loud as birds, and splendid pink and green grasshoppers, with wings six inches across, and we have a wild parrot occasionally in the island, but no monkeys, except tame ones in houses. There are plenty of little human monkeys, too, in the shape of the Chinese children, who (the boys with their *one* tail, which their mothers are very proud of, and make as glossy and smart as they can, and the girls with their *two* tails, or rather tufts, on each side of the back of their heads) are as happy and full of fun as children can be.

Oh, what a fine people this would be, if they only knew Christ, and the unsearchable riches of His love! They are so gentle, and kind, and so polite and self-possessed, quite aware of the importance of their immense nation—so ingenious and so industrious—that when it please God to send out to them His Word, and His servants (in sufficient numbers to spread it into the interior, and among the numberless tribes and dialects which fill the Empire), and at the same time to pour down upon them and upon the people His Spirit, they will be a glorious addition to the nations that profess His Name. O my dear young people, pray for them now and pray for them often!

A BAPTISMAL SERVICE IN THE PADDY FIELDS.

BY THE REV. W. J. RICHARDS, TRAVANCORE.

[Our readers will remember the story entitled "The Slayer Slain," which appeared in the GLEANER of 1876, and which gave so vivid a picture of slave life in Travancore. The following letter refers to the same class of people.]



On Sunday, 11th November, I went, according to a previous arrangement, to baptize some catechumens at the Slave Church, Velur (or, as pronounced in English, Wayloo). And as it was my first baptism of the kind I send an account, thinking that the perusal of it may awaken interest in the poor Pulayans—the most down-trodden class of people in Travancore, if not in India.

Velur is the head-quarters of a congregation of about 200 souls. Many years ago, the movement which has issued so far in this not inconsiderable congregation arose from a small beginning. As I have heard, a little daughter of Mr. Hawksworth, living in this old mission-house of Cottayam, began to teach a little Pulayan girl or two, so a mission was commenced for them. And the first converts met in their school, then

near Cottayam College, and eventually they were established as at present in Velur. The Rev. R. Collins, in his *Missionary Enterprise in the East* (H. S. King), gives a full account of its early history. The Rev. J. M. Speechly collected money for a church which was lately built by the Rev. H. Baker, who handed over temporary charge of it to me in March of last year. Altogether, it being a congregation gathered out from a poor and neglected caste, the interest taken in them seems of that affectionate kind shown to ragged-schools and congregations at home such as those meeting in Rufford's Row and Britannia Row, Islington, where so many of our missionaries have worked when studying at the Church Missionary College.

The church is situated three miles south-west from Cottayam, and the way thither, for the last mile, is along the tops of the low and narrow dykes—scarcely affording footing for a pony—which separates the various rice-fields. Among these fields, the congregation for the most part find their work, but some travel thirty-five or forty miles east to the Pir Merde Hills, where they get employment as labourers in the coffee estates, and where such is the power of King Rupee that they may work shoulder to shoulder with Brahmins. In this visit to Velur I was able to ride the whole way, with the exception of a few yards near the church, across which, on account of the deep water, I had to be carried by a couple of men. But the water elsewhere was low.

Once returning from a service here, the little boat in which I was pushed its way among the most beautifully green rice-fields. The path was literally "trackless," the green corn up to our faces opening out for our approach, and then meeting behind us, as if nothing had ever passed that way before.

The church is a good one of its kind, not unlike the accompanying print of its predecessor (from Mr. Collins' book mentioned above), but rather more substantial, with massive buttresses and chunam or mortar floor. The walls between the pillars are about three feet high only, so as to allow the air to enter freely on all sides. Except when the water is quite low, the little churchyard is an island.

The Cottayam reader and a couple of students of the Cambridge Nicholson Institution at Cottayam accompanied me to this place. We put all the candidates for baptism in front of the "reading-desk." This well merits a description. It is built of stone, covered with well-smoothed mortar, and has a kneeling-place (also built) inside. It serves a double debt to pay—a place to preach as well as pray. In fact it is *pulpit* also, but marvellous to relate is a *font* too. The top of the reading-desk corner at the minister's right hand has a cavity like a good-sized bowl, which was full of water for baptism. This was the font. The church can seat about two hundred on the floor. There is no place for Holy Communion. At present, the Velur people join with us at Cottayam in this Sacrament.

There were present more than twenty candidates for baptism, but some had to be rejected, for the present, on account of their relatives, wives or

husbands, as the case may be, not being ready to join with them, or for some other good reason. One of those allowed to present himself for baptism had been waiting for five years, but had been delayed hitherto on account of defective preparation and to test him further, as he was rather quarrelsome and passionate. His chest was scarred right across with three or four parallel scars, the marks of his own knife and his own handiwork, done in anger and grief because his former wife died during his absence and was buried without his seeing her. His answers to questions in the Creed were not so ready as those of the other men, but I don't think he was so intelligent, and he was not so young. He seemed, however, quite set upon leading a new life.

These Pulayans have formed, of late years, the bulk of our adult baptisms. They are pressing into the kingdom of heaven, not for "loaves and fishes," nor yet from spiritual anxiety alone, but that also they may, by becoming Christians, become, and be treated as men. I dare say a desire to be like Augustin and his civilised brethren was one of the motives which brought many of our Saxon ancestors to the font and the faith of Christ. The answers of the women were well though shyly given, and it was touching to see their bent heads and hear their timid but reverent muttering of the Lord's Prayer and the Creed. The congregation of the baptized were told that they were held responsible for the walk of these new Christians, and they were warned that the judgment on baptized persons was more severe if theirs were not "new lives," and they were reminded of the Holy Spirit promised, with forgiveness of sins to those who repent and are baptized (Acts ii.). After the Litany, the service for "Baptism of such as are of riper years" was read. There were three men, with a wife and children each, to whom was given the right hand of fellowship, as I led them severally, holding that hand, to the font, and poured water on their heads in the name of the Holy Trinity. One family baptized included a grandmother and children; another included two grown sisters of the husband or wife.

Just before all was finished, a poor young fellow afflicted with dropsy, and evidently not long for this world, who had been taught for baptism before he got ill, was brought up to the font, "borne of four." At first, not being aware that service was going on, he vociferated loudly for medicine, and I had to speak in a high key to make him understand what was going on and test his preparedness, and so, poor fellow, as he sat helpless on the floor, I baptized him by the name of Aaron.

Before I left the church, the leaders of the congregation pointed out the new bell, hanging from one of the roof-beams. It was purchased by permission, a few months ago, and cost the congregation about fourteen shillings (seven rupees), but it was a great "Tom of Lincoln" in their eyes, and having been bought from their own money was doubly dear, and sounded, no doubt, like a golden bell. Their singing is very primitive, and many of them cannot read, but those who can, join heartily in the Psalms and the responses, and all answer questions very fairly when catechised during the sermon. When compared with their still heathen friends, or when we contrast their simple faith in the Great God, the Saviour, Sanctifier, and Creator of men who hears prayer, with the Pantheism and self-woven web which binds the high-caste Hindus, there is much cause for thankfulness.

EPITOME OF MISSIONARY NEWS.

The Estimates Committee of the C.M.S. reckon the probable ordinary expenditure of the Society for the current year at £200,167. To this must be added £4,300, the adverse balance from last year, and £2,000 or £3,000 more for emergencies; so that at least the same large amount that was raised last year, which included many special contributions, will be required for the twelve months ending March next.

In addition to the missionaries included in the Valedictory Dismissal reported last month, the following are also about to return to the field:—The Revs. H. C. and R. H. Squires, for Bombay, the former to act as the Society's Secretary for the Western India Mission; the Rev. J. Welland, for Calcutta, to resume his secretarial duties there; the Rev. J. Erhardt and B. Davis, for the North-West Provinces; the Rev. J. Padfield, for the Telugu Mission; and the Rev. A. Elwin, for Hang-chow. The Rev. A. Lewis, who has been accepted for the Punjab, and the Rev. Eugene H. Thornton, who has been appointed to North India, also sail shortly.

Mr. E. Hoernle, a son of the Rev. C. T. Hoernle, the veteran missionary at Meerut, who has been studying medicine at Edinburgh, has offered himself to the C.M.S. as a medical missionary, and has been appointed to the Persia Mission, to work with the Rev. R. Bruce.

Mr. G. G. M. Nicol, B.A., of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, an African gentleman from Sierra Leone, son of the Rev. G. Nicol, Native Chaplain at the Gambia, and grandson of Bishop Crowther, has offered himself to the C.M.S. for missionary work in his own country, and been accepted.

We have again regretfully to report the death of one of our missionary brethren. The Rev. W. Ellington, of the Telugu Mission, died of heat apoplexy on June 13th, at Bezvara, on the River Kistna. He was

ordained from the Islington College in 1859, and went to India following year. For eighteen years he proved himself a faithful and industrious missionary, and had no small share in the large gathering of Mala converts during the last few years.

Mr. H. M. Warry, a student in the C.M.S. Preparatory Institution at Reading, has been appointed to the Seychelles Islands, to assist the Rev. W. B. Chancellor as industrial schoolmaster in the African Institution "Venn's Town."

Further letters, dated Rubaga (Mtesa's capital), March 26th and April 1st, have been received from the Rev. C. T. Wilson, both by the Lake Coast and Nile routes. He reached Uganda from the south side of Lake on the former date, and on the latter date he was cordially received by Mtesa after his three months' absence, and delivered Lord Derwent's letter. He writes, "Certainly things seem smoother and easier here far than I expected. The many prayers that have been and are being offered up for a blessing are, I feel confident, being heard and answered."

Mr. Mackay arrived safely at Uyu, near Unyanyembe, en route to Victoria Nyanza, on April 30th, after a most trying journey over the flooded country. Messrs. Stokes and Penrose were to leave the coast to follow him at the beginning of July. Their companion Mr. Sneath we regret to say, been sent home invalided.

The Nile party, also, has been reduced by the enforced return of England of Mr. Hall. He was attacked at Suakim with heat apoplexy, the thermometer standing at 95° "in the shade," and more than once touching 100°. Otherwise the party were in good health and spirits, and were to start on their journey to Berber on camels on June 24th.

In May last three important conferences were held at Tokio (Yokohama), the capital of Japan. First, on May 2—6, all the C.M.S. missionaries in Japan met together, viz.:—Mr. Piper of Tokio; Mr. Maundrell of Nagasaki; Messrs. Warren and Evington of Osaka; Mr. Fyson of Niigata; and Messrs. Denning and Williams of Hakodate, under the presidency of Bishop Burdon, of Victoria, Hong Kong. The subjects discussed comprised Native Agency, Education, Colportage, Christian Literature, Preaching, &c. Then on May 9—11, a general Conference was held of the missionaries of the Church of England (C.M.S. S.P.G.), and the Protestant Episcopal Church of America, including Bishop Burdon and the American Bishop Williams—eighteen in all. The subjects discussed included the Japanese Prayer-Book (to prepare for a committee of five was appointed by the two Bishops), the Japanese rendering of Theological and Ecclesiastical Terms, Lord's Day Observance, the Native Ministry, Church Discipline, &c. The third Conference was on Bible Translation, and included all Protestant missionaries.

The *Indian Church Gazette* of May 25th contains some interesting accounts of visits paid by Bishop Johnson of Calcutta to C.M.S. stations in North India. At Bagalpur the Bishop confirmed sixteen candidates; at Gorakpur sixty; at Faizabad seventeen. At Gorakpur he addressed a party of forty Hindu gentlemen at the Mission High School, on "the relations of man to the material and spiritual world"; and the discussion that ensued was joined in by "a Hindu Theist, an orthodox Mussulman, a Mussulman who professed himself a devotee of pure reason, and an intelligent Christian schoolmaster." On Easter week the Bishop was at Taljhari, the head-quarters of the Santal Mission, where he confirmed 120 candidates, and 225 Christians communicated with him. "Everything," says the narrator, "is to be hoped from this flourishing Mission."

Mr. J. R. Streeter, who is now in general charge of Frere Town, was in encouraging terms of the state of the settlement, notwithstanding the misconduct of some of the people. The farming operations, though on a small scale as yet, are going on well, especially at Kisulutini. The Christians of Giriama, he writes, "seem hungering and thirsting after righteousness"; and Isaac Nyondo (Mr. Rebmann's old servant) has been sent to live among them and be their teacher. The *Highland Lakes* continues very useful.

In May last Bishop Russell accompanied the Rev. A. E. Moulton to Grant Valley, the scene of the interesting conversions and persecutions recorded in our March and June numbers; and on the 2nd he confirmed twenty-seven of the new converts. The good work is spreading to other villages.

Remembering the letter from Chitnio, the wife of the Rev. Ling Sing, of the Fuh-kien Mission, which appeared in the *GLEANER* of February, our readers will rejoice to hear that Mr. Wolfe has succeeded in re-occupying the great city of Kiong-Ning-Fu, whence Sieng Sing was so ignominiously expelled.

In consequence of the formation of the Diocese of Lahore, a Corresponding Committee of the C.M.S. for the Punjab Missions has been appointed, consisting of Bishop French, General MacLagan, R.E., Colonel Davidson, H. E. Perkins, Esq., C.S., Baden Powell, Esq., C.S., Dr. Scribner, J. D. Tremlett, Esq., C.S., and the Rev. J. A. Stamper. The Rev. J. Clark of Umritsur is Secretary to the new Committee.

* * * The October Number of the *GLEANER* will be a Special Issue, Number, with Map and large Engravings.

THE CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.

OCTOBER, 1878.

SPECIAL INDIA NUMBER.

ENGLAND AND INDIA.

TO THE EDITOR.



DEAR SIR,—It gives me sincere pleasure in writing, in compliance with your request, a brief appeal on behalf of my country. India is, or ought to be, known too well to England to need any special notice on my part. It is politically and intimately connected with England. The Queen of England is the Empress of India, and the people of India are the subjects of the same Crown. And it is a strange circumstance that the Indian troops have been employed to occupy Cyprus, an order which has been obeyed with considerable enthusiasm on the part of the troops. The bonds, then, between the two countries, from a political point of view, are very close and marked indeed.

But a higher relation than this subsists between the two countries. English rule is unquestionably a blessing to India. It has removed many social and national evils, such as suttee, infanticide, slavery, &c. It has introduced many improvements, such as railways, tramways, telegraphs, free trade, equal and impartial administration of law, political and civil freedom, Western learning, science, and civilisation. All these have their importance and bearing in the elevation of the country, and I for one value them very highly indeed.

But still what India needs is the Gospel. India is a great country, nearly equal to Europe, and from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin, has a population of 240 millions, composed of many races and nationalities, speaking fourteen principal languages and innumerable other dialects, and boasting of an ancient civilisation, literature, science, and religion. And yet it is still mainly a heathen country, and like Athens of old, full of idols and idol temples. The number of gods and goddesses worshipped by the people is 830 millions. Idolatry is so rampant that almost every object is deified by the deluded multitudes. There are sacred cities, sacred rivers, sacred hills, sacred tanks, sacred trees, sacred bulls, sacred monkeys, sacred kites, sacred snakes, sacred fishes, sacred grass; there are gods celestial, gods terrestrial, gods infernal; there are gods with five heads and ten arms, with three eyes, with lion and elephant faces; there are gods noted for lying, thieving, cruelty, impurity, and other vices which disgrace and debase humanity—all worshipped by the teeming millions of India. It is no wonder then that this great country ranks low, socially and morally, in the scale of civilised nations.

But blessed be God, even in this country, so full of abominable idolatry and superstition, the Gospel has achieved her triumphs. The number of Native Protestant Christians in connection with the different Missionary societies labouring in India is upwards of 300,000, and there are converts from all the various castes of India, from the highest Brahmin to the lowest Madiga, many of whom seek to adorn the Gospel by their consistent life and conversation, and commend the Gospel to their fellow-countrymen.

But the country needs more extended, more vigorous, and more self-denying effort on the part of Christian England. India needs the Gospel in all her schools and colleges, in all her zenanas, and in all her social and national institutions. Western learning and Western civilisation are making rapid advances in the country, and moulding the thought and feeling of young India. But the Gospel, and the Gospel alone, preached in its native simplicity, purity, and power, is the grand lever which is destined to lift the country to her true position in the scale of Christian nations.

God has doubtless given India to England for a great and wise purpose, not simply to impart the blessings of education, civilisation, and enlightened government, but mainly to communicate the light of heaven to her benighted inhabitants. Providence seems to say to her, like Pharaoh's daughter to Jochebed, "Take this child away, and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages." Hence England's duty, and England's reward in the faithful discharge of that duty. My constant and extensive travels, and the free and familiar intercourse I have had with many warm-hearted Christians in this interesting country for the past three months, convince me that there are many of God's people here who are fully alive to this duty and responsibility. May a fresh baptism of the Spirit be vouchsafed to the Church of Christ in England, and may many a heart be quickened to a renewed and unreserved consecration to the Lord's service! The present seems a fitting time for this whole-hearted consecration. The European war which appeared so inevitable has graciously been averted; and peace, and security, and commercial prosperity, and extension of territory without the use of the sword, have been vouchsafed to the English nation. "Peace with honour" seems to be her motto. Oh that the nation would rise to her responsibility, and under a solemn sense of her indebtedness to the Prince of Peace, make greater sacrifices than ever in this noble cause, by a large gift of men and means! Let the motto and prayer of England ever be, India for Christ, and Peace in her borders!

Yours very sincerely,

W. T. SATTHIANADHAN,

London, August, 1878.

Native Pastor, Chintadrepettah, Madras.

THE MAP OF INDIA.



INDIA is not a country, but a group of countries—almost a continent. Its relative size as compared with England can be best understood by a glance at the map itself, which we give on the next page; and it is scarcely necessary to add the figures, viz., that while the area of England and Wales is 51,000 square miles, that of India is 1,558,000, or thirty times as large, or that while the population of England is 21 millions, that of India is 240 millions.

About two-thirds of the whole of India is under the direct rule of Queen Victoria. The remainder consists of semi-independent Native states, but protected and controlled by us, the most important of which are "the Nizam's territory" and Mysore, which between them occupy the larger part of the interior of Southern India; Rajputana, and the dominions of the famous chiefs Scindia and Holkar, in the centre of Northern India; Kashmir, in the far north; and Travancore, in the extreme south. Those parts of India under our direct rule are divided into (1) Bengal; (2) North-West Provinces, comprising (roughly speaking) the upper waters of the Ganges and Jumna; (3) the Punjab; (4) the Central Provinces, corresponding nearly with the territories marked "Gond" and "Koi" on our map; (5) Madras, which includes all British Southern India; (6) Bombay, which includes all British Western India; and then, in the extreme east, (7) Assam and (8) British Burmah.

Our map does not show these political divisions, but any ordinary map of India will do so; and ours does show what others do not, and what is far more interesting in a missionary point of view, viz., the *language divisions*; and these will help us to understand what very different races are included among our Indian fellow-subjects.

In the GLEANER for last January we described the mighty invasion of India by the Aryans some 3,000 years ago. These Aryans, strictly speaking, were the ancestors of the modern Hindus. But they did not find an empty land to colonise. They had been preceded by another people whom we call *Dravidians*; and the Dravidians had been preceded by still earlier settlers whom we know as *Kolarians*. One or two other distinct races are reckoned within the boundaries of our Indian Empire; but for our present purpose it is enough to mention these three.

Did the later invaders mix with the earlier, or remain separate? Partly one and partly the other. The Dravidians who lived on the plains were driven southwards, and remained for a time independent; but at length they became amalgamated with the conquerors, and now the nations of South India are to a large extent Aryan or Hindu in religion and social customs, though the languages are Dravidian. The result is much like that of the Norman conquest of Anglo-Saxon England. The fate of the dwellers in the hills, both Dravidian and Kolarian, was of another kind. It was more like that of the Britons in the fastnesses of Wales and Cornwall, and of the Piots and Scots in the Highlands of Scotland, in the case of the Saxon invasion. To this day they live quite apart from the Hindus as distinct races; and their languages, religions, and customs are quite different.

Now turn to the map. Roughly speaking, we may say that Northern India uses the Aryan tongue, and Southern India the Dravidian. In the far north-west, beyond the limits of British India, will be seen the names of *Pushtu* (the language of the Afghans) and *Beluchi*. Next to them, on the banks of the great river Indus, will be seen *Kashmiri*, the language of Kashmir, *Punjabi*, of the Punjab, *Sindhi*, of Sindh. Then comes a vast area marked "Hindustani and Hindi." Omitting the former for the present, we find *Hindi* the most important of all the Indian vernaculars, being spoken by a hundred millions of people. South of that, we see *Marathi*, spoken by one of the finest races of the country, and *Gujerathi* close by; to the east, down the valley of the Ganges, we come to *Bengali*, the second greatest of the Indian languages, used by forty millions of souls, and *Oriya*, on the coast, a little to the south; and on the northern frontier we see *Nepalese* and *Assamese*. These are all Aryan; they are all derived more or less from Sanskrit, the language of the ancient Hindus; and they have many points of likeness to one another in words and in grammar, much in the same way as French, Spanish, Italian, &c., have.

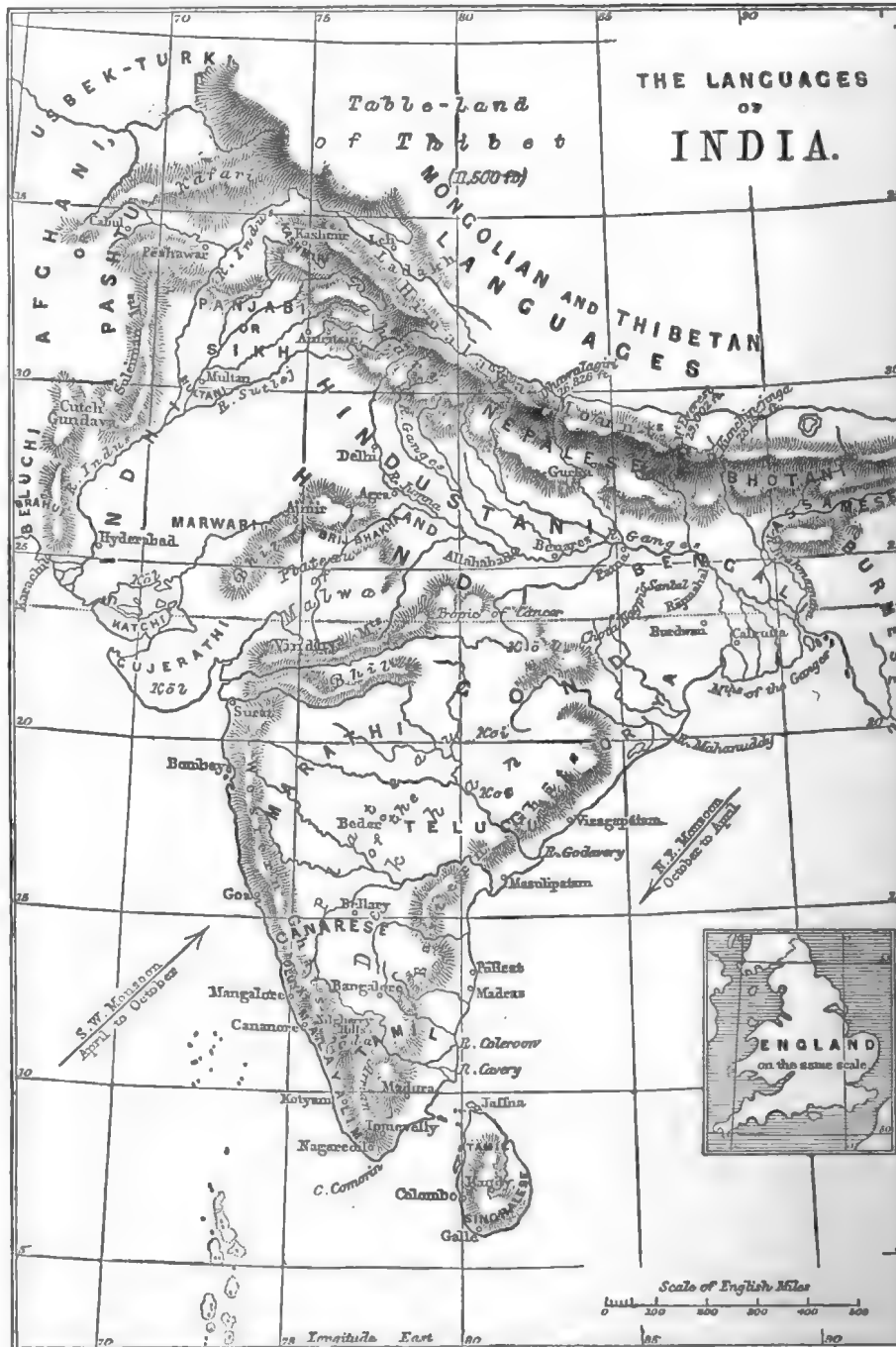
The four great languages of the south, *Telugu*, *Canarese*, *Tamil*, and *Malayalim*, are Dravidian. How different they are from those above mentioned may be judged from the fact that English, German, French,

Italian, Russian, and Persian, which all belong to the Aryan family of tongues, are actually nearer to Hindi and Bengali than these are. The Dravidian group also includes *Gondi*, which will be seen marked in Central India, and which is spoken by the widely scattered Gonds, Khonds, and Koi hill-tribes.

Two names on the map represent the old Kolarian race, viz., *Kol*, north of the Gonds, and *Santal*, in a part of Bengal. Other Kolarian tribes and tongues occupy areas too small to be marked.

But we have omitted one language, a very important one, *Hindustani*, or more properly *Urdu* (pronounced Oordoo), which is coupled in the map with Hindi. It, too, represents an invasion of India, that of the Mohammedans (concerning which see the June GLEANER). It is a mixture of Hindi and Persian, and is spoken in all the towns and cities of North India, where there is a large Mohammedan population, and having been the official language of the Mussulman rulers of India, it has remained so to a large extent even under English rule. A young man going out to India in the Government service has, in most cases, to learn both Hindustani and the vernacular of the district he is appointed to, whether Marathi, Bengali, or any other; and many missionaries do the same. The ancient language Sanskrit is also much studied.

In thirteen out of the nineteen languages we have named, the Church Missionary Society proclaims the Gospel of Christ. At Calcutta and in Bengal the missionaries speak Bengali; in the North-West Provinces, Hindi; in the Punjab, Punjabi and Pushtu; in Sindh, Sindhi; at Bombay and in the Deccan, Marathi; on the Kistna and Godavary rivers, Telugu; at Madras and in Tinnevely, Tamil; in Travancore, Malayalim; and so on; besides Hindustani in many parts of India. The whole Bible has been translated and published in Sanskrit, Hindustani, Bengali, Hindi, Oriya, Punjabi, Marathi, Gujarathi, Assamese, Telugu, Canarese, Tamil, and Malayalim; and portions into more than thirty other languages and dialects. And in all these wide territories Native Christians speak in their own tongues the wonderful works of God.



RELIGION IN INDIA AS IT IS.



WORD on the religion of our fellow-subjects in India must not be omitted in this number; but it is not necessary to say much, after the articles which have lately appeared in our pages, based upon Mr. Vaughan's "The Trident, the Crescent, and the Cross."

Take one hundred natives of India, selected from the different religions in due proportion. About seventy of them will be Hindus, twenty-two will be Mohammedans, one a Buddhist, half-a-one a Sikh, and nearly one a Christian. The rest, representing the various hill-tribes, will be Pagans of a low type.

What is the religion of the Hindus? In the articles just alluded to, we have sketched its history, and shown how very far the modern Hindu has degenerated from the old faith of his ancestors. Professor Monier Williams, to make the distinction between the ancient and the modern quite clear, calls the former *Brahmanism* and the latter *Hinduism*. The more learned Brahmins, indeed, still profess to hold the Brahmanism of the old sacred books (see *GLEANER* of January and February); but in practice they have adopted the gross idolatry and superstition of the masses of the people.

The Brahmins themselves say that they have 880 millions of gods. Of the two great deities, *Vishnu* and *Siva*, who, with their wives *Lakshmi* and *Kali*, are worshipped under so many different forms, we have already written. But some others are almost equally popular. Images of *Ganesa*, the son

of *Siva* and *Kali*, with his hideous elephant head and bloated body (see picture in *GLEANER* of April, 1874) are everywhere seen. "He is lord of the troops of mischievous and malignant imps that are supposed to cause obstacles and difficulties, and is therefore invoked at the commencement of all undertakings." The monkey-god *Hanuman* (see February *GLEANER*) is also a great favourite, especially in the Marathi country. But the people are not

content with the recognised deities. Every village has some object of worship of its own. "Upon every high place, and under every green tree," as among Israel of old, either a temple, or a shrine, or an idol, or a mere block of stone or wood streaked with red paint, marks the presence of a local god or goddess. There are *sacred animals*, as the cow, the serpent, and the monkey, never under any circumstances to be killed; *sacred plants*, as the *tulsi* (purple basil) and the pipal tree; *sacred stones*, as the *salagram*.

Then there are innumerable *sacred places*, the very soil and air of which are sanctifying. Of these the city of Benares stands first. To die within its precincts (ten miles round) ensures entrance to heaven. Even a European who commits the crime of eating beef will be saved if he dies at Benares. Mr. Leupolt once charged his pundit with lying. "What does it matter?" was the reply, "do I not live at Benares?" Two thousand temples,

immense numbers of sacred wells and pools, and half-a-million of idols, add to the sanctity of this Mecca of the Hindus. *Prayaga* (now Allahabad), *Gaya*, *Hurdwar*, *Ayodhya*, *Nasik*, are other specially holy cities. Rivers, springs, and pools, are



TEMPLE OF GANESA AT BENARES.

generally sacred. The banks of all the chief rivers in India are holy ground. The Ganges of course is the most revered of all. Pilgrims sometimes walk the whole length of its course, on the left bank, from the Himalayas to the sea, and then back again on the right bank,—which takes six years to accomplish.

Then there are *sacred seasons*, as the first day of the year, the day of the "swinging festival" (in February or March), the birthdays of Rama, Krishna, and Ganesa, and (in Bengal) the *Durga-puja* in October; and *lucky days*, as when a full moon falls on a Monday.

But how do the people worship? Not by public services. There is no such thing as congregational praise and prayer. "The priests in charge of the idols," says Professor M. Williams, "decorate them and bathe them with sacred water on holy days, and do them homage (*pujah*) with lights and rude music morning and evening. Offerings of flowers, fruits, grain, &c., are presented to the most popular gods (practically to the priests), by lay worshippers, and *mantras* or texts are repeated with prostrations of the body. Prayer, in our sense, there is none."

In South India the Hindus are more superstitious than in the north. Not only are their temples grander and the ceremonial more imposing, but among the people generally devil-worship is common, and almost all their religion consists in endeavouring to avert the malice of evil and disembodied spirits. An Englishman, who was a terror to the district he resided in, died and was buried there. Fearing the anger of his restless soul, which was supposed to haunt the neighbourhood, the natives constantly deposited brandy and cigars on his tomb to propitiate him.

Of the *Mohammedans* of India it is unnecessary to speak, after the article in our June number. *Buddhism* (see May number) is only now found in Burmah, which is hardly India, though a part of the empire; but the *Jains*, a sect in the neighbourhood of Bombay, famous for its care of animal life—even the minutest insects—are a kind of Buddhists. The *Sikhs* of the Punjab have been referred to in our March, May, and July numbers.

As we have said, only one in 150 of the people of India can be counted as *Christians*, and of these only one-fifth are Protestants—the number being between three and four hundred thousand. We are far indeed from having won India for Christ! Yet there is ground for encouragement. In the ten years from 1861 to 1871 the number of Native Protestant Christians rose from 138,000 to 224,000, or 61 per cent. *At that rate*, all India would be Christian in 150 years. But it may come sooner than that, if God will. "Hinduism is sick unto death," said a learned and venerable Hindu, not many years since. "The ancient fortress of Hinduism," says Monier Williams, "is tottering to its fall. . . . What is to become of the people when their ancient faith sinks from beneath their feet? Only two other homes are before them—a cold theism and a heart-stirring Christianity. Both are already established in India. But Christianity is spreading its boundaries more widely, and striking its foundations more deeply. It appeals directly to the heart. It is exactly suited to the needs of the masses. In Christianity alone is their true home."

INDIA REVISITED.

By MRS. WEITBRECHT.



RETURNING to India after many years of absence, I can emphatically endorse the remark of Sir Bartle Frere quoted on page 7 in the January number of the GLEANER, that although, as there observed, the progress of the work seems slow to us, "the teaching of Christianity in India is effecting changes—moral, social, political—which for extent and rapidity are more extraordinary than anything that has been witnessed in modern Europe."

While deeply sympathising with the weary labourer on the

scorching plains of Bengal, and recalling personal recollection of those who were the workers thirty, forty, and more years ago, one is deeply impressed with the superior position of the successors of the present day. A convert of respectable standing was then rare; a Brahmin convert a unit; the few of humbler rank were too dependent on their European teachers, both for spiritual instruction and ministry, and for employment by which they could gain support for themselves and their families. The resources and energies of missionaries were taxed to the utmost, and their deepest feelings often painfully exercised as to how they should act when hopeful inquirers presented themselves, how bear the burden of a congregation who would look to them alone in the alienation from their people which the acceptance of Christianity would inevitably cause.

But now converts of good position are numerous, and Brahmins among them are no longer units. I sit daily beside a gifted lady of that caste preparing herself to become a teacher to her countrywomen—a lady whose dignified bearing, sweet, attractive countenance, and affectionate disposition, win the love of all who see her. Take this in connection with the remark of Henry Martyn, that the conversion of a Hindu Brahmin would be the nearest approach to a miracle of anything he could conceive of, and progress great and sure becomes at once apparent.

Again, I now see pretty, neat churches, with congregations of from 100 to 200 or 300 worshippers, who are ministered to by Native Pastors, and reside in dwellings far superior in comfort and arrangement to those of the heathen around them who are in as good circumstances, many more wealthy than they are. It is true that the cry is still heard from the lips of missionaries: "The harvest truly is great, but the labourers are few," and the cry is still true; but while they utter it they are raising up from among the people themselves, men—yea, and women too—who are better fitted than any foreigners can be for going forth to gather into the fold of Christ "the children of God who are scattered abroad" over this vast land.

And I cannot shut my eyes to another striking mark of progress. Until twenty or thirty years ago the Bengalis were mostly confined to their own province, and were looked down on by the people of the upper country as physically weak (which they are) and without independence or originality of character, though possessing great mental power. Such has been the influence of the thoroughly good and Christian education imparted by the European missionary, that now these very Bengalis are found occupying the highest and most influential positions all over North India, even in the Punjab; and I was struck with the reference to one such the other day—a Christian Brahmin in responsible office, the trusted and effective helper in a missionary settlement—"that he was one of the truest and most useful men, an ornament and a blessing to their locality."

The readers of the GLEANER will neither be surprised nor disappointed when I proceed to trace a good proportion of the progress apparent to the advance that has been made in access to the women of India. We have had but from twenty to thirty years' trial in this special branch of missionary work, yet it has been told in an astonishing degree, and is telling every day.

I have just visited a Brahmin homestead and seen the dark and desolate rooms in which the female inmates were formerly immured. Happily they are not immured now, though living retired life still. The death of the father and family misfortune has made it needful for the widows to let the best part of their house, and they have let it to our lady missionaries for a girls' school, their own daughters being some of the most promising pupils. These widows showed me with much satisfaction their various apartments of their ancestral mansion, giving such explanations as opened the eyes to some of their family customs. One sees at a glance that the pupils in this school are of superior caste, their complexion being fairer, their features handsomer.

and their general bearing more dignified than that of the common people. And who is the teacher? A truly earnest-minded Christian woman—a Eurasian [*i.e.*, of mixed European and Indian descent], born and brought up in India, and prepared for her work by a suitable training. The love which beams out of her eyes to her little scholars shows the deep interest she feels in them, and her hope and daily prayer is that she may be made the means of leading some of these little ones to rest in the bosom of her own dear Saviour. This is not her only school. She is engaged daily from eleven till five in a circle of such, and she also visits zenanas, and gives instruction to their secluded inmates, several of whom in her and other houses become secret believers in Jesus Christ, though not at liberty to confess Him.

This teacher is one of a large circle of trained Eurasians stationed in different localities, and I have been much interested in going occasionally with them, and in seeing the hopeful prospects opening out on all sides. These Eurasian teachers are supplemented when needful by Native Christian women, who have also been trained and prepared for the office, and are always fairly efficient—in some cases very clever and superior women going to independent work of their own. Both classes of teachers, who may be designated as hands and feet to the one or two European lady missionaries who superintend them, could be multiplied indefinitely if more local means were at our command, and many more are needed. Especially valuable should we find natives—educated widows of rather mature age—who could be placed in a central village, carry on a girls' school, and instruct the women of the locality.

Such villages abound in this populous land. I visited one the other day, which is a missionary centre for the entire neighbourhood. The presiding genius is a comely native between thirty and forty, a really superior woman, of considerable power of character and of earnest piety. She has seventy girls in daily attendance, whose reading, writing, ciphering, &c., but especially their knowledge of Scripture, showed her to be a teacher of no common order. She was evidently the trusted friend and adviser of the village women, some dozen or more of whom clustered round her—after the girls had retired—and listened to the old, old story from her lips. "What do you do on Sundays?" I inquired. "We read our Bibles, sing our hymns, and talk to those who are sure to pay us visits, and then we pray for God's blessing on it all." I was pleased to notice that she opened her school, and closed it too, with prayer.

This is a sample of the sapping and mining which is going on in some Hindu villages, and if by the sympathy and help of our sisters at home we can increase this *some* into *many* we shall rejoice. Who among the readers of the *GLEANER* would like to become responsible for one such village mission? The average cost would be about £40 a year for salaries, house rent, &c., &c.

As I notice the great risk to health and its frequent failure in the zealous, earnest-hearted European lady, and as the eye opens more widely to the vast needs of this land, one longs intensely for the multiplication of both the kinds of native agency alluded to, and, to prepare this, a separate training-school for superior native women is much needed. I hope that need will be realised by those who can supply it, and that very soon it may be no longer a thing to be desired, but a thing in possession.

European lady missionaries are indispensable, not only as instructors of high-born native ladies, but as heads and directors of the work, and to give it a position among the natives. We have between thirty and forty ladies connected with our circle of missions, *i.e.*, those of the Indian Female Instruction Society; but these are scattered all over India, and many a desirable place of course remains untouched either by our or any other agency, and must so remain till labourers come forth in increased numbers.

A very great need in connection with our work in North India is the presence of a lady of experience, who should reside in Calcutta, and be general superintendent of the whole work—a mother in Israel, one to whom all might go for advice and encouragement, and whose time would be profitably occupied in visiting Native Christian ladies, and other sections of the community, who should be noticed and helped in various ways.

One other point presses, which, though mentioned last, is all important: the need of more earnest, constant, and persevering prayer, both among the labourers in India and those who send them forth. On the voyage out I read the Memoir of Ragland, and was deeply impressed by this point, so striking in his missionary career. When a brother spoke to him on any subject, he at once knelt with him to pray about it, and all his own missionary plans were conceived and carried out in this spirit of continuous prayer. A blessing such as was desired and hoped for followed, and answers to his prayers are still being traced, long after his death. I was reminded of a similar feature in the late Mr. Pennefather's character, and the effect is similar in all one sees at Mildmay, that spot so rich in spiritual blessing. May our missionary committees and our missionary supporters, and may we ourselves, be penetrated by the spirit of prayer, such as marked Ragland and Pennefather, and a blessing will fall as abundantly on us, and our wilderness will become a fruitful field, the Spirit being poured upon us from on high!

CALCUTTA, March 1st, 1878.

SOME TESTIMONIES TO MISSION WORK IN INDIA.

The following testimonies to success of the missionary work in India are selected from a much larger number:—

Lord Lawrence, late Viceroy—"I believe, notwithstanding all that the English people have done to benefit that country [India], the missionaries have done more than all other agencies combined."

Sir Bartle Frere, late Governor of Bombay—"I assure you that, whatever you may be told to the contrary, the teaching of Christianity among 160 millions of civilised, industrious Hindus and Mohammedans in India is affecting changes, moral, social, and political, which for extent and rapidity of effect are far more extraordinary than anything you or your fathers have witnessed in modern Europe."

Sir Donald McLeod, late Lieut.-Governor of the Punjab—"In many places an impression prevails that our Missions have not produced results adequate to the efforts which have been made, but those who hold such opinions know but little of the reality."

Report of the Secretary of State and Council of India upon "The Moral and Material Progress and Condition of India," printed for the House of Commons in 1873—"The Government of India cannot but acknowledge the great obligation under which it is laid by the benevolent exertions made by these 600 missionaries, whose blameless example and self-denying labours are infusing new vigour into the stereotyped life of the great populations placed under English rule, and are preparing them to be in every way better men and better citizens of the great Empire in which they dwell."

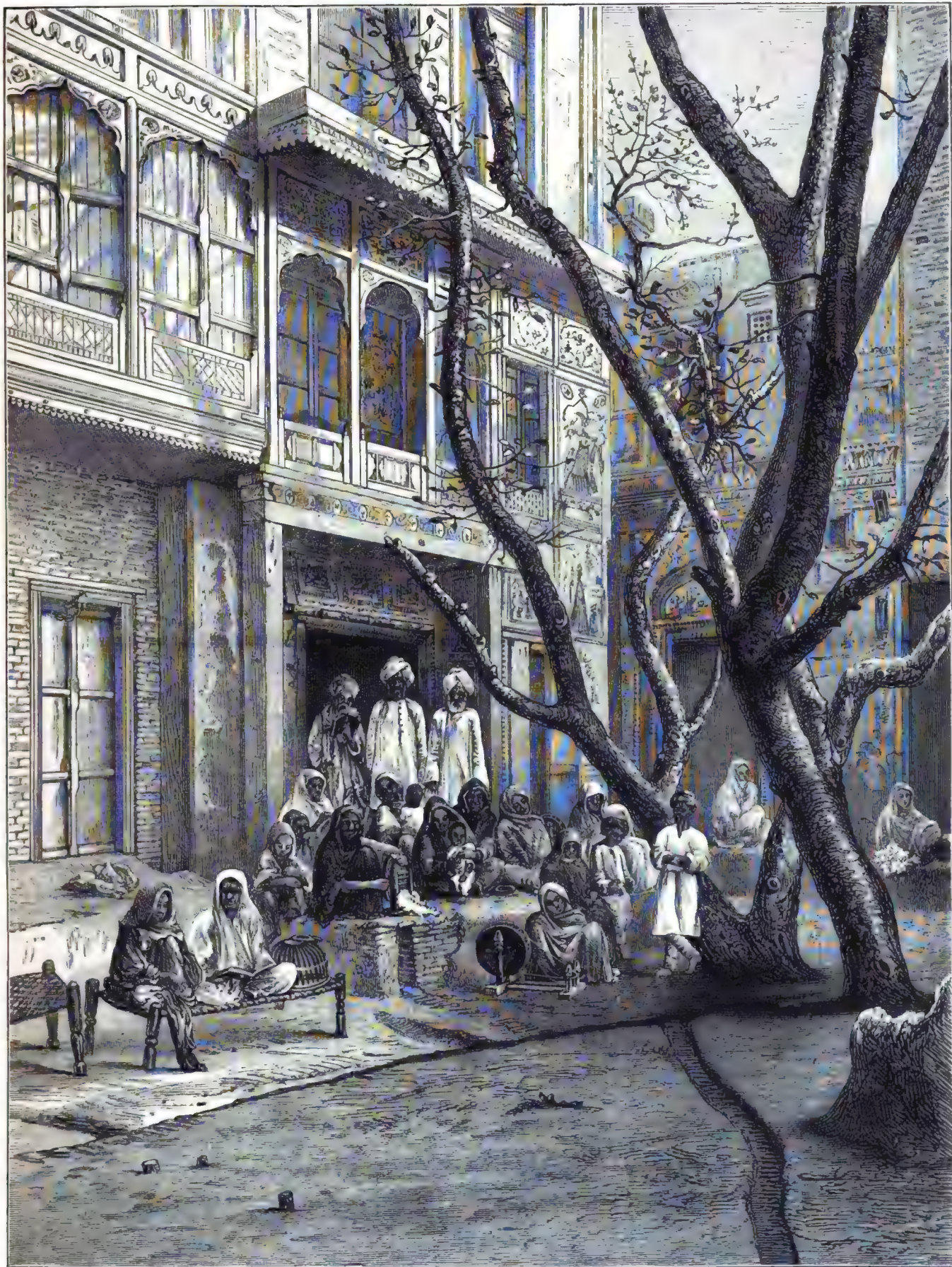
Report of the Government Census of the Presidency of Madras, taken in 1874—"The Protestant Missions . . . have made rapid strides of recent years in the conversion of the inhabitants to Christianity . . . An immense amount of good work has been done by the zealous and earnest agents of these Missionary Societies in the education of the people."

The Calcutta correspondent of the "Pall Mall Gazette"—"No one who has studied the effects of a Missionary Station in any District of India can help feeling that it yields a good return for the money spent upon it."

Lord Northbrook, late Viceroy, on his return to England, wrote to the Secretaries of the Church Missionary Society to put down his name as a subscriber of £100 a year. In a speech delivered at the Society's anniversary in May, 1877, he said—"The work of the Society in India is entirely worthy of your hearty support; and the workers, those who are carrying on the preaching of the Gospel in India, are worthy of all support, encouragement, and admiration. I have known many of them, having taken every opportunity which naturally came in my way to visit their institutions. I know of no single exception to the general esteem in which the Church Missionary Society's missionaries are held in India."



THE GANGES AT BENARES.



AN INDIAN HOUSE.

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE.

GENERAL.

1611. First English mercantile settlement in India, at Surat.
 1696. Calcutta purchased by the East India Company.
 1706. Ziegenbalg, first Protestant missionary to India, sent out by Frederick IV. of Denmark.
 1728. S.P.C.K. adopted the Danish Missions in South India.
 1750. Swartz began his work at Madras. (Died 1798.)
 1757. Battle of Plassey laid the foundation of British supremacy.
 1758. Kiernander began his work at Calcutta. (Died 1799.)
 1770. Kiernander built first church at Calcutta (now C.M.S. "Old Church").
 1771. Swartz established Tinnevely Mission.
 1793. Missions in India forbidden by the East India Company.
 Carey reached India. (Died 1834.)
 1798. London Missionary Society's first Mission in India, at Chinsurah.
 1799. Baptist Mission established at Serampore, in Danish territory.
 1806. Henry Martyn reached India. (Died 1812.)
 1807. Church Missionary Society's first grant for India.
 1813. American missionaries attempted in vain to enter India.
 1814. New Charter of East India Company gave freedom to Missions in India.
 1816. First Wesleyan Mission, at Madras.
 Rev. J. Hough, Chaplain, Palamcottah, planned C.M.S. Tinnevely Mission.
 1818. S.P.G.'s first grant to India.
 1823. First Scotch Mission, at Bombay.
 1828. S.P.G. took over S.P.C.K.'s Missions.
 1830. Dr. Duff began his educational work at Calcutta.
 1854. Sir C. Wood's famous despatch on Government system of education.
 1857. The Sepoy Mutiny.
 1858. India transferred from the East India Company to the Crown.
 1877. The Queen took the title of Empress of India.
 Bishops of Calcutta:—1814, Middleton; 1823, Heber; 1827, James; 1829, Turner; 1832, Daniel Wilson; 1858, Cotton; 1867, Milman; 1876, Johnson.
 Bishops of Madras:—1835, Corrie; 1838, Spencer; 1849, Dealtry; 1861, Gell.
 Bishops of Bombay:—1837, Carr; 1851, Harding; 1869, Douglas; 1876, Mylne.

C.M.S.

1807. First grant for India, for translations.
 1812. Corresponding Committee formed at Calcutta.
 1813. Agra Mission begun by Abdul Masih, under Corrie's direction.
 1814. First C.M.S. missionaries, Rhenius and Scharre, sent to Madras.
 1815. First English ordained missionary in India, W. Greenwood, to Calcutta.
 1816. Travancore Mission begun by Norton and Bailey. (Norton died 1840; Bailey, 1871.)
 1817. Benares Mission begun, under Corrie's auspices.
 1818. H. Baker, sen., to Travancore. (Died 1866.)
 1820. Bombay Mission begun.
 Tinnevely Mission begun by Rhenius.
 1825. C. T. Hoernle to Persia, under Basle Mission. (To India under C.M.S., 1838. Still labouring.)
 Abdul Masih ordained by Bishop Heber—first Native clergyman in India.
 1830. John Devasagayam ordained—first Native clergyman in Tinnevely.
 T. Sandys to Calcutta. (Died 1871.)
 1831. J. J. Weitbrecht to Burdwan. (Died 1852.)
 1832. W. Smith and C. B. Leupolt to Benares. (Smith died 1875.)
 1833. J. Peet to Travancore. (Died 1865.)
 John Tucker C.M.S. Secretary at Madras, 1833—1847.
 1835. E. Sargent, a catechist in Tinnevely. (Ordained 1842.)
 1836. John Thomas to Tinnevely. (Died 1870.)
 1838. J. S. S. Robertson to Bombay. (Returned home 1877.)
 Religious awakening in Krishnaghur.
 1840. Dr. Pfander to Agra. (To Turkey 1858; died 1865.)
 1841. Telugu Mission begun by Fox and Noble. (Fox died 1848; Noble 1865.)
 1846. T. G. Ragland to South India. (Died 1858.)
 1849. W. S. Price to Nasik, Western India. (To East Africa 1874.)
 1860. Sindh Mission begun.
 T. V. French and E. C. Stuart to Agra.
 1851. Punjab Mission begun by R. Clark and T. H. Fitzpatrick.
 1852. D. Fenn and R. R. Meadows to Tinnevely.
 First converts at R. Noble's School (M. Ratnam and A. Bhushanam).
 1854. Itinerating Mission begun by Ragland in Tinnevely.
 First Sikh clergyman ordained (Daoud Singh).
 1855. S. Dyson and J. Vaughan to Calcutta.
 Afghan Mission at Peshawar begun by R. Clark and Pfander.
 1858. R. Bruce to the Punjab. (To Persia 1869.)
 Lucknow Mission begun, under the auspices of Sir R. Montgomery.
 Santal Mission begun.
 1860. Sarah Tucker Female Institution established at Palamcottah.
 Koi Mission begun, under the auspices of Col. Haig.
 1862. Derajat Mission begun by French under the auspices of Col. Taylor.
 1864. First Telugu clergy ordained (M. Ratnam and A. Bhushanam).
 1865. Cathedral Mission College opened at Calcutta by J. Barton.
 Medical Mission in Kashmir begun by Dr. Elmslie.
 1866. Inad-ud-din baptized at Amritsar. (Ordained 1868.)
 1869. First Tinnevely Native Church Council.
 1870. Lahore Divinity College established by French and Knott.
 1877. E. Sargent consecrated Assistant-Bishop for Tinnevely.
 T. V. French consecrated first Bishop of Lahore.

THE DYING MOTHER.

A REMINISCENCE.



It was a sultry night in September, the atmosphere that of a hot vapour bath, such as is often, not to say always, so that season of the year in the plains of Bengal. "We must have rain soon," was the consolation we had gasped to each other throughout the day—"we" being a large party of friends assembled for the Durga Pujah* holidays in a hospitable home on the banks of the river Hooghly.

I was very tired by ten o'clock and glad to get to my room, and then after writing some letters and reading a chapter or two of the Bible, put out the lamp, and rested half undressed on the sofa, by a large open window looking out on the river, which lay before me like a sheet of silver in the beautiful moonlight, and watched the strange, almost life-like shadows of the trees and creepers on the well-kept grassy lawn that stretched along the river side.

Suddenly the profound silence was broken by a long, deep wailing followed up by a chorus of yells, barks, and howls; and presently a pair of jackals, still continuing their vocal performances, scampered across the lawn, adding not a little to the weird effect of the scene. Then again I was silent for a while, and again the silence was broken, but this time by a human voice; a faint moaning sound seemed to come from some spot a little lower down the stream and out of my view; very soon it was drowned in the noise of tom-toms (Indian drums) and the shouts of several voices, but presently it could be heard again. Listening till I could not bear to remain inactive any longer, I slipped into the veranda to rouse the ayah,† who lay asleep there wrapped up in her chudder (veil).

"Come, hear what is going on," I whispered, not wishing to disturb the other inmates of the house. She followed me to my room, and listened together. The moans, each time the shouting and drumming ceased, sounded fainter, as though life were fast failing the poor creature from whom they proceeded. What could be done? Seeing my uneasiness, the ayah proposed to go down-stairs and endeavour to find out. Barefooted she glided noiselessly down the wooden staircase and across the lawn, and I awaited her return in almost breathless anxiety. The moaning had now ceased and all was silent.

"Mem Sahib," she said quite cheerfully, when she came back, "it is a good thing; you need not distress yourself, they have been giving Gunga water‡ to the dying mother of Babu —, naming a native officer who held a high post under Government.

It was surprising that a man of his enlightenment and education should have sanctioned such a barbarous custom, and shortly afterwards a friend almost doubting the fact, questioned him about it. The Babu pleaded the pressure of friends and relatives, and especially female relatives. "Me, sir," he said, "it was simply an expensive business. I had to pay Rs. 100 (£10) to the Brahmins (priests) for their offices; and besides, my mother was a religious Hindu, and she could not have died happily unless any other circumstances." Such then is the highest consolation which Hinduism offers to its dying votaries! A. B.

* During these holidays, which are in honour of the goddess Durga, great earth mother, business is suspended.

† A sort of corridor that runs along the side of an Indian house—the roof supported by pillars—between which are venetian blinds, reaching partially or sometimes entirely, down to the floor.

‡ The ayah is a nurse or lady's maid, sometimes a little of both.

§ It is considered a sure passport to heaven if the dying Hindu be taken down to the river side and crammed with mud and water from the holy stream of the Ganges, or one of its tributaries, sacred to the god Gunga.

FAITH NANDO:

A TRUE STORY OF SECUNDEA.

I.



VERY little English girl into whose hands this story is likely to fall knows that the word Faith means belief or trust. Could any one have a more beautiful name? This little gentle obliging child of whom I write was so called, but her heathen name was Nando. Her father, who was a noted dyer in Janghirabad, a city in Northern India, was according to the custom of the country, called the heathen priest to give his little daughter a name, six days after her birth, and Nando was the name he chose. The word simply means girl. There are many sounding Indian names with pretty meanings, but perhaps the priest chose this one as he saw the parents were discontented because their child was a girl, and he thought this name sufficient. They would certainly have given him a much larger present than they did if their first-born had been a boy. I cannot tell whether the priest's book on the name-day of the little Nando foretold good or evil for the child, but well I know that God had purposes of love for her.

Before I speak of this let me give you a glimpse of Nando's home and her early childhood. Picture to yourself a large square court-yard planted with fine trees, underneath which were stone seats, affording rest in the shade. This court was surrounded on all sides by houses which were shut in like a fortress. The children who lived there made the court-yard their playground. In reality all these children belonged to a single family, the head of which was Malu-Chandari, the grandfather of Nando. Like the patriarch of the Old Testament, he lived and ruled in the midst of his descendants. He bought materials from the weavers, which he dyed and imprinted with flowers and dazzling patterns, and then sold them wholesale to Native merchants in the bazaars. Malu-Chandari was of good descent, and was respected by all who knew him. He made rich profits by his business, and he showed his gratitude to his gods in the following strange manner. He hung up in the centre of the room in which he lived a large round earthen vessel, called by the Hindus a "ghara," and filled it with silver ornaments—chains, bracelets, and rings for the ears, nose, fingers, feet, and ankles—and these he presented to his god to express his thanks, and to give it pleasure! The natives of India admire nothing more than a profusion of ornaments, and they like to carry all their wealth upon their persons. Those who are not rich enough to adorn themselves with silver, are contented with ornaments of brass. I know poor water-women whose arms from the wrist to the elbow are covered with coloured glass rings, and the upper part with heavy brass or lead ones, whilst their bodies are clothed with rags.

But to return to our story. The pride and delight of the old man were his four grown-up sons and their children, all living in the same court with their father, submitting to his authority, and sharing his work. The second son, Nando's father, was his best beloved. When the grandfather had been particularly successful in business, he gave Nando and her brothers each a rupee, a silver coin answering to our florin.

Nando remembered seeing her mother place daily a vessel of milk for four or five venomous serpents that concealed themselves in the walls of the room where the family lived. As soon as they had emptied the dish they would disappear without injuring any one. This is not an uncommon practice in India. The poor heathen imagine that either their gods or deceased relatives take the form of serpents, and their religion forbids them to do these creatures any harm. They even believe that if a person kills a serpent the death of one of his family will soon follow, as compensation for the life he has taken. Thousands of natives are killed by serpents in the course of a year. A neighbour of Nando's parents placed himself on a bed, at the entrance of the court, when it was dusk, and did not perceive that a serpent was lying there. The creature thus roused from its sleep bit the man, and in two hours he died. Yet no one ventured to touch the serpent. Nando herself had a snake on her bed one night, and did not feel at all uneasy. Another time she was lying outside the house, in the sun, when a cobra, a deadly snake, passed over her back without injuring her, and her mother who saw it fully believed that her son, who had died shortly before, had come to pay his sister a visit!

Malu-Chandari was taken very ill and died. Scarcely had the usual days of mourning ended, when the peace which had hitherto bound the members of the family together gave place to quarrels and strife concerning the division of the property. The eldest brother seized everything, and destroyed an important paper of his father's, which was perhaps a kind of will. Nando was then scarcely six years old, and she understood nothing further. Her father was constantly under the influence of opium, and this has the same dreadful effect in India that brandy has in other countries. He squandered all he had, and the children had no longer the good clothes and nice food of earlier days. At length he went away, saying that he was going to Delhi for work. He never returned, as far as Nando knew. The mother became blind from continual weeping, and the children were dependent on their grandmother and aunt for their scanty subsistence. All these things followed one another rapidly, and perhaps this helped to impress them more deeply on Nando's memory.

One day it happened that the mother wanted one of her children to fetch something from the bazaar. Nando was ready at once. So rarely did she meet strangers, or see what was passing outside, that she was glad to have this errand, and two of the younger brothers followed her. She had never been in the bazaar before; the crowd and the noise frightened her, and her timid and bewildered look excited the notice of a policeman, who thought she must be a lost child. He seized her, heeding not her struggles and screams; and the little brothers, on seeing the policeman, ran away, and Nando never heard more of any of her family.

II.

Nando was taken to the police-station as a "found child," and was kept there for two days, during which time inquiries were most likely being made. But no one claimed the poor little girl. The mother had no means of doing so; and the male relatives were doubtless glad to be saved the expense of her wedding, for which they would have been obliged to arrange within the next two or three years. So no one came forward,

and Nando was sent, for some reason or other, to a distant city called Bulandshahr.

From this place, together with a number of girls, some her own age, others older, all of whom had been rescued from the sad life of dancing girls, she was sent on to the Orphanage at Secundra. At first she felt very unhappy among her new companions, who were in Mohammedan costume; she would have nothing to do with them, being herself a Hindu, and even refused to touch any food. The second day hunger forced her to eat, but she cried a great deal. The nearer they came to Secundra the more frightened the children became, for the policemen who were in charge of them told them dreadful things of what should happen to them there. "The first thing," they said, "when you arrive will be that all your limbs on which you have ornaments will be cut off; therefore you had better give them to us first." Nando and her companions had silver ornaments, and they immediately took off and gave up every one. Still they were kept in great fear till they reached Secundra, when the love and kindness they received from everybody in the school soon showed them that they had been deceived by the policemen.

Secundra is five miles from Agra, and here Akbar the Great, a powerful prince who lived more than 300 years ago, built a beautiful tomb. It lies in the midst of a large garden, surrounded by a high wall, with small round towers at the corners. Three highly arched doorways of red freestone, ornamented with marble and mosaic, and closed with brazen gates, form the entrance. Above the middle archway rise slender white marble minarets, ascended by winding stairs. The subterranean room, in which the marble coffin lies, is lighted by a brazen lamp, suspended over the coffin, and approached by a marble staircase. The garden had formerly many fountains; these are now in ruins, but the canals and ponds from which they were supplied still exist, and cause the flowers to spring up and bloom in great beauty. Lofty tamarind, pipal, acacia, mango, and orange trees spread out their branches, and afford refreshing shade.

Close to this garden lies an extensive piece of ground, which also contains a tomb, not so magnificent as Akbar's, but erected by him in honour of his wife Miriam, who, according to tradition, was a Portuguese Christian, whilst he was a Mohammedan. Perhaps this Christian princess often prayed that her beloved Saviour would send the glad tidings of His redeeming love to her dark subjects in India, and would call into His own happy fold the many children who were growing up wild and ignorant, but whom she earnestly desired should be saved and taken to heaven. Here the dear Saviour has caused a much more beautiful remembrance of this princess to arise than the grand monument erected by her husband. It came to pass in this way.

About forty years ago a great famine prevailed in India. Many people died from want of food; numbers of children lost their parents, and wandered about, begging, as long as their feeble little feet would carry them. Many laid themselves down, too weary to go further, and died without any one to care for them. This was a great grief to the English Christians who then lived in India. They sought out the poor starving orphans, and gathered them into quarters at Agra; but so much sickness prevailed among the children that it became necessary to remove them, and many thought that the ruinous tomb of Miriam could not be used for a better or more honourable purpose than by making it into a Christian Orphanage. An application was made to Government for the tomb and the ground belonging to it, and they were granted to the Church Missionary Society for an Orphan Asylum.

An Indian tomb is very different from our ideas of a grave. Some are centuries old, and are most beautiful large buildings, with different rooms, some of which are being used as places of worship by the Mohammedans up to the present day. The wonderful marble tomb of King Shah Jehan at Agra employed, we are told, 40,000 workmen for eighteen years. As soon as Miriam's tomb had been made somewhat habitable the orphan boys were moved into it. A curious old native building situated in a small garden, further off, was made ready for the girls till proper buildings had been erected. From this time, 1839, dates the history of the Secundra Orphanage.

In the Mutiny year, 1857, Secundra was completely destroyed, except the tomb, by the mutineers, but the children and natives of the adjoining Christian village were saved in time and found refuge in the fort at Agra. In 1860 the buildings for the boys and girls were rebuilt at Secundra, and the C.M.S. again appointed a clergyman and his wife to take charge of the Orphanage.*

Since that time many of the little wild heathen children, who knew nothing when they entered the Orphanage, have learned diligently, and become orderly and useful members of society. The children are taught to read and write, &c., to make their clothes, and prepare food; and above all, they learn that they have a loving Father in heaven, who not only gives them their daily bread, but in His Holy Word makes known

* A picture of the building, and a history of the Orphanage, appeared in the GLEANER of July, 1876.

that He has given His own beloved Son as the Bread of Life, that whosoever believes in Him may not perish but have everlasting life.

III.

At first Nando fretted so much that for several years she was very feeble, and lived chiefly in the hospital. When she became stronger she went to school, and learnt with great eagerness. Her longing desire was to be baptized without delay, and her teacher and godfather, who is now a preacher among his heathen fellow-countrymen, gave her the name of Faith, because of the child-like earnest belief she expressed. Faith went through all the school classes, and very often took prizes. She at last passed the examination for teachers in the normal class, and at Easter, 1871, took charge of the fourth class. Although exceedingly little, and hardly fifteen years old, she knew how to secure the obedience, respect, and love of her scholars, and their half-yearly examination was always successful.

Faith was tenderly attached to her teacher, Miss H., whom the children called "Miss Bābā," and devoted all her spare time to her service, either in sewing or housework. Her merry laugh was heard early and late. I must not conceal from you, however, that she had once a sad fall, which in the end did her good, though she could never think of it without the deepest shame. Her teacher was constantly sending meat or a little pudding from her own table for some of the sick children in the hospital, and she thought she could not select a more reliable messenger than Faith. But the devil tempts even God's own dear children. He tempted Faith, and she repeatedly ate part of the food sent for her sick sisters. Thank God her sin was soon found out. Her teacher was deeply grieved, but Faith confessed her sin at once, and showed heartfelt penitence. As a punishment she was banished for a time from "Miss Bābā's" house. She felt this deeply, and fretted so much that she was worn to a shadow. Often when the children had long been asleep she would lie before the closed house-

door, quietly weeping. It was necessary that she should be punished more severely than others might have been, because she had been treated with a larger measure of confidence and love. God gave her grace to feel deeply sorry for her sin, and heartily to repent. Many of the elder girls repeatedly begged she might be forgiven, and at length their request was granted, and she received her teacher's first kiss on Christmas Eve.

From that time Faith, though always cheerful, was much more humble and earnest, showing word and deed that she was watchful over herself. A slight allusion to her former misconduct would immediately bring tears to her eyes. During seasons of wasting sickness after years none of the girls were so reliable as Faith. She who had once wronged the sick ones now devoted herself most conscientiously to them. The suffering and the dying loved to see her by their bedside, and many thanked her in a touching manner for her loving care.

The great anxiety and long watching during this season of much sickness in the school told on Miss H.'s health, and she was obliged to go to the Hills for rest and change of air. Thither Faith joyfully accompanied her beloved teacher, nurse her, and also to help her to acquire the Native language more perfectly. Landour, a place some 7,000 feet above the plains, they enjoyed the bracing and beautiful scenery, with the grand view of the snow-range of the Himalayas. There one meets with such European trees as firs, larches, poplars, weeping willows, walnuts, and chestnuts, with wild peach and cherry-trees. Rhododendrons are very abundant and grow to tall trees, and spring the hill-sides are coloured with their masses of scarlet blossom. This rose-bushes luxuriant to the height of even sixteen feet, cover



HINDU WOMEN OF BOMBAY.

with thousands of snow-white flowers. The songs of many birds are heard among the trees, and the notes of the cuckoo might almost make you fancy you were in Europe, if the vultures hovering above the heights, and the screaming parrots, did not remind you that this is India.

Faith and her teacher found here a little missionary work to do for



A BRAHMIN FAMILY IN SOUTH INDIA.

their Saviour among the hill-men, who are very poor and ignorant, and live in small miserable straw huts. Their chief employment is in the summer, when they hire themselves to carry the conveyances in which ladies go about, as there the roads are too narrow and steep for carriages. While Miss H. was carried, she often had pleasant conversations with her bearers, and she noticed that one of them, called Shitab, was glad to hear the Word of God, and so was his young



GROUP OF KOIS, DRAVIDIAN HILL-TRIBE, UPPER GODAVARI. (See p. 110.)

wife, Belmati, who daily paid Miss H. a visit. As neither of them could read, and they wished to know more of the Holy Book, Faith was entrusted with their reading lessons, and at the same time she taught a Hindu boy, nine years old, who was anxious to learn. She devoted some hours daily to her pupils, whilst Miss H. undertook their religious instruction; and their progress was delightful. They also learnt to sing some hymns. After Miss H. left Landour, in the autumn,

an old missionary continued to instruct Shitab and Belmati, and prepared them for baptism.

When Faith returned with her teacher to Secundra, she again resumed the classes at the Orphanage, which she had taught from the age of fifteen. She carried on her work most faithfully and diligently, and the Lord gave His blessing. So passed some months, and then came a great change in Faith's life.

H.

(To be continued.)

LIST OF THE C.M.S. INDIAN NATIVE CLERGY.

<i>Bengal.</i>	
Calcutta.....	Rev. Piri Mohun Rudra.
	Rev. Rajkristo Bose.
	Rev. Modhu Sudan Seal.
Krishnagar.....	Rev. Molam Biswas.
	Rev. Sartok Biewas.
Santal Mission.....	Rev. Ram Charan.
<i>North-West Provinces.</i>	
Benares.....	Rev. Amun Masih Levi.
Allahabad.....	Rev. David Mohun.
Lucknow.....	Rev. Dari Solomon.
Agra.....	Rev. Katwaru Lall.
Muttra.....	Rev. Madho Ram.
Meerut.....	Rev. David Jeremy.
	Rev. J. Richards.
<i>Punjab.</i>	
Amritsar.....	Rev. Imad-ud-din.
	Rev. Daud Singh.
	Rev. Sadiq Masih.
Narowal.....	Rev. Bhola Nath Ghose.
Derajat.....	Rev. John Williams.
Peshawar.....	Rev. Imam Shah.
<i>Western India.</i>	
Bombay.....	Rev. Appaji Bapuji.
	Rev. Jani Ali.
Nasik.....	Rev. Lucas Maloba.
Malligam.....	Rev. Shankar Balawant.
Aurangabad.....	Rev. Ruttonji Nowroji.
<i>Madras.</i>	
Madras.....	Rev. W. T. Sattianadhan.
	Rev. V. Simeon.
	Rev. Joseph Cornelius.
	Rev. T. Ephraim.
Ootacamund.....	Rev. Samuel Paul.
<i>Telugu Mission.</i>	
Ellore.....	Rev. G. Krishnayya.
Bezware.....	Rev. Manchala Ratnam.
Dumagudem.....	Rev. I. Venkatarama Razu.
<i>Travancore.</i>	
Pallam.....	Rev. Koshi Koshi.
Mallapalli.....	Rev. Itty Cherian.
Putupalli.....	Rev. Joseph Poten.
Cochin.....	Rev. Ambarta Thoma.
Tallawadi.....	Rev. George Curran.
Ericarte.....	Rev. Kiti Jaco.
Kannit.....	Rev. Kuruwella Kuruwella.
Changanacherry.....	Rev. Kunengeri Korata.
Katanam.....	Rev. Pulinekanatha Wirghese.
Kodawalaniya.....	Rev. Chandapilla Thoma.
Ellantur.....	Rev. Oomen Mamen.
Mavelikara.....	Rev. Jacob Tarien.
Mundakayam.....	Rev. P. Matthew Curien.
Olesha.....	Rev. A. J. Jaco.
Cambridge Institution.....	Rev. Jacob Chandy.

<i>Tinnevely.</i>	
Palamcottta.....	Rev. Jesudasen John.
District.....	Rev. M. Perianayagam.
	Rev. Atidasesen Asirvadam.
	Rev. Swamidasesen Nallatambi.
	Rev. J. Sebagannam.
	Rev. S. Asirvadam.
	Rev. S. Sandosham.
	Rev. D. Abraham.
Mengnanapuram.....	Rev. Perianayagam Arumaniyagam.
District.....	Rev. Devanayagam Viravagu.
	Rev. Samuel Gnanaumuttu.
	Rev. Thos. Vedanayagam.
	Rev. Joseph David.
	Rev. Asirvadam Gnanaumuttu.
	Rev. Aaron Vedamuttu.
	Rev. David Stephen.
	Rev. David Perinbam.
	Rev. Ralph Hopper.
	Rev. John Simon.
	Rev. S. Masillamani.
	Rev. D. Arulanantam.
	Rev. G. Arumanayagam.
	Rev. D. Devanayagam.
	Rev. V. Gnanaumuttu.
	Rev. Isaac Samuel.
	Rev. Samuel Masillamani.
	Rev. V. Gnanaumuttu.
	Rev. P. David.
	Rev. Abraham Isaac.
	Rev. David Rasentiram.
	Rev. Abraham Rasentiram.
	Rev. Gnanaumuttu Sarkun.
	Rev. M. Devaprasadam.
	Rev. Masillamani Gnanaumuttu.
	Rev. John Nallatambi.
	Rev. S. Vedukan.
	Rev. Devanayagam Gnanaumuttu.
	Rev. Gnanaumuttu Yesudian.
	Rev. V. Tarnakan.
	Rev. Antony James.
	Rev. Swisheshamuttu Swamidasesen.
	Rev. Luke Simeon.
	Rev. V. Abraham.
	Rev. Madurendiram Savaroyan.
	Rev. Perpettan Samuel.
	Rev. V. Vedanayagam.
	Rev. D. Devaprasadam.
	Rev. Abraham Samuel.

SUMMARY OF C.M.S. WORK IN INDIA.

CALCUTTA.—Corresponding Committee for North India Missions. English Church (the "Old Church"). 12 Native congregations in city and environs. Calcutta Church Missionary Association, for local evangelistic and school work. Cathedral Mission College, for high-class education on Christian principles. Missionaries, 7; Native Clergy, 3; Native Christians, 1,270.

BENGAL (Rural).—Stations: Krishnagar, Burdwan. In *Krishnagar*, 50 Native congregations; Training Institution for schoolmasters; Class of theological students. Missionaries, 3; Native Clergy, 2; Native Christians, 5,800.

SANTAL MISSION.—Mission to aboriginal Santal race. Stations: Taljhari, Hiranpur, Godda, Bhagaya, Bahawa. (Also at *Bhagalpur*, for Hindu population.) Missionaries, 6; Native Clergy, 1; Native Christians—Santal, 1,600, Bhagalpur, 360.

NORTH-WEST PROVINCES.—Stations: Benares, Jaunpur and Azimgur, Goruckpore, Allahabad, Lucknow, Fyzabad, Agra, Alighur, Meerut. At all these, Native congregations, schools, evangelistic work, &c. At *Benares*, Jay Narain's School, Orphanages. At *Goruckpore*, Orphanage, Christian village. At *Agra*, St. John's College, Secundra Orphanage. In *Meerut* district, Christian agricultural colonies. Missionaries, 17; Native Clergy, 7; Native Christians, 3,260.

CENTRAL PROVINCES.—Station: Jubbulpore. Proposed Mission Gond hill-tribes. Missionary, 1 (more designated); Native Christians, 100.

PUNJAB.—Stations: Amritsar, Lahore, Kotgur, Kangra, Pind Khan, Multan, Dera Ismail Khan, Bunnoo, Peshawar, Kashmir. *Amritsar*, Corresponding Committee for Punjab and Sindh; meeting Punjab Native Church Council; important mission agencies of all kinds. At *Lahore*, Divinity College founded by Rev. T. V. (now Bishop) Fre. At *Pind Dadan Khan*, head-quarters of Jhelum Itinerant Mission. *Peshawar*, congregation of Afghan converts from Mohammedanism. *Kashmir*, Medical Mission. Missionaries, 20; Native Clergy, 6; Native Christians, 740.

SINDH.—Stations: Kurrachee, Hyderabad. Missionaries, 3; Native Christians, 90.

BOMBAY.—Corresponding Committee for Western India. English Church (Girgaum). Native congregation. Robert Money School, Mohammedan Mission. Hostel for Christian boys. Missionaries, 2; Native Clergy, 2; Native Christians, 150.

DECCAN.—Stations: Nasik, Junir, Malligam, Aurangabad. At *Nasik*, Christian village of Sharanpur. Missionaries, 2; Native clergy, 1; Native Christians, 950.

MADRAS.—Corresponding Committee for South India. Native congregations, schools, &c. Mohammedan Mission with Harris School. Itinerant Mission in the environs. Missionaries, 6; Native Clergy, 2; Native Congregations, 21; Native Christians, 1,700.

TINNEVELLY.—Numerous Christian congregations scattered among 776 towns and villages, and administered by District Church Council under the general superintendence of Bishop Sargent. Districts: Palamcottta, Mengnanapuram, Dohnavur, Paneivelei, Pannikulam, Narandei, Surandei, Suviseshapuram, Sivagasi. At *Palamcottta*, English Institute, Theological Class; Sarah Tucker Female Training Institution, to which are affiliated many village girls' schools. Missionaries, 6; Native Clergy, 48; Native Congregations, 768; Native Christians, 41,500.

TRAVANCORE.—Districts: Cottayam, Mundakayam, Mavelikara, Travancore, Allepie, Cochin, Trichur, Kunnankulam. At *Cottayam*, Cambridge Mission; Nicholson Institution; Cottayam College. At *Mundakayam*, Mission to the Arrian hill-tribes. Missionaries, 7; Native Clergy, 15; Native Congregations, 240; Native Christians, 19,300.

TELUGU MISSION.—Districts: Masulipatam, Ellore, Bezware, Rajapuram, Dumagudem. At *Masulipatam*, Noble High School. At *Dumagudem*, Mission to Koi hill-tribes. Missionaries, 9; Native Clergy, 3; Native Congregations, 147; Native Christians, 4,000.

General Statistics of C.M.S. Missions in India.—Missionaries (including those at home)—clerical, 107; lay, 27. Native Clergy, 107. Native Lay Teachers, 1,717. Native Christian Adherents, 80,000. Communicants, 17,400. Baptisms in 1877—adults, 1,344; children, 3,066. Schools, 1,088. Scholars—boys, 12,220; girls, 3,640.

OTHER MISSIONS IN INDIA.

The following figures are taken from the tables compiled for the Allahabad Missionary Conference of 1872-3, which comprise the results from the various societies for 1871:—

The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel had 41 Missions and 45,000 Native Christians. It works at Calcutta; in Chota Nagpur at Cawnpore and Delhi; in the Bombay Presidency; in Madras, Tinnevely, Tanjore, and other southern provinces.

The London Missionary Society had 44 Missionaries and 40,000 Native Christians, at Calcutta, Benares, Mirzapore; in Travancore and other southern districts; among Canarese and Telugu-speaking people.

The Wesleyans had 22 Missionaries and 1,000 Native Christians, labouring at Calcutta and Madras, in Mysore, and in Tanjore.

The Baptists had 32 Missionaries and 9,000 Native Christians, at Bengal, Orissa, the N.W. Provinces, and at Delhi.

The Scotch, Irish, and English Presbyterian Missions had 40 Missionaries and 3,400 Native Christians. They work in Bengal, the Central Provinces, Rajputana, Gujerat, Bombay Presidency, and at Madras.

Various American societies, particularly the "Board of Christian Missions" (Congregationalist), the Presbyterians, and the Episcopal Methodists, have just 100 Missionaries, and 24,000 Native Christians, in the N.W. Provinces, Oudh, the Punjab, the Central Provinces, the Bombay Presidency, and in Madura, Arcot, Nellore, and other parts of Southern India.

German Protestant societies, including the Basle Mission, have 100 Missionaries and 25,000 Native Christians in Chota Nagpur, the Bombay Presidency, the Malabar Coast, and various parts of South India.

Adding to these the 102 Missionaries and 69,000 Native Christians of the Church Missionary Society in 1871, and a few others belonging to smaller agencies, we get a grand total for that year of 488 Missionaries and 221,000 Native Christians. The celebrated Government Report of 1873, including Burmah and Ceylon, reckoned 600 Missionaries and 318,000 Christians. The past six years have much increased the total. The C.M.S. alone has added 12,000 Christians to its list in the interval.

THE CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.

NOVEMBER, 1878.

VINEYARD WORK.

BY THE REV. G. EVERARD, *Vicar of St. Mark's, Wolverhampton.*

X.—THE MINISTRY OF INTERCESSION.

"Epaphras . . . always labouring fervently for you in prayers."—
Col. iv. 12.



ERE is a bright example of a prayerful spirit. Epaphras was a true servant of Christ, and he followed his Master in this. He was in earnest in prayer. His petitions were full of fire and life. He "laboured" or strove in prayer, and he laboured "fervently." Nor were his petitions confined to his own necessities. He remembered the Christians at Colosse, and sought grace for them from above. He longed that they should advance and grow in faith and holiness. He asked that they might "stand perfect and complete in all the will of God."

Let each of us exercise a like ministry of intercessory prayer. The ministry of gift is precious. That of personal effort in soul-winning is still more so. But that of hearty, believing supplication on behalf of others is most precious of all.

I may exercise this when every other door seems closed. Means may be scanty, and it may be impossible to give much to the Lord's treasury. Home duties, feeble health, a lonely position, may make it difficult to reach many by my words. But prayer, real, effectual, believing prayer, may be offered in Christ's name, and the answer may come in showers of blessing.

But how may I most effectually act as the Lord's remembrancer, and bring down blessing on the Church by prayer?

I must cherish a thoughtful interest in others. I want "a heart at leisure from itself, to soothe and sympathise;" I must think of the wants and woes and sins of those around or far away.

I must believe more and more in the power of true prayer. I must believe that the feeblest cry of the humblest Christian is sweet music in the Father's ear. Where there is the heart-utterance of the Saviour's name, prayer can never be lost.

I must be definite in prayer. I must not lose time in generalities. I must offer distinct petitions, if I would have distinct answers. In praying on behalf of Christ's work in other lands, it may be well to divide the week, and from time to time to pray for each branch of the great Mission field. At various times we may pray for an increase of labourers, and increased liberality for their support amongst English Christians. We may pray for the Jews, the Mohammedans, the heathen. We may remember the Native Pastors and their flocks; and at all times constantly plead for larger measures of the power of the Holy Ghost.

But whatever plan is adopted, let prayer be offered in simple, undoubting faith, in the name of our great Advocate, and it cannot be in vain.

SKETCHES OF THE PUNJAB MISSION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MORAVIAN LIFE IN THE BLACK FOREST," &c.

IX.—The Valley of Kashmir.



ERE every prospect pleases, and only man is vile." It is a lovely place, that Valley of Kashmir. Many a traveller, many a poet, has celebrated its beauties, as it lies bathed in the warm rays of the setting sun, while in the far distance rise the snowy peaks of the Pir Punjab, tinted with the rosy light of evening, and between it and them stretches a vast expanse of undulating plain, bearing on its broad bosom cities, lakes, and gardens. The Valley of Kashmir was the favourite residence of

the great Mogul Emperors. The traces of their luxury and magnificence are still to be seen in the dilapidated remains of mosques, garden-palaces, marble fountains, and sculptured pillars, and in the richest of all their gifts, the stately and beautiful chunar tree, which they caused to be transplanted hither for the embellishment of this lovely land.

The city of Srinuggur, the capital, is built on the banks of the Jhelum; the houses on either side stand close to the water's edge, some of them, supported on piles, projecting far over it. Seen dimly through the delicately carved wood-work of the half-open lattice, you will now and then catch a glimpse of the graceful form and face of some fair Kashmir girl, with braided tresses and dark bright eyes, shyly peeping out on the crowded river below. Near the city the waters expand into a silvery lake, dotted with islands and floating gardens of melons and cucumbers. Above its clustered houses rises the hill Hari Parhit, with an ancient fortress on its summit, and beyond, across the plain of green mosaic, forming a beautiful background to the whole, rearing their peaks out of the midst of a dark belt of pine and cedar forests, appear the white heights of the lofty Pir Punjab, which separates Kashmir from the Punjab. Two wild and lofty passes lead from the one territory to the other, at an altitude of from 900 to 1100 feet above the sea-level.

Amidst all the advantages of fertility, delightful scenery, and salubrious climate, what is the character of the inhabitants of the favoured land? The people have been described as being "dishonest and mendacious, vicious and untrustworthy, sullen and disobliging, thieves and extortioners, no word too bad for them!" The English visitor to the valley, the natives of the surrounding countries, their own rulers, and they themselves, seem to have agreed in this verdict. The Maharajah Gulab Singh, to whom the country had only recently been made over by the English, after the annihilation of the Sikh principality in the Punjab, allowed the first missionaries who visited his capital to preach freely in the bazaars, remarking that "his subjects were so bad already that he was certain no one could do them any harm, and he was curious to see if the *Padres* could do them any good!" This was in the year 1854, and these missionary pioneers were Colonel Martin and the Rev. Robert Clark. Books were distributed, inquiry was awakened, and friendly intercourse with the natives developed. A promising beginning was made, but the circumstances of the Punjab Mission were not then such as to render the prosecution of the work in Kashmir practicable, and it was temporarily abandoned.

In 1862 the plan was revived, in response to an application to the C.M.S., drawn up and signed "by every member of the Punjab Government, and by almost every Christian officer in the country." A local committee was formed, and large subscriptions collected. The Punjab missionaries felt that they were sufficiently strong to justify a forward movement, and in the autumn of 1862 a second tentative visit was paid to Kashmir by Mr. Clark. As before, preaching was freely carried on in the bazaars, and nothing marred the peace of the missionary's labours. The Kashmir Government had not yet begun to fear or to hate the Christian religion.

The needed permission to remain throughout the year was granted, so far as the English Government was concerned, and preparations for a permanent residence were at once made. But the Maharajah had by treaty the right to insist on the withdrawal of Europeans from the valley during the winter season, and he claimed to exercise it in relation to Mr. Clark, who was thus compelled to return to the Punjab. This refusal on the part of the Maharajah to allow foreigners to settle in the country



VIEW IN THE VALLEY OF KASHMIR.

resulted from a sort of Chinese jealousy of intrusion, and he had already begun to dread the influence of the missionaries too much to be induced to waive it in their favour. In the following spring, however, Mr. Clark re-entered the valley, accompanied by Mrs. Clark, and some Native assistants.

Numbers gathered round in the bazaars to listen, and inquirers presented themselves for further instruction, braving threats of condign punishment. Some were imprisoned and beaten. One of them was found in a dungeon fettered to a ponderous log of wood, which prevented his rising from the ground. It was the second time that he had been placed in confinement for the Gospel's sake. Through the influence of the British Resident he was released, and he became the first convert of the Kashmir Mission, baptized by the Rev. Robert Clark on July 30th, 1864. Mrs. Clark, in the meanwhile, had opened a dispensary for the sick, which soon became very popular, as many as 150 coming in a single day for medicines and treatment. Both Mr. and Mrs. Clark wished to remain in the country during the winter, and were prepared, for the sake of the work, to bear any privations, but the Maharajah remained inexorable.

It had become evident that although the rulers were opposed, the people were not, and the C.M.S. had no intention of abandoning their Christian enterprise. They determined to try the experiment of re-organising the Mission on a different basis. The Kashmiris needed medicine for the body and Gospel truth for the soul. They were willing to receive the one, nor did they seem indisposed to the communication of the other. The Committee therefore resolved on the appointment of a medical

missionary; one who, while he alleviated the sufferings of the body, might minister to the maladies of the soul, and make known to the people the true Physician. Dr. Elmslie accepted the post, and reached Srinuggur in the spring of 1865, accompanied by two youths from the Amritsar School as assistants and by an old Native catechist, a Kashmiri by birth.

Dr. Elmslie did not confine his labours to Srinuggur, but went through the villages also, carrying help wherever he could, and many a graphic picture might be drawn of the surroundings of the little mission encampment on such occasions. Sometimes the tents were pitched in a grove of fruit-trees, sometimes beneath the shade of a spreading walnut, sometimes amongst a clump of willows on the river's bank. Here sick and maimed would surround them, and here advice and medicines were freely given, whilst Qadir, the aged catechist, full of Jesus and His love, spoke and preached and read with all comers.

For several seasons Dr. Elmslie returned to his work as the spring came round. One year it was his lot to minister to the panic-stricken population during a severe visitation of cholera. In 1870 he came to England on leave for two years. Having married in Edinburgh early in 1872, Dr. Elmslie was on his way back to India with his wife shortly after that event. Even then anxious friends noticed in his manner the signs of weakness and fatigue. Landing in Bombay, the doctor and his wife proceeded at once to Kashmir, and entered upon a season of labour pleasanter, though more laborious, than any which had preceded it. It proved to be his last. He died at Gujarat on the 18th of November. The next day Mrs. Elmslie received a letter from

the Indian Government, informing her that they might remain in Kashmir all the year. It was what Dr. Elmslie longed, laboured, and prayed for, but he died without the sight.

The Rev. T. R. Wade and the Rev. T. V. French of Lahore, with Benjamin, Dr. Elmslie's Native assistant, filled up the gap during the following summer. They itinerated through the valley, accompanied by old Qadir Baksh, the catechist. The people followed them from place to place, parents bringing their sick children, little and big, upon their backs and in their arms, children their parents, husbands their wives, and friends their neighbours, the utterly helpless sometimes carried on charpeys—small bedsteads—while the blind would be led by a little boy or girl. Often as many as 800 would be assembled under the cherry and walnut trees when halt was made. Before medicines were distributed a portion of Scripture was always read, and an address given to the people assembled. The people would join with sobs and sighs, and ejaculations to God for mercy.

"Sahib," said a poor man, weeping, "God's curse must rest upon this poor oppressed country; for when Elmslie Sahib came amongst us like an avatar (incarnation of God), healing our sick bodies and speaking kind words to our souls, the poor Kashmiris rejoiced that they had at last one kind friend to care for them; but God took him from us, and we are left friendless as before."

The missionaries were able to comfort the sorrowing Kashmiris with the assurance that another Doctor Sahib was coming out from England to live amongst them, and love them and labour for their souls. This was Dr. Theodore Maxwell, who arrived at Srinuggur on the 1st of May, 1874, Mr. Clark once more visiting the capital with him. Their reception was a cordial one, and Dr. Maxwell began his labours without delay; but, alas! they were doomed to be short, and the following season he was compelled to return to England on account of ill health, brought on by over-work.

The Rev. T. R. Wade, accompanied by the Native doctor, the Rev. John Williams, again stood forward to fill the vacant post. The daily routine of work was much the same as it had been in Dr. Elmslie's time, except that he, for the want of a better place, had been obliged to receive his patients sometimes in a tent, sometimes in an open verandah, sometimes in one of the rooms of his dwelling-house; whilst now there was a dispensary and hospital, which the Maharajah had built and placed at the disposal of the Kashmir Mission.

The latest report of this Mission is from the pen of Dr. Downes, the present medical missionary in the valley. The total number of visits to the hospital in the four summer months of 1877 were

10,490. These were each morning addressed by the old catechist, Qadir Baksh.

There have not been a great number of baptisms in connection with this Mission. Men who have lived long in thick darkness, when light is brought to them, do not see all things clearly at once; but bigotry and superstition are being removed, and the few bright rays that appear are, we trust, the proof and promise of a day of liberty and gladness yet in store for that land, where now "every prospect pleases, and only man is vile."



MAORI GIRLS, UNCIVILISED AND HEATHEN.



MAORI GIRL, CIVILISED AND CHRISTIAN.

MAORI GIRLS.

VERY different are the two pictures on this page, the one representing a group of Native girls in New Zealand in their uncivilised state, and the other a girl of the same class brought up in a mission-school. Both are from photographs given to us by the Rev. T. S. Grace. Mrs. Grace has lately opened a boarding-school at Tauranga for Maori girls, in which we trust many will in course of time be trained to be Christian wives and mothers in the Maori Christian community. Mr. Grace writes:—

It is impossible to civilise a race if we neglect the female portion. A Native man may be as polished as you like, but if his wife retains her Maori ways (which is too often the case) you may visit his house and look at his children and have the conviction forced upon you that the advance he has made will die with him. Hence the importance of educating the girls, not only spiritually, but also domestically. But this matter has more importance still, for while we rejoice that the Gospel is applicable to the most degraded savage, yet experience teaches us that if he embraces Christianity, practical Christianity cannot co-exist with his savage state of life, and that either the one or the other must give way.

Coming back, however, to the Native girls. Although the Maori women have generally been considered to be more degraded than the men, yet it is clear that they are in their own line of things quite as quick and intelligent. In former years we had from amongst them as good and clever domestics as could be desired; and to illustrate their ability to acquire an English education, I will enclose a piece of dictation of one of our Native girls, which, when we remember that English is to this girl a foreign language, and that she has only been with us a little more than a year, is satisfactory, and proves, I think, what I wished the photographs to illustrate.

Mrs. Grace sends us the piece of dictation referred to, which is our old friend "Androcles and the Lion," and adds:—

It is a piece of dictation of one of my Maori girls, Annette Te Ahu, the daughter of Ihaia Te Ahu, our clergyman at Maketu, about 18 miles distant. She wrote it off just as it is, giving it out to her in the form of dictation. I have not corrected it, and you will perceive Carthage is spelt incorrectly; she has also put distant for distance, and there are one or two omissions. Annette is a bright, quick, intelligent girl, capable of being taught anything, and would compare well with any English girl of her age. I have another clergyman's daughter, Ani Taupaki, from the north. Her deceased father, Matiu Taupaki, was an excellent man. Ani, too, is a quick, clever child, and is making good progress.

A JOURNEY TO KIONG NING FU.

Journal of the Rev. LLEWELYN LLOYD.

WE have not in this year's GLEANER given any detailed accounts from the Fuh-kien Mission, except the letter of Chitnio, the wife of the Rev. Ling Sieng Sing, in the February number. Mr. Lloyd's journal not only affords interesting glimpses of the country and people, but relates the circumstances under which the great inland city of Kiong Ning Fu, the capital of the Black Tea District, from which the Native evangelists were so ignominiously expelled (as described in Chitnio's letter), has been reoccupied. The principal places mentioned by Mr. Lloyd will be found marked upon the map in the GLEANER of October last year.

April 11, 1878.—Left Foochow this afternoon in company with Mr. Wolfe, Rev. Ting, and two or three Native catechists, in a large house boat kindly lent us by one of the merchants. Made very little progress, as wind and tide were against us.

April 12.—Still progressing very slowly, river very much swollen from recent heavy rains; anchored near one of the many riverside villages, and although very near Foochow we were objects of great curiosity. Mr. Wolfe and the Native catechist preached for some two hours to the people, who, for the most part, listened attentively, and some of them expressed their willingness to give up idol worship and attend our chapel, if we would rent one there; we told them that if they would prove themselves in earnest we should be glad to help them. We gave away medicine for sore eyes and skin disease, from which very many of the people suffer.

April 13.—Were obliged to send the house boat back and take a small native boat about twenty feet long and six wide, containing several children, two or three women, and a pig, so that with the boatmen and ourselves we found it rather close quarters; however, we were able now to make better progress, and reached Chui Kau about noon.

Monday, April 15.—It was very pleasant to hear our Native brethren singing "The Gate Ajar" and other hymns each evening. We could not help feeling sorrowful as we passed the house which we had rented as a chapel at Chui Kau, and which, as you are aware, we have this year decided to give up; for several years the name of Jesus has been proclaimed to these busy people, but they had no time to attend to His gracious invitations, and now their opportunity, at least for the present, is gone.

We did not stay here, but started at once for Wong Cheng (Yellow Field), a somewhat new station situated on the right side of the River Min, about twelve miles above Chui Kau, on the Kiong Ning Fu and Iong Ping road. This road is a somewhat lonely one, and is notorious for the number of robberies and murders which have taken place along it, and a few years since it was no uncommon thing to see the heads of these highwaymen suspended from the trees as a warning to others. We found small detachments of soldiers stationed at intervals of a mile or so to protect travellers.

Wong Cheng contains a population of about 1,500 people, very few of whom have as yet embraced the offer of salvation. Three, however, have been baptized, and are, we trust, living consistent lives. One of them, the constable or warden of the village, is very intelligent and earnest; he reads very well, and is able to speak Mandarin; he assists the catechist very much, and is witnessing a good confession for Christ amongst his heathen neighbours. We found a detachment of ten soldiers here in charge of a sergeant, several of whom came to the chapel in the evening, and had some conversation about Christianity; our friend the constable had had many conversations with them, and the sergeant, a very intelligent man from Canton, assured me that he was quite convinced of the truths of our doctrine, but that his friends were so much opposed to his joining the Christians that he dared not do so. I fear that this is no solitary case, and many a Chinese convert is compelled to ask himself, "Which shall I give up, my relatives or my Saviour?" Thank God, many have decided for Christ. There are now several inquirers here, and we hope a greater interest is springing up.

April 16.—To-day we have travelled about twenty miles along the river bank, hoping to reach a station of the American Mission, but night having overtaken us, this was found impossible, and we were obliged to take shelter in a native inn. I might mention, to show how widely our doctrines are becoming known, that our landlord was quite familiar with the leading truths of Christianity, and very glad to hear more of them.

April 17.—Rose very early, and after a hasty breakfast resumed our journey towards Kiong Ning Fu. To-day we passed the city of Iong Ping, from which we have, as you are aware, for several years been expelled. Our American brethren, whose chapel was also pulled down, have had possession again for some time, and the opposition seems to have subsided. I trust that before long, we too shall be enabled once more to proclaim the message of salvation within its walls.

We had great difficulty in procuring a bed to-night, the solitary inn

in the place at which we halted being quite full before our arrival. At length, however, a farmer, after some hesitation, allowed us to sleep in his house; he was very kind, and we had a long talk with him and some of the other villagers about idolatry, and as soon as they were gone we gladly retired to rest, sleeping very soundly on two old doors, the best bedsteads our landlord had to offer us. It was very pleasant to find that many of these people understood the Foochow dialect, and perhaps the seed thus scattered by the wayside will one day spring up and bring forth fruit; such at least is our prayer.

April 18.—Reached Nang Wa about 5 P.M. This station has been occupied about a year and a half; it is an important place, situated on the bank of the river, having a population of about 5,000, a fourth part of whom are Foochow people. Much trade is carried on here, especially in tea, which is conveyed to Foochow in boats. No apparent results have as yet followed the preaching of the catechist. The situation of our chapel is not the best that could be desired, and we hope, ere long, to get a better place. The difficulty about renting chapels is, that if we have them in a too prominent place, inquirers, or would-be inquirers, are ashamed to be seen entering them; and if we rent in a secluded place, it takes a long time for its whereabouts to be ascertained. We found the catechist at this place very ill, apparently in a rapid consumption. I felt sure that he could not live long, and when I wished him good-by I asked him if he was afraid to die. He replied that he was not, that his trust was in the Saviour. He died about four days after I left. This man, whose name was Ling Sin Chong, has borne much persecution for the cause of Christ; he was in charge of the Iong Ping chapel when it was pulled down in 1871, when he had to flee for his life. He was about forty years of age, and would probably have lived much longer but his constitution not been undermined before his conversion. His widow, who is very intelligent and speaks Mandarin, will be taken on as a Bible-woman.

April 19.—To-day, Mr. Wolfe returned by water to Foochow, leaving me at Nang Wa until the business for which we had journeyed so far was completed. This was to purchase a house at Kiong Ning Fu. It was considered best for us to remain at Nang Wa, about twelve miles from the city, while the Rev. Ting proceeded there, and got the deeds, &c. ready. This he did, and the next day, April 20, returned to Nang Wa accompanied by the owner of the house, to whom I weighed out some 900 oz. of silver, and received the deeds of transfer. I read in *The Story of the Fuh-Kien Mission* these words respecting Kiong Ning Fu: "When and how this city will again be invaded in the name of the Lord we cannot now say." Let me reply, that if all goes on well in July 1878, we shall again enter its walls, let us hope this time without molestation. I am sorry to say that since I have returned to Foochow we have received a copy of a placard, which has been pasted up by some unknown person at Kiong Ning Fu, saying that we have purchased a house in the city to be used as a chapel, and that if the "Foreign Devils" come there they will drive them out. The only comment we can make is, that the Foreign Devils are not afraid.

April 21, Easter Day.—A very quiet Easter amongst the heathen. We, the catechist's wife, a young Christian from Ku Cheng, and myself had a service this morning, the catechist being too weak to attend. It was very distressing to hear his terrible cough. Had plenty of visitors to-day, many of whom came from the adjoining province of Kiang Si. Of course I could not understand a word of their dialect, and I therefore got a Foochow man to tell them a little about the God whom we worship, and how He saves men from sin. These truths were evidently quite new to them, and they seemed quite astonished to hear such, to them, strange doctrines.

April 22.—Visited some of the tea plantations. The people are now very busy picking; the farmers supposed that I had come to buy tea, and I fancy they were rather disappointed when it was explained to them that I was a minister of the Gospel. Money is the god of the Chinese, as well as of too many in every land.

April 23.—Left Nang Wa for Siong Chie, six miles nearer to Kiong Ning. This station has been opened about twelve months, and is, I think, situated amidst the most beautiful scenery I ever saw. It is a very small place, containing about 100 families, and is surrounded by lofty mountains whose sides are covered with trees of all kinds, and presenting a mass of luxuriant foliage of every hue to the beholder. Our chapel is a very unpretending building, containing four rooms and a kitchen. We had a good number of people at our evening service, all of whom listened most attentively whilst the catechist (Ting Chung Sen) spoke to them from the first few verses of the Fifth of St. Matthew. Our service lasted until ten o'clock, when our friends lit their torches and went to their homes, and we to our beds.

April 24.—This morning we (the catechist and I) ascended to one of the mountains near the village, from which we had a magnificent view of the surrounding country. We saw many villages dotted over the plain, some of them very large, in most of which the Gospel has been preached. After an earnest prayer that the inhabitants might soon be translated from the kingdom of Satan into that of God's dear Son, we descended

mountain side, feeling how much land remained to be possessed even in this province.

With regard to the work at Siong Chie, there is, I think, every reason for us to thank God and take courage. Mr. Wolfe has, I believe, sent you the account of the conversion of two brothers here who were once much opposed to Christianity, but who, since another brother's peaceful death, have quite changed. I was much pleased with the earnestness of these two young men. They afford great help to the catechist, accompanying him to the surrounding villages to preach; and as they are tea farmers they have very little to do, except at certain seasons of the year. The eldest brother of this family still delays to join himself to the Church, although he comes to listen, and does not at all interfere with his brothers; it seems that he is still living in sin. The youngest boy, a bright intelligent lad of about sixteen, regularly attended the services until lately; his mother, however, now forbids him doing so, saying that she wants him to keep her company at home. The old lady told me that she was glad for her sons to be Christians, and that she would herself come to church if there were any women there. I might mention that the catechist is a single man, and according to Chinese etiquette, women are debarred from coming to the services. This evening paid a visit to the landlord of the chapel. He is very well off, I fancy, and he told me that as soon as he had finished tea-picking he quite intended to attend the services, that he had ceased the worship of idols, as he quite saw they were useless. As there was a good-sized idol in the room I thought I would test his words, so I said to him, "Oh, I am very glad, and I dare say you wouldn't mind giving me that idol there to take to Foochow, I should like to send it to England." He replied, "Yes, certainly," and as it was rather large I said I would send for it. When I did so, about an hour afterwards, he said that he was quite willing to let me have it, but that his wife refused to do so. I think that there are more idols in the Kiong Ning Fu district than in any other I know, and perhaps this is why such opposition is manifested against our preaching or renting in the city.

The absence of graves in this district is also remarkable, the dead being interred in pots all along the road side. It seems that when anybody dies the body is put into a coffin, and placed about a foot under ground for a year, when the coffin is opened and the body burnt, the bones being preserved and put into earthenware pots about three feet in height, and placed in little caves by the roadside. It is very curious to see thousands of these pots covered with paper money and charms, which are placed on them at certain times each year. It was very pleasant to notice here that the people were not the least afraid of a foreigner. Even the smallest children very soon made friends with me, whereas, at Foochow, and some other places, the women and children run away as though we were cannibals or wild beasts. This is, of course, in consequence of the absurd stories which are told about us.

April 25.—Started this morning for Ku Cheng, a three-days' journey, and called at Siong Po, a new station about seven miles from Siong Chie. This place has been occupied about six months, and as yet no fruit has appeared; there seemed to be no opposition manifested, and the catechist is allowed to preach without hindrance.

To-night reached a large place called Sang Tau (Mountain head), where we have tried, but as yet in vain, to rent a chapel. The people seem very much afraid of foreigners, and I had great difficulty in getting a bed. After I had done so I took a walk outside the village, followed by a great crowd of people. I sat down on a bridge near the village, and was able to tell the people my business by means of some Ku Cheng men who were present. The people, for the most part, had never seen a foreigner before, and they believed that we can see into the ground and tell where to dig for gold, silver, &c., a distorted notion, evidently, of geology; it was in vain that I assured them it was not so, that only a few men who studied the earth and its formation were able to give an opinion about it with some probability, and that my eyes were the same as theirs, except in colour; they insisted that it was not so, and that if I was willing I could tell them where to find precious things. After supper I walked down the street, and at the invitation of the owner, sat down in a cake-shop for some time, while the colporteur, who understood the dialect, told them of the doctrines his books contained, and sold some portions of the Scriptures.

April 27.—To-day a man called after me, "Jesus' teacher! come and drink tea." I therefore entered his house, and was soon surrounded by the neighbours. We were only about a mile from Sek Lek Tu, and of course these people knew all about our doctrines, indeed some of this man's relatives are Christians. I told him I hoped he would go to the services at Sek Lek Tu. He begged me to have dinner with him, but I preferred to go on to Sek Lek Tu, where an interesting work is still going on, there being several inquirers and candidates for baptism. Was glad to reach Ku Cheng to-night, where we had the usual Saturday evening prayer meeting.

April 29.—Started for Foochow, and arrived there on the 3rd of May, truly thankful for the protection afforded me in my journeyings.

SIVAGASI AND BISHOP SARGENT.



SIVAGASI must ever be a spot of special interest to all who are concerned in the spread of Christ's kingdom, as being the resting-place of the sainted Ragland. In a peaceful tope of trees just outside of Sivagasi rest the mortal remains of that devoted missionary. Near the grave is the bare, rude-looking building in which Mr. Ragland committed his soul, and the work he so dearly loved, to his loving Saviour, leaving his faithful brethren, Messrs. Fenn and Meadows, to carry on the work.

When Mr. Ragland died there was no church at Sivagasi, and only a small congregation gathered out from among the heathen by a Native brother. No bell, raised aloft, made known the return of the blessed day of rest. Those who professed to be followers of Christ were indeed poor and ignorant, having no proper teachers over them.

How great the contrast now! towering above every other building is the Christian's Church. There it stands, a constant witness to the truth; being entirely white, it is a conspicuous object for miles round. No one can enter the town without being arrested by that silent preacher, if they would but heed to its loving warning voice.

Among the Christians (still a little flock) are those who are known and respected by the heathen, men also of wealth and position. On each returning Sabbath the church bell calls to prayer and praise, and the hearing of the Word read and expounded. At present the Mission Dresser, or Medical Evangelist, is in charge of the congregation. May the day be not far off when there will be a pastor at Sivagasi entirely supported by the congregation! The people are very anxious to have a pastor, and promise to support him entirely in the course of a few years. They are willing at once to build a house for him, if sent. Some among the Christians are hopeful of a large movement towards Christianity, if only due means be taken.

A weekly open-air service is held at a junction of four streets, consisting of singing and preaching. Four addresses are usually delivered, while half a dozen of the Sachiapuram Boarding-school boys act as choristers. A pulpit has been made for the purpose, which takes to pieces, and is carried to and fro by the boys. These services always draw together from eighty to one hundred persons.

Now a word about Bishop Sargent's visit—a visit long looked forward to by the Christians at Sivagasi. At length, *expectata dies adest* [the expected day is come]—a day to be long remembered by the people—a busy day for the good Bishop. Although he had delivered two addresses here, one in the morning, and the other at the Confirmation Service at noon, in compliance with the earnest request of the Christians of Sivagasi, he consented to deliver a third address at Sivagasi in the evening. Accordingly, at 8 p.m. he and I started for Sivagasi; on the road we were met by half a dozen men carrying torches, *lent for the occasion from the heathen temple!* As we neared the town a crowd began to gather, which thickened as we approached the church. On entering the church we found it filled with Christians and heathen, the latter predominating. Although there was a large crowd outside the church, perfect order was kept during the whole service. The Bishop spoke from the words "What is truth?" The address was most suitable, and listened to most attentively by those present, and will long be remembered by many who heard it. Bishop Sargent is still, thank God, hearty and strong, and able to get through a good day's work. May he long be spared to Tinnevely!

Sachiapuram, August 16th.

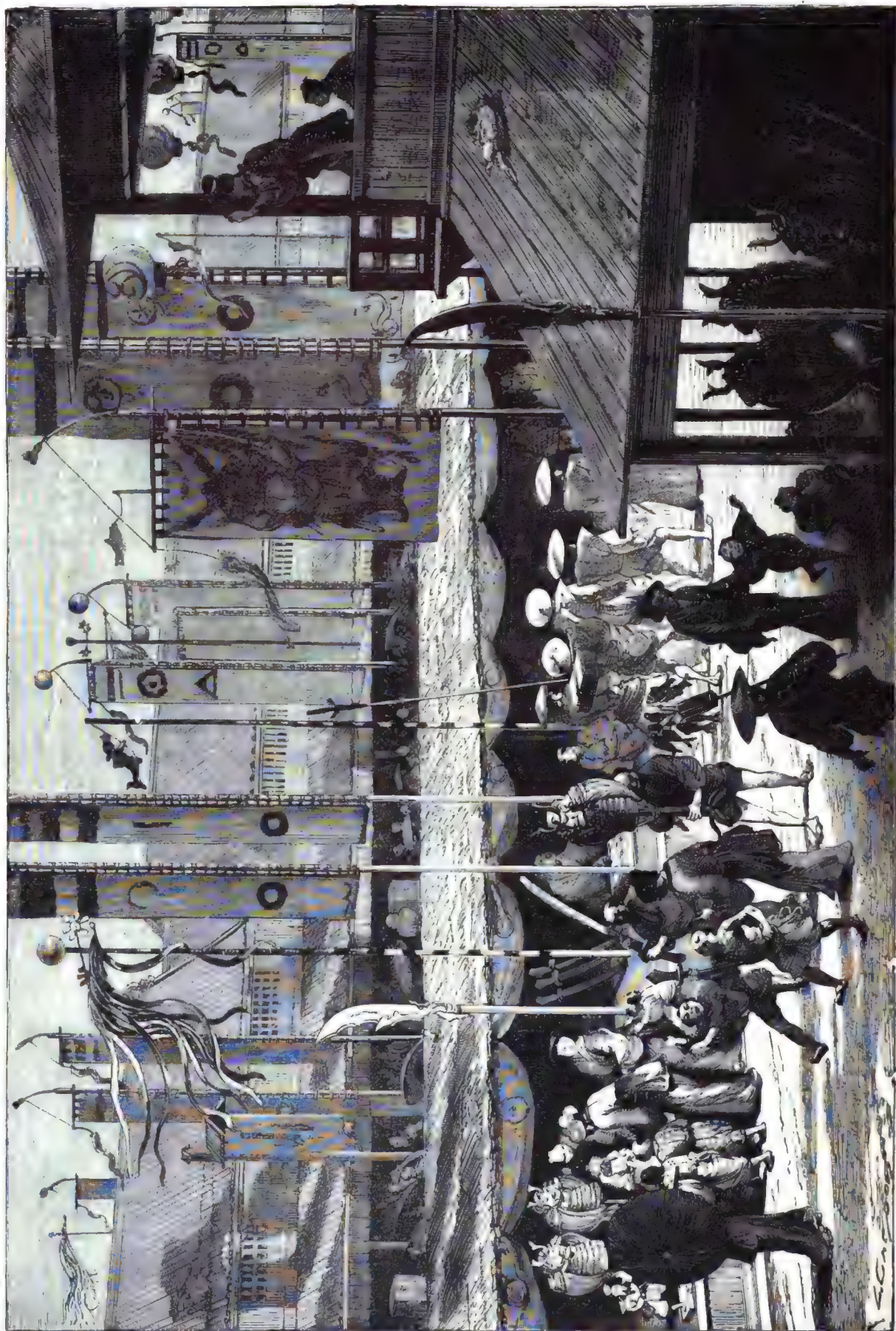
HUGH HORSLEY.

"NO LEISURE."

"IT is enough for the disciple that he be as his Master"; and an extract sent to us from a private letter from Miss Laurence of Ningpo [see GLEANER, February and November, 1877, and September, 1878] reminds us of certain days in Galilee, 1800 years ago:—

Although the schools broke up on Monday, I have had no rest yet to speak of. This is the great month for worshipping the Thunder God, whose temple is close by. I have had an awning with mats put up from the house to the gate, and seats and a small table for tea-cups, and since Monday we have had very little quiet. On Tuesday there were relays the whole day from 8 a.m. till 6 p.m. The poor Bishop [Russell] only tried talking once in the chapel, and then he got into such a heat (at 9 a.m.) that he had to change every vestige of clothing, and has been hoarse ever since. You would have been much amused at some of them. One old nun came and worshipped me, and when I stood up, assuring her I was of the same nature as herself, she only smiled and nodded, and then asked, "Is this a male or a female god?" This morning three women, sisters, have been in, all widows without sons; two of them have one little girl. They had never heard anything of "the doctrine" at all.

Mrs. Russell has had two women also busy all the time on her verandah, and the chapel has been open several hours every day with a succession of speakers, so I do hope we may reap a few sheaves this time.



FESTIVAL OF THE JAPANESE GOD OF WAR.



FEMALE MISSIONARIES AND BIBLE-WOMEN AT AMRITSAR.

THE LITTLE SHIPS ON THE LAKE.

(Suggested by the late LIEUT. SMITH'S Sketch in the March GLEANER.)

BESIDE the rippling lake He found a home:
 At morn He walked along the wave-kissed shore;
 He watched the mirrored blue, the tossing foam,
 The fisher's gliding sail or toiling oar.

"A little ship should wait on Him," He said,
 When round His feet the thronging people pressed;
 The waves, that wildly rocked His sleeping head,
 Sank at His word to silence and to rest.

Now let the dawn on broader waters break!
 Dark faces flock to greet Thy coming, Lord!
 The little ships are on the mighty lake,
 The sail, the oar, are waiting for Thy word.

Let the full net be drawn at Thy command,
 When night seems long, and hours of labour vain,
 Far from his home, upon a sultry strand,
 The fisher follows Thee, in toil and pain.

The stars that glittering gild the purple wave,
 No longer light Thy lonely midnight way:
 Let not the water be the boatman's grave!
 Still for Thine own, O Saviour, watch and pray!

See where they sit in error's darkest night,
 And weeping slaves in death's deep shadow dwell;
 Rise, Sun of Righteousness! our Life, our Light!
 Like their bright waves, let songs of freedom swell.

Now let them come with eager, out-stretched hand,
 To touch Thy robe, or take a blessing given;
 With healing finger reach "the Morian's land,"
 And break for fainting thousands bread from Heaven.

M.

FESTIVAL OF THE JAPANESE GOD OF WAR.—Respecting the picture on the opposite page, the Rev. George Ensor writes that it represents the festival of the Hachi-man, an ancient Japanese Mikado, who is now worshipped as the god of war. He appears on one of the banners in the guise of a warrior. Gigantic swords and suits of armour are set out in his honour. Hachi-man was an emperor of the 16th dynasty (says Hepburn) about A.D. 275. In his reign the Chinese classics and the art of weaving were introduced into Japan.

BIBLE-WOMEN AT AMRITSAR.



TN reply to a request we addressed to the Society's devoted lady missionary at Amritsar, Mrs. Elmslie, that she would kindly supply the GLEANER with some information to accompany the above picture, she informs us that the photograph was taken in 1875, at the same time as the one engraved in our September number, and that some changes have taken place in the group since then. Mrs. Elmslie herself is the central figure. The two other English ladies were Miss Wauton and Miss Hasell, missionaries of the Indian Female Instruction Society, and the latter has since married. The four sitting Bible-women, beginning from our left hand, were named Elizabeth, Susan, Sophy, and Jane; the two standing, Chrissie and Maggie. Bibi Elizabeth and Bibi Jane [Bibi corresponds to our Mrs.] "have been called up Higher." Bibi Chrissie "has proved unsuitable work for her work." Bibi Sophy "is married and away." Bibi Maggie "is now at a village distant from Amritsar." Of Bibi Susan, Mrs. Elmslie sends the following interesting account:—

In looking at this little group of missionaries and Bible-women my eye rests with pleasure on the face of Bibi Susan, the teacher referred to in "Sketches of the Punjab Mission" in the GLEANER for July. Eighteen years ago she might have been seen, a pilgrim among many others to the holy city of Benares. She had felt the burden of sin, but was assured by her father and husband, both Brahmins, that she had but to bathe in the sacred river Ganges and be pure. She did all she was told, and returned with her family and friends to her home on the borders of Kashmir unsatisfied and unsaved. Some time later she was taken to another of the many shrines which Hindus frequent in the neighbourhood of Beawr, and while performing the prescribed rites, she overheard an Englishman speaking to a crowd of listeners about the One True God. She strained her ears to hear. He spoke with a foreign accent, and much of what she heard was strange to her, but *this* she did learn, that the One True God "so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." It struck her as a marvellous revelation, and she longed to go and ask the earnest teacher to tell her more, but it was impossible.

Her husband hurried her away, but he could not obliterate that revelation from her mind.

It would occupy too much of our readers' time were I to relate all poor Susan had to endure before her yearning desire to know more was gratified. She at last found her way from her mountain home to Amritsar, where, she had been told, she would find "a teacher of women," the kind and indefatigable wife of the Rev. T. H. Fitzpatrick, then stationed there as Missionary of the C.M.S. She was welcomed at the Mission House, and patiently and lovingly taught. Her husband and friends expostulated and warned her that if she received baptism she could never again have anything to do with her children, or with them. She answered, "Christ is more to me than all, and He has said, She that doeth the will of My Father the same is My sister. I will follow Him." She was baptized, and never again saw her husband, who died a few years after.

Many years elapsed, and Bibi Susan employed them well, first as teacher and then as Bible-woman. She was married to the catechist T—, a convert from Sikhism, and won the respect and love of all classes of the people among whom she laboured. But her heart yearned over the children from whom she had so long been separated, and in 1874, she made a request for three months' leave, that she might visit her old home. It was granted, and she set off in her little doolie (litter), with two trusted bearers, promising to send us news of her arrival as soon as possible. Some time passed, and we began to feel uneasy at hearing nothing from her, for Mankote is beyond British territory, and under strict Hindu rule. At last, after she had been absent six weeks, one of the bearers arrived with the startling intelligence that our dear friend was under arrest, and that the Maharajah's officials were very angry with her for having read the *Ingil* (i.e., the Gospel) from house to house in her native village. A letter was dispatched at once by the Commissioner, General Reynell Taylor, claiming for her the privileges of a British subject, and ere long we had the pleasure of seeing her safe in Amritsar again. She had found her relations, but had not found her darling first-born son. He was gone. Death had made many other changes, and her change of religion had apparently turned the hearts of her kindred from her.

Nothing daunted, in the summer of 1877 she again asked leave of absence, and spent two months at Mankote, earnestly seeking to impress on the hearts of her only remaining son and his wife, her brothers, sisters, and friends, the same marvellous truth which had brought peace and joy and everlasting life to herself.

It may interest some to know that she is now occasionally visited by some of her relations, and that her sister and her husband have come to live near her. It was pleasant to see her joy over them when, for the first time, they came to the Christian's church with her. I would ask the prayers of all who have read her story, that those who are bound to her by the ties of nature may be united with her in the still sweeter bonds of the Gospel.

MARGARET ELSMLIE.

FAITH NANDO:

A TRUE STORY OF SECUNDRÁ.

III.

(Continued from p. 120.)



HE gentle maiden, now eighteen years old, had everywhere won the love and esteem of those around her.

There was a young man named Matthias in the Christian village, who had been brought as an orphan boy to Secundra, and educated in the school. He was now compositor in the printing office connected with the mission station, having a house of his own, and a sufficient, though only moderate income. He often noticed Faith in church, and was delighted with her quiet Christian behaviour, her devout singing and expression. He had long wished for a pious, gentle wife, who would be a loving help to him. What maiden more suitable than Faith? But would she have him? According to Indian custom, a man must not himself speak in the first instance to the object of his choice. So Matthias went to the missionary clergyman, and begged him to communicate his wish to Faith. The missionary readily agreed, because he knew Matthias was an upright, pious young man, and therefore hoped Faith would be happy with him, and that their married life would be a bright example to the natives around. Faith, however, found it very difficult to give her consent. Not only was she so happy in her situation as teacher that she would gladly have continued her work for some time longer, but she had an ardent desire to be permitted, when she grew older, to carry the sweet message of pardon and peace through Jesus Christ to her heathen countrywomen. Still Matthias was not willing to give her up, and, as it is the custom in India for all young women to be married, unless sickness or other circumstances prevent, Faith was at length persuaded to accept his offer. Who more happy than Matthias? He cleaned his little house thoroughly

with his own hands, arranged it as prettily as his means allowed, laid in a store of provisions and firewood, that Faith might find all required.

The wedding-day was fixed for the 10th of December, 1874—just time of the year when the coolness of the climate makes it very refreshing and Nature appears in her glorious raiment, as with us in our beautiful May days. Three other couples were married at the same time. The brides were all orphans who had been brought up at Secundra.

Although from her special endowments Faith was entitled to a high position in life than the one upon which she now entered as the wife of a compositor in a printing office, yet in her humility she willingly undertook the work of her little modest house, feeling thankful that God had given her a Christian husband, who loved her dearly, and truly hoped that she could remain at Secundra. "I should never wish to leave Secundra," she said, "even if Matthias could earn more in another place. She was reminded that perhaps the Lord might require her services elsewhere, at some future time, for mission work, and then she expressed willingness to make the sacrifice from love to Him.

The Christian village where Matthias and Faith lived lies near the Orphanage. It consists of two parallel streets, tolerably wide, and clean, a short cross road uniting them. From this through a small avenue the churchyard could be reached in less than ten minutes. It had long been a favourite spot with Faith. Here she had often gathered with her beloved teacher, and they had held earnest conversations about the love of Jesus, salvation through faith in Him, and the power of His own people to overcome sorrow, and triumph over death and the grave, in the certain hope of a glorious resurrection.

It was a very modest little home to which Matthias led his bride. All other houses in Secundra, it looked more like a mound of mud than anything else—had a flat roof, a low entrance, door, and no windows; it was adorned by a beautiful tree in front, and within its simple furniture was neat and well arranged. A niche in the wall of the sitting-room was a number of books; here the sacred treasure of the house, God's Word, had its place, and also the devotional books for daily use, as Matthias and Faith began and ended each day with family prayer. This was Faith's unpretending but pleasant home, and here she felt so comfortable that she seldom left it. It was no temptation to her to run into the houses of her acquaintances, or join in the village gossip.

At first Faith sometimes found it hard to perform all the rough household work, though she had been accustomed to do it at the Orphanage; but she became a teacher; but she could not keep a servant, and was therefore obliged to work herself. She had to rise early that she might prepare a warm meal for her husband before eight o'clock, when he went to his business, from which he returned at six in the evening. In January, February the mornings are bitterly cold, and Faith's little fingers were sadly frozen one day whilst washing the brazen vessels in the court, after her marriage, that she burst into tears. Matthias saw what happened, and he was so touched that he sent her into the house to warm herself, whilst he washed and polished the vessels. Ever afterwards he helped her whenever he could. "I do it only from love to you," he would say, "for I would do it for no one else."

The married couple did not neglect public worship. "It is nowhere so beautiful as here," Faith said, "and God's service in Secundra is deeply into my heart." Her clear voice could be distinguished in singing from those of the other village women. Occasionally, when busy in the house, she was glad to visit the superintendent and the ladies who conducted the institution which had been the home of her childhood.

At Christmas Faith had the great pleasure of once more seeing her early and specially loved teacher, who spent some weeks in Secundra on her way to Europe, whither she was obliged to return on account of her health. Faith had much to tell about her husband's goodness to her, and her little household affairs. When Miss H. was ill at Agra, Faith could not rest until her husband allowed her to go and nurse her kind friend. Matthias gave her leave, though reluctantly, to remain ten days, going to the city several times by waggon himself in order to see her for a few hours. The farewell to Miss H. was a grievous grief to Faith, who felt that though they might write to one another, there was little hope of their meeting again on earth. The children of the institution knew that they have a home above, where there will be no sorrow, separation, but an eternal reunion in the presence of their Lord and Saviour. There Faith desired that her heart might evermore dwell on the Word of God.

Towards the end of the summer God sent Matthias and Faith a son, over whom they greatly rejoiced. Soon after, Faith became aware that she could not remain in her own loved home, because there was one to nurse her except her husband, and she was taken to the hospital at Agra with her baby. Here she got no better, and had the grief of seeing her little one fading away. So after a few days they returned to Secundra, where in baptism the child was taken into covenant with God and received the name of Edward. When the Saviour took their darling to Himself two days afterwards, the sorrowing parents were comforted with

thought that they should meet him hereafter in heaven. The frail earthly shell was laid in a little coffin, adorned with many flowers, and was carried to the churchyard, followed by most of the boys from the institution and the singers from the girls' choir, who both on the way and at the grave sang some beautiful Hindustani hymns; but their voices were almost choked by their tears, and the elder boys, who had been brought up with Matthias, wept as much as the friends of Faith.

After this Matthias nursed his little wife day and night with most devoted love, and she really seemed to improve. When one of the ladies went to see her and said how rejoiced she should be when Faith could return her visit, Faith laughed and told her that as she felt very weak she would get a stick to help her on her way. She sent by her visitor many greetings over the sea to Miss H., with renewed thanks for all the tokens of her love. But even the help of a stick was not sufficient to enable Faith to leave her room; whenever she got up she had to be carried from her bed to a chair and back again. Soon afterwards the teacher removed Faith to her own house, having a bed prepared in the sitting-room that the invalid might have experienced nursing, and all the nourishment she required. In the loving care she now continually enjoyed dear Faith traced God's goodness; and thus He returned to her the kindness with which she had watched over her sick sisters years before. What Faith prized most of all was the reading of God's Word for her comfort and support, and the prayers offered up with her and for her. She was visited not only by her husband, and an earnest Christian friend of his, but the missionary often came and prayed with her. For a time her strength seemed to revive; she slept better and enjoyed her food, and hopes were awakened that the Lord would restore her to all who loved her. But this was only a short flickering of the light of life which was soon to be extinguished. She herself thought far more of her soul than of her dying body. On one occasion when Miss S. would have given her medicine she begged for prayer instead, and mingled her own feeble petitions with the supplications of her kind friend. Gradually she became so weak that she slept much, but often awoke in such suffering that she could not restrain cries of anguish. At such times the Word of God always soothed her. One day when suffering very severely she asked the teacher to sing a favourite hymn, and when emotion obliged her to cease, Faith sang the rest of the lines herself in a loud voice. The following day her sufferings were still greater, and she cried out, "Oh, what shall I do?" She was reminded of the agony which our Saviour endured on the Cross, and she became quite calm, resigning her will entirely to His.

During the night her weakness was so extreme that she could not speak, but made signs to show she understood what was said. The teacher watched by her with her husband until four o'clock, when she became so weary that she lay down for a little rest. At six o'clock Matthias roused her, as Faith could scarcely breathe. The missionary knelt at her dying bed, and prayed that the Lord would grant her a gentle and happy dismissal. She perfectly understood, and a few tears quietly stole down her cheeks. When the prayer was ended she opened her eyes wide, and cast a sorrowful but loving look on all who stood around her, as if to bid them farewell; then a peaceful look spread over her face, and she fell asleep in Jesus. This was on the 11th of October, 1875.

Loving hands prepared Faith's last bed. They put on her bridal dress, and strewed over her the most beautiful roses which bloomed in the Secundra garden. She lay in her teacher's sitting-room, where she died, and looked most lovely. Every trace of sorrow was gone, and peaceful indeed was the expression of her face.

Towards evening she was carried to the churchyard which she so much loved, and laid near her little one, to rest until the great Resurrection Day, when the Lord Jesus will Himself awaken His own sleeping people, and the corruptible body arise in everlasting beauty.

The coffin was carried by the elder youths belonging to the institution, and was followed by more than a hundred of the boys and girls. On the way they sang the hymn, "There's a land that is fairer than day," and after the coffin had been placed in the grave they sang, "Oh, think of the home over there." Other sweet hymns followed, and then all returned quietly home. A serious expression marked every face, and many eyes were filled with tears, for all loved and valued Faith, whilst to many she had been an instrument of good. The principal man in the village said of her, "She led a truly Christian life." She was a bright example to her companions, though her humility never allowed her to consider herself above them. So she was greatly beloved, and now the assurance that she was happy with the Lord Jesus helped to draw their hearts upwards.

The evening of the funeral was most beautiful. Nature was as peaceful as the fresh grave over which the moon was shining. In deep grief Matthias visited the sacred spot, and then went to the kind friend who had so tenderly nursed Faith to the last, and begged her to pray with him before he returned to his desolate home. She read the 121st Psalm. That was the farewell message for Matthias when his Faith left him—a loving promise from the Lord, to whom he looked for help in his sorrow; and the words spoke peace to his troubled heart.

H.

BISHOP CROWTHER: HIS LIFE AND WORK.

X.—FIRST FRUITS ON THE NIGER.



WARM welcome awaited the missionary party, as the *Investigator* dropped anchor opposite Onitsha on the evening of September 5th, 1862. But a significant illustration of the difficulties which have always beset the Niger Mission, owing to the want of frequent and regular communication, is supplied by Crowther's experience on this occasion. The steamer was to leave at 5 A.M. the next morning, so that he had no opportunity of seeing chiefs or people, and had to spend the whole night in hearing from Langley, the teacher who had been left in charge, the account of his labours. However, Mr. Taylor had come back to his old post to settle with his family, and to him fell the glad task of taking up the work. He found twenty-nine adults, who had embraced the Gospel, awaiting baptism; and on the first Sunday nearly 400 people attended the public service. In the course of the following year it was his privilege to baptize no less than fifty-three persons.

Meanwhile Crowther went on in the *Investigator* to the Confluence at Gbembe. There, too, the grace of God had been at work, and several candidates for baptism were presented by the solitary but faithful teacher. It was here that the first-fruits of the Mission were, on September 14th, gathered into the Church. Let the happy event be recorded in Crowther's own words:—

Sept. 14.—This day, at the morning service, though with fear and trembling, yet by faith in Christ the great Head of the Church, who has commanded, "Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost," I took courage, and baptized eight adults and one infant in our mud chapel, in the presence of a congregation of 192 persons, who all sat still, with their mouths open in wonder and amazement, at the initiation of some of their friends and companions into a new religion by a singular rite, the form in the name of the Trinity being translated into Nupe, and distinctly pronounced as each candidate knelt. These nine persons are the first-fruits of the Niger Mission. Is not this a token from the Lord to the Society to persevere in their arduous work to introduce Christianity among the vast population on the banks of the Niger, and that they shall reap in due time, if they faint not? More so, when the few baptized persons represent several tribes of large tracts of countries on the banks of the Niger, Tshadda, Igara, Igbara, Gbari, Eki, or Bunu; and even a scattered Yoruba was among them. Is not this an anticipation of the immense fields opened to the Church to occupy for Christ?

Samuel Crowther has always known how to redeem the time, and the few weeks he spent at Gbembe were well occupied, not only in preaching, teaching, and organising, but in improving his Nupe vocabulary and translating into that tongue some chapters from St. Matthew's Gospel, and also in establishing an "industrial institution" for the purchase, cleaning, and packing of cotton for the English market, in hopes of developing a trade in that article. When, in the following year, he was again up the river, he was visited by some messengers from Masaba, the Mohammedan king of Nupe, from whom nothing had been heard since the closing of Rabbah in 1859; and, taking them round the Mission premises, and showing them the cotton-gins, the screw-press, and the bales ready for shipment, he asked them to deliver this message to their master:—"We are Anasara (Nazarenes): *there* (pointing to the school-room) we teach the Christian religion; *these* (pointing to the cotton-gins) are our guns; *this* (pointing to the clean cotton puffing out of them) is our powder; and the cowries [the little shells which are the currency of the country], which are the proceeds of the operation, are the shots which England, the warmest friend of Africa, earnestly desires she should receive largely."

Some trials fell upon the Gbembe Mission during the interval between Crowther's visits in 1862 and 1863. One of the teachers, the daughter of another, and two of the converts, died. The two latter, Maria Azin and Fanny Aniki, were "consistent Christians, very humble and affectionate, and placed their entire confidence in Christ for salvation." Both belonged to the Bunt tribe. Azin, who was the very first inquirer to come forward, had been a slave of the king of Gbembe, but had been ransomed by Crowther. "These two hopeful deaths made a very great impression on the heathen population, being quite different from what they had been accustomed to witness." Another trial was the death of the king himself, Ama Abokko, who had been very friendly to the Mission, and on his dying bed charged his chiefs in these words:—"Suffer nothing to harm the Oibos; they are my strangers." (*Oibo* is the word for white man, but is applied also to civilised Natives who come from "foreign parts," like Crowther from Sierra Leone.) This event proved a real calamity; for civil war followed, and two years afterwards Gbembe was entirely destroyed by one of the combatants, and the Mission broken up. Meanwhile, however, about forty converts had been baptized, and some of these escaped across the river to Lokoja, which has since then been the Confluence station.

The time had now come for a great step forward to be taken. But we must leave this for another chapter.

GOOD NEWS FROM SINDH.



SINCE the GLEANER was commenced in its present form nearly five years ago, we have not once introduced to our readers the SINDH MISSION. Not that this Mission alone has remained unnoticed. Although the continual variety in the fields and departments of labour described in our pages must often be confusing, it is yet literally true that not one-half of the C.M.S. stations have received even a passing notice during these five years. So widely extended is the Society's work.

Sindh is the country south of the Punjab through which the river Indus flows into the Indian Ocean. Like Egypt, it consists of a long strip of very fertile land marking the course of the fertilising river, bounded on either side by bare and sandy deserts. It has a population of $2\frac{1}{2}$ millions, three-fourths of whom are Mohammedans, and most of the remainder Hindus. Roughly speaking, it may be said that Sindh, taking area and population into account, is about as large a field of missionary labour as the island of Ceylon; but how differently have they been treated by the Christian Church! In Ceylon the C.M.S. has a dozen missionaries, and other Protestant societies perhaps



HEADS IN A CROWD.

thirty more. In Sindh the C.M.S. is the only society at work, and its missionaries are *three* in number. Two towns are occupied, viz., *Kurrachee* (as it is usually spelt; more accurately, *Karachi*), a great commercial port, second only on the west coast of India to Bombay; and *Hyderabad*, the ancient capital, where splendid mausoleums mark the last resting-place of the old Amirs.

Sindh was conquered for the British by Sir C. Napier in 1843. In 1850, the C.M.S. opened a mission at Kurrachee; and there the Gospel has been assiduously and earnestly preached ever since. Although there has been no large ingathering of souls, some remarkable conversions have occurred from time to time, and the Christian congregation now numbers 78 souls, of whom 81 are communicants. At Hyderabad there are only a dozen. The missionaries at Kurrachee are the Rev. J. Sheldon, who has been at work there twenty-four years, almost from the beginning, and the Rev. J. Bambridge, sent out two years ago. At Hyderabad, the Rev. G. Shirt has laboured since 1866.

These few lines will serve to introduce the following encouraging letter from Mr. Sheldon.* Our readers will join in the prayer

* The accompanying illustrations of Sindh and its people were sent to the Society some years ago by a former missionary.



A MUSSULMAN FAKIR.

that the two men he writes about may be the precursors of a goodly number of true converts:—

Kurrachee, July 8th, 1871.

I send you a simple narrative of some recent conversions in Kurrachee Mission.

The first one is that of a Hindu of good caste and education, a native of Surat, but for several years a resident here. He is at present employed in the Telegraph Department of the Sindh, Punjab, and Delhi Railways on a fair salary. His testimonials of service are excellent. The peculiar feature in this case is that the convert was first seriously influenced in favour of Christianity by one of our old scholars, who is still a Hindu, one convinced but not converted. He passed through the usual probation of six months, during which he received regular instruction from me and was publicly baptized on Easter Sunday. His Christian character since has been humble and consistent, and quite in keeping with the following short but beautiful expression of his faith, prepared by him and given to me before baptism:—

"I heartily thank God, our Heavenly Father, that He has given us His begotten Son to redeem us, that whosoever believeth on Him shall not perish but have life eternal. Consequently, my heart overflows with gratitude to Him who hath redeemed us with His precious blood, and that He hath called me out of darkness into His marvellous light.

"I had been brought up in the midst of idolatry, ignorance, and superstition until within three years, when, through the study of God's Word, and the kind encouragement and instruction of Christian friends, I felt called upon



AN ARGUMENT WITH A MUFTI.

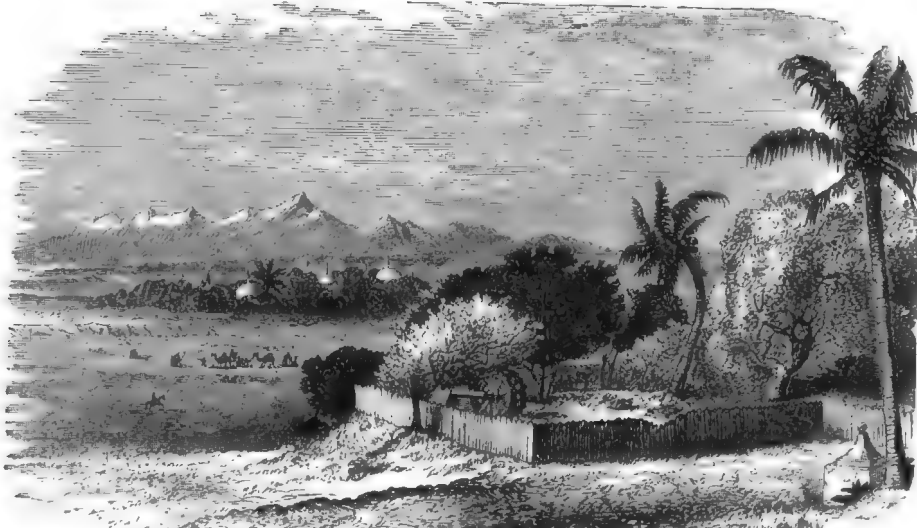
break loose from the folly and wickedness of such a course, and to lay hold on Christ the Saviour. I felt for some time indifferent to openly embracing Christianity, but by degrees became aware of my lost condition were I to be struck down in my sins. I thank God that He put it into my depraved heart to embrace and hold fast the blessed hope of redemption which He has given us through our Lord Jesus Christ. I am now assured that to be out of Christ is to be out of heaven, and that through Him only have we access to the Father, and it is my earnest desire to be a faithful soldier of the Cross, ever dependent on the Lord to grant me grace to love and do His will. May the Holy Ghost sanctify and make me holy; may my understanding be enlightened so that I may know more and more of truth until He calls me hence; and, when that time comes, may it please God that I depart fully trusting in His mercy and the efficacy of Christ's death!

"I know it is by faith I am saved, and not by my own merits; yet I am assured that a lively faith should be productive of good works: for, as a good tree bringeth forth good fruit, so should faith bring forth good works.

"I am now desirous of being publicly received into Christ's Church, that I may receive the gift of the Holy Ghost, and it is my fervent prayer that I may then go on my way rejoicing, trusting only in God's help, and esteeming myself highly favoured to be called to be a humble follower of the Lamb."

On Whit-Sunday we had a most joyful day. In the presence of a large congregation, and with the hearty good wishes and prayers of the whole Native Church, I baptized a Subadar of the police, his wife and child. Kurrachee contains a mixed population, made up of many communities, drawn from almost every country of Asia, with not a few from Africa. Amongst these is a small body of aboriginal Bheels, in number not more than 340. These men originally came to the province about 1843, and were employed in the police. One of them rose steadily in the force until he became Subadar, and, after a long service of thirty-four years, has now retired upon an honourable pension. He is greatly respected by his people, and has great influence amongst them. To this man, at a somewhat advanced period of life, it has pleased God, in His mercy, to make known the message of salvation.

His first drawings towards us were remarkable. He traces them to a dream which made a great impression upon him. In this dream he saw the missionary like a guru



VIEW FROM THE WINDOWS OF MISSION HOUSE AT KURRACHEE



A MOHAMMEDAN MUFTI.

structing him was a great joy to me, his earnestness and sincerity were so clear. He never seemed ashamed of acknowledging Christ, spoke of Him everywhere, and especially in his own family. His wife caught his spirit and became as earnest as her husband: indeed, in some points her faith was even stronger and clearer than his. Thus they passed through their probation; and at length, with the joyful consent of the whole Church, they were baptized, and are now most happy Christians. The Subadar's brother and nephew, and his wife's sister, are all candidates for baptism, and are under instruction. It is a striking fact that these two men have been pupils in our mission school, and have a fair acquaintance with English—evidently ready, with one bold enough to lead the way, to embrace the Christian faith. It is quite true they are Bheels, and, as such, of low-caste standard, according to Hindu notions; but they have, either by service rendered, as in the Subadar's case, or by education, raised themselves in the social scale; and should they become earnest, consistent Christians, character, far more than caste, will have great weight in their influence with others. These converts have not in any way received pecuniary assistance from the Mission.



HINDU BANIAN (TRADERS).

THE CHURCH MISSIONARY ALMANACK for 1879, now ready, contains engravings of Mrs. Sattianadhan and Hindu pupils, a Mohammedan's prayer in the desert, the catechist Bao preaching at Ningpo, Bishop Bompas ascending Peace River, and the *Henry Tenn* steamer on the Niger, with an allegorical picture of the Bible and the globe. Price One Penny. For Localising arrangements apply to Messrs. J. Truscott & Son, Suffolk Lane, E.C.

OUTLINE MISSIONARY LESSONS.

For the Use of Sunday School Teachers.

IV.—THE DEBT AND THE DEBTORS.

"I am debtor both to the Greeks and to the Barbarians; both to the wise, and to the unwise. So, as much as in me is, I am ready to preach the Gospel to you that are at Rome also."—Rom. i. 14, 15.



DEBT—what is it? St. Paul says he was a debtor—there was a debt which it was the business of his life to pay. You and I owe the same. See what it is, and whether we are paying it.

St. Paul always paid for what he bought (1 Thess. ii. 9).

Anxious that others should do the same (Rom. xii. 17). But other debts besides money. How ought you to treat parents? "Ought" means "owe"—you owe them love, obedience, &c. But Paul was speaking of very different people, and of a different debt.

I. TO WHOM DO WE OWE THE DEBT?

Paul said, "I am debtor both to the Greeks and to the Barbarians." The Greeks were a learned, clever, polished people—called all others barbarians. The Jews called all but themselves Gentiles—looked down upon them—did not care for them—thought, "They don't concern us." Paul a Jew, yet thought very differently—cared for Gentiles—for both Greeks and barbarians—called himself their debtor. Why? Because a Christian—so knew God loved all—Christ died for all.

We are English. Other nations near us—Europeans. Beyond—far off—people called Hindus, Chinese, &c.—very unlike us—don't know all we know—can't do some things that we do. Some people think, "What do they concern us?" But we are their debtors.

II. WHAT DO WE OWE THEM?

Suppose in a large house all lights gone out, no matches, nothing to strike light with; some one comes to the door with a torch—"I will give you a light"—lights candle of first person he sees. What must that one do? Sit down comfortably to use it? Meant, not for him only, but for all. Must give the rest light—owes it them.

What light given to us? (2 Cor. iv. 4.) "The light of the glorious Gospel of Christ." We know about Him, have heard Gospel or good news—must send it on to those who have it not. Paul anxious to pay this debt—began as soon as ever he knew the Gospel (Acts ix. 20).

III. HOW MUST WE PAY THE DEBT?

Light must be passed on—good news told. Paul said, "I am ready to preach the Gospel." Would you like to go out and tell it some day? Many more missionaries wanted—heathen asking for some one to teach them. [Illust.—African war chief said, "Don't keep that good thing you have got away from us."—GLEANER, Oct., 1877.]

But you can help even if you can't go—help now. Paul speaks of "helping by prayer" (2 Cor. i. 11)—continually asked his friends to pray for him and his work (Eph. vi. 18, 19; Col. iv. 3; 1 Thess. v. 25; 2 Thess. iii. 1). Missionaries ask the same now. Some can give a little. Some can talk about the missionaries and their work, and interest others in it. [Illust.—Inscription on a child's grave—"When I am a man, I will be a missionary, and if I die before I am a man, put it on my tomb, that some one may read it and go out instead of me."] Are you ready to do something to pay the debt?

THE MISSIONARY BOX IN THE VISITORS' ROOM.

DEAR SIR,—As an old friend of the Society, allow me to express my deep sense of the value of the excellent suggestion, made in the July GLEANER, under the heading, "A good place for a missionary-box."

In the course of a rather wide experience, I have never yet met with a missionary-box placed in the visitors' bed-room, and the idea never presented itself to my own mind.

On seeing your July number, however, I at once thankfully accepted the suggestion, and have placed a box in our visitors' room, having previously prepared it for its special object in the following manner:—

Over the whole top of the box I pasted a piece of white note-paper, on which was written at the top, "Thank-offerings for journeying mercies;" and underneath a part of those verses (Genesis xxviii. 20—22) containing Jacob's vow, viz., "If God will be with me, and will keep me in this way that I go, of all that Thou shalt give me I will surely give the tenth unto Thee."

I have added this portion of Scripture, in the hope that the box may not only serve to remind our visitors of the great duty of helping to send to the heathen the blessed Gospel of the grace of God, but that it may also remind them, on reading the text, that we are all stewards of the Lord's bounty, and ought therefore to set apart a fixed portion of our income each year for His service. If all professing Christians would adopt this plan, what a vast increase we might look for in the annual incomes of our religious societies!

E. D. S.

EPITOME OF MISSIONARY NEWS.

A copy of the *Sketches of African Scenery*, from Mr. O'Neill's sketch, was sent by the Earl of Chichester, President of the Society, to Her Majesty the Queen, with a letter pointing out that the Victoria Nyanza Mission originated in the explorations of Dr. Krapf, in whom the late Her Majesty's Consort manifested much interest thirty years ago. The following was received from Sir T. M. Biddulph (whose death the Queen is mourning):—

OSBORNE, August 6th, 1877.

My LORD,—I have the honour to acknowledge your letter, with the very illustrative of the Nyanza Mission, with drawings by the late Mr. O'Neill, be submitted to the Queen, and am desired to signify Her Majesty's acceptance of it, with the expression of her thanks to the Committee of the Church Missionary Society.

I am, my Lord, your obedient servant

T. M. BIDDULPH.

Mr. W. C. Jones, who five years ago gave the Society £20,000 capital fund for the support of Native evangelists in certain missions, now given a further munificent sum of £35,000, to be employed in extension of evangelistic work by the Native Church in India.

The C.M.S. China Famine Fund has exceeded £2,000. It is administered by the Revs. W. H. Collins and W. Brereton of Peking.

Another missionary has died in harness—The Rev. C. F. Schwab Nasik. He went out in 1854, and laboured for many years in the field of Junir. He succeeded Mr. Price and Mr. R. A. Squires in charge of the Christian settlement at Sharanpur, and died the August 13th, after twelve hours' illness. His death is a severe loss to the Western India Mission in its present under-manned state.

The Rev. W. P. Schaffter has been appointed to the Tamil Mission in Ceylon, which sorely needs reinforcement, and sails immediately. The Rev. W. E. Rowlands, of Colombo, will also be transferred to the Cooiy Mission.

The Rev. J. B. Wood has lately returned to England from Lagos. Miss Caspari from Sierra Leone.

Satisfactory letters have been received from the Rev. C. T. Wood dated May 11th, from Uganda. He was well, and continued to be treated by Mtesa. He sends another letter written by Lieutenant Smith, which he had found in a despatch box. It is dated 11th December 11th, so that his death, with Mr. O'Neill, must have place about December 13th, instead of the 7th, as previously supposed. These letters are published in the *C.M. Intelligencer* of this month.

The Nile party arrived safely at Berber on the Nile on July 1st, after a most trying journey across the desert from Suakim. Thence they proceeded southwards to Khartoum, which they reached on August 1st, and soon afterwards again started for Uganda.

The Alexandra Boarding-school for Girls at Amritsar approaches completion. A gift of £1,000 towards the building fund from Mr. W. C. Jones has greatly encouraged the Rev. R. Clark, but £1,000 is still needed to finish the work. The Rev. F. H. Baring has founded a Boarding-school for Boys at Batala, an out-station thirty miles from Amritsar.

The Rev. Ruttonji Nowroji, of Aurungabad, lately lost his wife, an exemplary Christian woman. Mr. Ruttonji is highly and universally respected, and the funeral service was read by the commanding officer of the military station.

Frere Town was visited in September by Bishop Royston of Mauritius, who sends a most deeply interesting and encouraging account of the Mission. He confirmed fifty-four Africans.

A letter from Bishop Pompas, dated Portage la Loche, June 1877, announces his return from his visit to British Columbia, describing our August number. The Athabasca and Mackenzie districts have been suffering from great scarcity, and some of the Hudson's Bay Co.'s men, as well as the Indians, had to feed on furs and skins.

While in Japan in June last, Bishop Burdon confirmed fifteen converts at Nagasaki and sixteen at Osaka.

The offertories in the chapel of the C.M.S. Divinity College at Ipoh have been lately given to the poor converts in Fuh-keen.

Five years ago, a Native catechist of the C.M.S. at Bombay named Daoud Mokham, a convert from Mohammedanism, was stabbed in the street by a fanatical Mussulman, and severely wounded. From that time he has been a frequent sufferer, and the wound has at length caused death. The Rev. J. G. Deimler writes of him, "He was associated with me for about twelve years, and proved to be a man of much common sense, a true Christian, a faithful labourer, a valuable preacher to Muslims, a patient sufferer, and a sincere brother in Christ."

The maps and drawings illustrating Lieutenant Smith's survey of the south coast of the Victoria Nyanza, including Speke Gulf, Johnston Nullah, and the rivers Shimeyu and Ruwana, prepared by Mr. O'Neill, and sent home just before their death, were photo-lithographed on large sheets, which were inserted in the *C.M. Intelligencer* for September last, accompanied by Lieutenant Smith's journal of his explorations.

THE CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.

DECEMBER, 1878.

VINEYARD WORK.

By THE REV. G. EVERARD, *Vicar of St. Mark's, Wolverhampton.*

XI.—THE GREAT REWARD.

"Where I am, there shall also My servant be."—*John xii. 26.*



O I serve the Lord Jesus? Do I sincerely love and follow Him? Do I deny myself and take up my cross daily as He hath bidden me? Do I live for Him and work diligently in His vineyard? Then I may claim this promise as my own. I may take it in all its breadth and fulness: "If any man serve Me, let him follow Me; and where I am, there also shall My servant be: if any man serve Me, him will My Father honour."

To have Christ with me now, to taste His love, to know that He is by my very side, brings strength and comfort and joy; it lightens every sorrow and sweetens every hour of earthly happiness—

I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless,
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness:
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

But to be with Christ in His glory is an end of all sorrow, and the substance of all bliss. Every tear dried, every temptation past, every trouble gone, every sin conquered—long forgotten prayers abundantly answered. Seed sown in tears found in a glorious harvest, efforts apparently made in vain now manifested as having results blessed beyond all possible anticipation—all this and far more is wrapped in this word of promise.

But the best of all is nearness to the Saviour Himself. "I will receive you unto Myself; that where I am there ye may be also" (*John xiv. 8*). I can tell but little now what this joy shall be. To see Christ face to face, to know His love and to be able to love Him as I never have loved on earth, to dwell under His shadow with far greater delight than I could when in the flesh, to serve Him with new powers, and without weariness or painful toil, and to spend the ages to come in extolling the exceeding riches of His grace—this will be enough, and more than enough, to fill the soul with eternal gladness.

In prospect of all this let each believer abide in faithful labour, and bear patiently whatever loss or affliction may arise: "For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory; while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen: for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal" (*2 Cor. iv. 17, 18*).

THE TRIDENT, THE CRESCENT, AND THE CROSS.

Gleanings from Vaughan's Religious History of India.

IX.—THE CHRISTIAN ERA.—AGGRESSIVE EFFORTS.



HAVING taken our readers rapidly through Mr. Vaughan's *The Trident, the Crescent, and the Cross*, noticing the primitive religion of the Hindu race, the idolatry and superstition into which it degenerated, the influence and effects of caste, the rise and fall of Buddhism in India, the Mohammedan invasion, the vain attempts of Hinduism to reform itself, and lastly the "dissolving agencies" now at work upon it in the shape of western education and science, we must not take leave of the book without briefly referring to its closing chapters, on the aggressive efforts of the Church of Christ to spread the Gospel in India.

Protestant Christendom was a long way behind the Jesuits in beginning its missionary operations in what were then called the East Indies. Francis Xavier was at work there while the Reformation in England was even yet trembling in the balance; and English Christians allowed more than a century to pass away from the first settlement of their adventurous mercantile fellow-countrymen at Surat in 1611, before they moved a finger for the evangelisation of India. The honour of taking the first step belongs to the Danes, two missionaries being sent in 1706, by King Frederick IV. of Denmark, to Tranquebar, a Danish settlement. The S.P.G., which had been founded five years before that for work in the colonies, gave a small grant of money and books to this Mission, and subsequently the S.P.C.K. opened a special fund in aid of it, to which, even in those days of apathy, many of all ranks of society contributed. The latter society, in 1730, began a regular Mission in South India, which it carried on for nearly a hundred years (until its transfer to the S.P.G. in 1828), the missionaries being all Lutherans from Germany or Denmark, of whom C. F. Schwartz was the most eminent. Kiernander and others were also sent to Calcutta.

Few indeed among the British civilians and soldiers in India in those days lived Christian lives; but at least they in no way opposed the missionaries. This tolerant spirit, however, did not last. Towards the end of last century, "the dark age" (as Mr. Vaughan justly calls it) ensued; the "reign of official cowardice and anti-Christian bitterness" began. In 1793, an East Indian Director stated publicly "that were 100,000 natives converted, he should hold it the greatest calamity that could befall India." The establishment of the Bishopric of Calcutta was opposed on the ground that, were "so wild a scheme" carried out, "our empire would not be worth a day's purchase." All missionary work was strictly forbidden, and missionaries were not allowed to enter the country. Carey could only get into Bengal by becoming superintendent of an indigo factory, and it was while serving in that capacity that he translated the whole New Testament into Bengali. Other intrepid labourers were compelled to find a footing in the Dutch and Danish settlements. Henry Martyn and other faithful pioneers were chaplains for the British troops, and could only go to the Hindus, so to speak, incidentally. It is not to be wondered at that during this wintry period the young plants which Schwartz and Jenicke and Kiernander had tended found no sustenance and withered away. A small remnant in South India alone survived it.

At length spring returned. On the revival of the East India Company's charter in 1813, Wilberforce and his friends in Parliament, after a strenuous conflict, secured the adoption of a clause which gave full liberty to Christian missionaries; and in 1816 the first English clergyman who ever went to India to preach the Gospel to the heathen, the Rev. W. Greenwood, was sent out by the Church Missionary Society.

Gradually, by one agency or another, mission stations were established in almost every part of India. Although the Government has stood entirely aloof officially, very many of the best and ablest of its servants, civil and military, have taken an active share in the extension of the work. Most of the C.M.S. stations, particularly in the north, have been opened at the earnest request of British officers on the spot, backed by large donations and active personal efforts. The advance has been great in the last five-and-twenty years. In 1852 the C.M.S. had 70 missionaries (clerical and lay) in India; it now has 184. Then there were 13 Native clergy and 768 Native lay agents connected with it; now the figures are 95 and 1,717. Then

the Society's Native congregations comprised about 35,000 souls; now the number is 80,000. Then, according to the Government Census of 1871, there were 128,000 Protestant Christians altogether. At the date of the Census there were 818,000—an increase of 150 per cent. in twenty years; and the number must be much larger now.

By what agencies have these results been achieved? Mr. Vaughan enumerates five:—(1) direct preaching in town and country; (2) schools and colleges; (3) Bible and tract distribution; (4) house-to-house visitation; (5) ladies' work in the zenanas. And he shows that all are required. We must not exalt one and despise another. Those persons, he remarks, who, fastening on the words, "Preach the Gospel to every creature," think the missionary is only doing his right work when haranguing a listening crowd, forget the "every creature," and that, since important sections of the population cannot possibly be reached by public preaching, Christ must have meant them to be reached in other ways. Some object to men and money being spent upon high-class colleges, where a large part of the time is of course devoted to secular subjects; but any one can see that if a Hindu came to England to convert us to Brahminism, and wanted to influence the youth of the upper ranks of society, the way would not be to preach in the street (though he would do that to gain *others*), but to open, if he could, a school like Eton or Rugby.

Some deeply interesting examples of conversions by all these different agencies will be found in Mr. Vaughan's pages, to which we earnestly trust that our hasty and meagre chapters will send many of our readers. The book is published by Longmans, price 9s., and is full of valuable information, told in a most attractive style, from the first page to the last. Those who read it will understand the words of Mr. Vaughan's preface—"Nothing within the whole range of history is more profoundly mysterious and more awfully solemn than the religious history of India . . . It reveals the struggles of the human mind for thirty centuries to settle momentous questions, which the light of Revelation alone can solve."

And no one can lay the book down without looking with confident hope to the day, which shall surely come in God's own good time, when the Trident and the Crescent shall be finally dethroned, and the Cross reign triumphant over India.

THE CHURCH OF THE EVANGELISTS AT WAI-O-HIKI.

BISHOP STUART, of Waiapu, sends the following cutting from a New Zealand paper, the *Hawke's Bay Herald*, "to fill up corner of the GLEANER":—

On Sunday morning, June 30, the new church at Wai-o-hiki was opened by the Right Rev. the Bishop of Waiapu. The Rev. Samuel Williams, in whose spiritual charge the Maori Church of the district lies, has had the satisfaction of seeing considerable efforts made during the last few years by the natives towards providing suitable and commodious places of worship at all their larger settlements. The "Church of the Evangelists" at Wai-o-hiki is one of the first to have been completed and formally opened. The cost of the building, about £600, has been mainly contributed by the natives themselves.

On Sunday morning Mr. Williams held an early devotional and catechetical service with the intending communicants, according to the custom of godly discipline which has always been observed in the Maori Church. This was just over when the Bishop arrived at a quarter to eleven. The bell then rang, and the people came trooping in, rapidly filling up the seats and every part of the floor up to the chancel rail. The whole area of the church was one mass of human beings, the most diversified attire. The fine presence of the chief Tareha was set off to advantage by an extremely handsome mat thrown over his usual English dress. The mat was fringed in whole depth with strips of the Maori dogskin, dyed a brilliant red. Other old chiefs were conspicuous by articles of native costume or ornament. The women, too, need hardly be said, displayed their skill and taste in the art of personal decoration; and wonderful were the devices in head-dresses, curious wrought, of feathers and nodding plumes, and nature's own more becoming ornament. It would seem that in the matter of dress as of language, there is marvellously active faculty assimilation in the Maori race, enabling them to adopt without slavishly copying their Pakeha [i.e., European] neighbours' style of dress and to incorporate it happily with their own native costume.

In the service the heartiness of the responses throughout was quite striking. The reading of the special psalm, the 84th, 115th, and 133rd, was especially effective, the

people reciting their alternate verses with that simultaneous cadence which they delight in, and giving it forth with a sonorous volume of sound. The lessons were also specially chosen for the occasion, being the narrative of the Dedication of the Temple, 2 Chron. v., and the great doctrine of the exposition of the Christian Temple in Eph. ii. The Bishop preached on the words in the 1st lesson—"The Glory of the Lord filled the house."

The most profuse and hearty hospitality was extended to all the large number of visitors on the occasion, in right royal Maori fashion.

[By way of illustrating the contrast between the past and the present in New Zealand, we reproduce an old picture which appeared in the *C.M. Quarterly Paper* forty years ago, being then taken from a work by Captain Fitzroy, published in 1835.]



A MAORI CHIEF FIFTY YEARS AGO.

FRERE TOWN.*



It is high time that the readers of the GLEANER heard something more about Frere Town. During the last two years we have given several pictures of the place and the people, with Mr. Price's notes; but we have told very little of the missionary work going on. During this period the colony has been greatly tried. Each of our Missions has its special hindrance or difficulty; and one of the peculiar difficulties of the East Africa Mission has certainly been the frequent changes in its staff. Yet each member of it in succession has contributed his share to the success of the enterprise. For through God's blessing we may claim for it no small success, notwithstanding many drawbacks. The great result is that Frere Town exists; that the Freed Slave Settlement is a fact. It has had serious trials, but it is there. The work of Mr. Price, Mr. Lamb, and Captain Russell, has not been in vain; and our latest intelligence is most encouraging, and gives good ground for hope that the seed sown is about to bear fruit.

The present members of the missionary staff are Mr. J. R. Streeter, Lay Superintendent; Mr. J. W. Handford, school-master; and Mr. W. Harris. The Rev. H. K. Binns sailed lately to return to his old post; and we hope another clergyman, and a medical man, may ere long be supplied. The Native agents, George David, Ishmael Semler, and Isaac Nyon-do, have continued to work faithfully under Mr. Streeter; and William Jones is in charge at Kisulutini, the inland station fifteen miles off.

Mr. Streeter was for some time a good deal troubled by the disorderly conduct of some of the freed slaves, and in one letter he quaintly observed that were it not for 1 Pet. v. 7 ("casting all your care upon Him") his head "would soon be getting like the top of Kilimanjaro" [the snow-capped mountain in the interior]. Latterly, however, he has been much encouraged by the improved tone of the people. We give some passages from his letters:—

Just like it used to be in England, I get enough joy on Sunday to carry me through the week. As well as my Sunday-school, I now am privileged to give the freed slaves half an hour, and I believe they like to listen, and I trust One above will bless the words. I share the time with George, who interprets. It was hard to make them comprehend, so one Sunday I took my magnet and two needles, another an orange, and we are now raising a ladder from earth to heaven (on the blackboard); it makes their faces brighten up, and the men say "hush" to the mothers when their babies cry. Have just had a census taken of the little mites; they number near forty.

* The house represented in the picture has been used as a temporary dwelling in succession by Mr. and Mrs. Price, Mr. Handford, and Mr. Streeter, but it is not suitable for a habitation, and is now, we believe, a storehouse.

It is astonishing how little these people know after being taught so long, but just the opposite with the dear children. I have no hesitation in saying, that although I had some good Sunday-school classes in the old country, I never knew of one learning verses like my little black men. And then they seem to learn with their heart as well. One forgets all cares when teaching them; and as there is much truth in the old saying about "all work and no play, &c.," I often go over and have fine games with them. Have had a large trap-bat made, which they enjoy heartily also a trapeze, and I have initiated them into the manly game of cricket if they take to that we may expect something from the coming race. The girls are more difficult to rouse. They patronise the swing a little, but only laugh at my skipping; their favourite occupation is to sit on the ground with three small stones at an angle, with a cocoa-nut shell of water on the top, and a little fire under, preparing for the future, like all girls. Shall have to start a South Kensington School of Cookery amongst them. I suppose there is a cookery class at home, as all missionaries' wives and daughters coming to East Africa ought to know how to make a dinner out of nothing, and warm the remnants up for supper.

I have plenty of live stock to look after. First come two black boys, and Cephas, and a gardener—they are nearly a handful. Then I have two donkeys, two cows, and a beautiful calf, two sheep and a lamb, three goats and a kid, two dogs, one cat and two kittens, four geese, one of them sitting, eight ducks, ten fowls and twenty chicks, a lot of pigeons,

two civet cats, and a young leopard, besides keeping both eyes on the mission stock.

We have now another leopard about. He went at the wire netting of Mr. Handford's bedroom window. He got up and fired as the brute went by a post, and of course he hit the post. Last week he came to my place, and nearly carried off my dog from the verandah. The Sepoy fired, but missed. The poor fellow was so sorry.

The fame of my musical box has travelled sixty or seventy miles up country, and when the natives come they want to listen. I trust it will be

the means of helping many by-and-by to listen to sweeter music in "The land that is fairer than day."

At Rabbai, last month, I was greatly cheered. Looking into a little Mnika hut, the good woman was rather frightened. After a little talk she called in her three children to see the Muzungu (foreigner), who sat on the tiniest of three-legged stools out of the solid, in a kind of gipsy tent, 5 x 9 ft., and not tall enough to stand upright in. At one end was a kitanda (bedstead), on one side another; so you may guess the drawing-room table was very small, for the door was on the other side, and at the other end was the kitchen; a nice fire was burning, and two feet above it was a fixed wooden rack, with corn, &c., on to dry. Bright beams from the fire illuminated that little hut, which for a time was better than a palace to me, for as I spoke of our Saviour's love, and some of His precious promises, she said she should not be afraid any more, that she loved to hear about God, and prayed Him to help her understand more, and you could see, by the beautiful smile that lit up her face, "it was truth." Jones, who sat in the door-way, said she never lost an opportunity of learning. Coming away, the dear woman reached down four or five bundles of Indian corn, and begged me to accept them, not liking it because I would not. I accepted the small stool made by her brother, who came by at the time, and did not want me to have such a rough thing, saying he would make me a proper one; but it was not that, for if spared ever to return home I shall show my "little stool, with a story," and it will warm some hearts as it did mine. I am thankful to say I keep uncommonly well, but the clock has struck one, so I must commend myself to Him who neither slumbereth nor sleepeth, and say good night.



ONE OF THE MISSION HOUSES AT FRERE TOWN.

In September last, Frere Town was visited by Bishop Royston of Mauritius, who writes :—

And now we were at Mombasa, the place whose noble missionaries, Krapf and Rebmann, made me long, when I first offered myself to the Society, to be allowed to join them in their work. How little I thought of ever visiting it in present circumstances, and of seeing and hearing what I was privileged to see and hear! You will often have heard of the great beauty of the scenery—the beautiful creek affording a splendid harbour inside the island which you pass to the left; the sloping and now well occupied land of Frere Town facing you; the ferry-boat, carrying a constant succession of Wanikas and other mainland dwellers to the market of this fortified old town, who, with their bows and arrows and burdens of produce, are ever passing through this Christian village, seeing, one trusts, and hearing too, much which will at least conciliate them for future intercourse. On the left, as we anchored, was Mr. Lamb's beautiful up-stair house, with its surrounding of the most magnificent mango trees which I have ever seen; in front, three other houses (at present occupied by Messrs. Streeter, Handford, and Harrie), and many thatched buildings of various shapes and dimensions. Still further round to the left spread the beautiful creek, winding its way navigably for some ten or more miles inland. On the beach itself was the *Highland Lassie* under the process of outer painting. On the right the shore spread on to where Mrs. Krapf and three little infants—her own and those of Messrs. Sparshott and Chancellor—lie buried, a precious occupancy, I trust, of the great mainland in days gone by.

Sunday was a busy day. At eight was the Suaheli service for the ex-slaves; conducted as to repetition of texts, &c., much as a Tiansvelly service for inquirers at a village station. About 180 were present. I afterwards addressed them from John viii., "If therefore the Son shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed," George David acting as interpreter. Then, again, the Sunday-school at 9.30, taken with loving zeal by Mr. Streeter, at whose request I addressed the children and teachers. At 11 was a service wholly in English, which I took, preaching from Rom. xii. 1; and afterwards administered the Holy Communion to thirty-three persons, mostly "Bombay" Christians and the Mission agents. The outward conduct at the services was all that could be desired, and throughout the attention was well sustained. From all I hear I think that there is more life among the poor people who come from Bombay than was at first manifested. After an early dinner there was a second Sunday-school for the children, and at four a Suaheli service for all by the catechist.

On the Tuesday, the Bishop went up with Mr. Streeter to Kisulutini (Rabbai), where five women and ten children of the Wanika tribe were baptized, one of them the woman referred to in the last paragraph of Mr. Streeter's letters on the preceding page. The Bishop says :—

I never remember seeing a group of Natives so manifestly touched by the Spirit of God, or a little assembly in which the presence of the Saviour seemed more deeply felt. When closely questioned through the catechist, they all, in individual but common sentiments, and with most evident sincerity, confessed their deep conviction of sin, their earnest trust in the Saviour, of whom they had now long heard, and of whose work and words they had been well instructed, and of whose holy faith they now earnestly desired to make a public profession.

On the Friday, the Bishop held a Confirmation at Frere Town—the first in connection with the East Africa Mission :—

The great bell—hourly struck, near the landing-place and office, night and day, by one of the settlement watchmen—loudly summoned us to the school chapel, which was soon filled with not far short of 400 worshippers. The service began with the reception of an excommunicate member; then a hymn; the baptismal service, when four were baptized; then the confirmation service, with, I fear, a somewhat long address by myself to the various classes present, translated by Catechist David, as indeed were all the more important passages of the prayers and services throughout. Then the female candidates, from Frere Town twelve, from Rabbai thirteen, and Girama one, were confirmed, followed by the males, fourteen, eleven, and three, from those stations respectively—in all fifty-four. The last of those who were confirmed were old Abraham Abe Gunja, of Rabbai, and his worthy son Isaac, who knelt side by side to receive the imposition of hands and the united prayers of pastor and people for their "continuance as Christ's for ever, and daily growth in His Holy Spirit until they come to His eternal kingdom." It was, I think, a moving sight to most of us, and we were full of thanksgiving to Him who had wrought it all.

After another hymn, the Communion Service was begun, and, after a short address to the communicants, the rest of the congregation retired at the end of the prayer for the militant Church of Christ. Some sixty remained for the administration, including most of the Rabbai and

Girama people. The whole service was most devoutly attended to, and the responses and hymns very hearty and melodious.

Altogether it was a day to be much remembered by us all—certainly by myself. I would willingly, had my duties in Mauritius not forbidden it, have remained some weeks in this interesting and promising Mission, the visit to which has filled my heart with gratitude to God. I can quite understand the proverb that those who have drunk African water must taste it again.

It was a sore trial to Mr. Streeter to go the second time to East Africa last January, after his wife was, in God's mysterious providence, taken from him, and to leave behind his four little motherless children. But though the sowing has been in tears, there is already, as we see, some reaping in joy—a pledge, we are assured, of a rich harvest in God's good time.

ORDINATION AT MOOSE FACTORY OF A MISSIONARY TO THE ESQUIMAUX.



WICE in the year Moose Factory, usually so quiet, becomes somewhat animated—in August, when the annual ship arrives from England, and again in February, when the long silence is broken by the arrival of our overland post. At the latter season teams of dogs may be seen coming in from the neighbouring stations, bringing the Hudson's Bay Company's officers, who come here to await their letters. It was in order that these might have an opportunity of being present that Bishop Horden fixed Sunday, February 3rd, as the day for the ordination of Mr. E. J. Peck—our missionary to the Esquimaux. Mr. Peck came out here in the summer of 1876, and went at once to Little Whale River—a settlement in the Esquimaux country, where he hopes eventually to work [See GLEANER, June, 1877.] After making the acquaintance of the people, and acquiring something of their language, he returned to Moose last summer, and has spent the past winter here in reading with the Bishop, preparatory to his taking deacon's orders. The ceremony took place in our church here on Sunday last, February 3rd. Almost all our wishes with respect to the day were realised. The visitors we had expected arrived on the Wednesday, and the Rev. T. Vincent, of Albany on the Friday previously; and the post, which has the effect of greatly distracting people's minds, happily delayed till all was over. Add to this, that the weather was extremely fine, and mild enough for us to leave our overcoats at home.

The service began at 11.0—an early Indian service having been held as usual in the morning before breakfast. The Bishop's ingenuity had so arranged the furniture of our little chancel as easily to accommodate us all—himself, Rev. T. Vincent, Mr. Peck, and myself. The church, which seats a goodly number, was quite full; indeed, in speaking of the attendance afterwards, we could think of only two persons who were absent without good cause. As soon as the voluntary had ended, the 100th Psalm was given out, and sung with great spirit, Miss Horden leading at the harmonium. Then the Bishop went at once to the pulpit, and preached an excellent sermon on 2 Tim. iv. 2, "Preach the Word." After calling attention to the character in which St. Paul would have Timothy to go forth, viz., as a "herald," he dwelt at some length on the signification of "the Word," and the manner in which it should be ministered. Then, addressing himself more directly to the candidate, he remarked on the peculiar features of the work before him :—

"Your home is to be in one of the world's bye-places, where, except the priceless souls to be gathered in, there is nothing to attract you. Of ice and snow, of storm and tempest, of wild bleak hills and an utterly unproductive soil you will have enough, and more than enough; and amid those you will have, perhaps, to endure much hardness. Yet I think you are to be envied. For the missionary should not look so much to his surroundings as to his prospects in his ministerial work. And yours are glorious! I think there is no mission in the whole country in which God has more people to be gathered in than in the Mission at Whale River. Long has the cry been raised, 'Come over and help us'; but it met with a faint response; an occasional visit was all that could be given . . . But I longed for a shepherd, and at last the noble C.M.S. sent me you to be the Esquimaux missionary . . . No people I have ever known or heard of seem more ready to receive the Gospel than they, more ready to honour the bearer of Glad Tidings, or to lend him all possible assistance, so as to render his life among them as free from care as circumstances will permit. With the language you are partially acquainted; make yourself a thorough master thereof. Be to them a father. Feed them with the milk of the Word; and I trust that, by-and-by, you may be enabled to present one of your spiritual children as one fitted for, and anxious to become, a teacher of others also. A numerous body of Indians, and a few Europeans and half-castes, are likewise entrusted to your care. The soul of each one is equally precious in the sight of Christ, and must be so in yours. Neglect no opportunity of speaking the word for Christ. Think it no less important to speak to one than to five hundred. The deep spiritual sermons in John iii. and iv. were preached in each case to

but one person. Preach the Word to hundreds when you have opportunity. Preach to the single individual as occasion arises. In the house, in the igloo, in the tent, in the church, preach the Word."

After the hymn, "The Church's one Foundation," the Bishop took his seat in front of the Communion table, and the candidate was presented in the usual way to the Rev. T. Vincent. The Bishop having laid his hands on the head of the future missionary to the Esquimaux, Mr. Peck then came inside the rails and read the Gospel.

Thus our poor Esquimaux brethren, who have so long been uttering the Macedonian cry, "Come over and help us," have now the prospect of soon having an ordained minister resident in their midst. It is arranged that Mr. Peck shall still remain here and continue his studies till June next, when he will (D.V.) receive priest's orders, and then go at once to the scene of his future labours. A nice iron church for Mr. Peck's Mission (for which, I believe, we are indebted to the kind efforts of Miss Wright), is now lying here, and will, we hope, be conveyed to Whale River by the same vessel in which Mr. Peck himself sails. That God, by His Spirit, may bless him, and make him a blessing, is, I am sure, the prayer of us all. J. H. K.

OUTRAGE ON THE MISSION AT FUH-CHOW.



I regret very much to have to report a most serious outrage perpetrated by the Chinese upon the missionaries and mission property at Fuh-Chow. It is a matter for thankfulness that the personal injuries inflicted are slight; but two of the houses in the compound have been destroyed, and much damage done to two others. If our readers will refer to the GLEANER of April, 1876, or to *The Story of the Fuh-Kien Mission*, p. 13, they will find a picture of the U-sioh-sang (or Wu-shih-sang, i.e., Black Stone Hill), a prominent hill within the city, on which the headquarters of the Mission have always been. Latterly, the premises have been occupied by the Rev. R. W. and Mrs. Stewart, the ladies of the Female Education Society, and some of the Native helpers and students; Mr. Wolfe and Mr. Lloyd dwelling four miles away in the foreign settlement at Nantai, as being more convenient for journeys to the country stations. This year a new building has been erected in the grounds, to serve as a college for the Native students; and as the Chinese have a superstitious fear of tall houses, it was built lower down the hill than the others. No sooner was it finished than a demand was made by the mandarins that it should be pulled down. The British Consul, Mr. Sinclair, appointed August 30th for an examination of the Chinese complaints; and on that day the Prefect of Fuh-Chow and five other mandarins met Mr. Wolfe and an official of the Consulate at Mr. Stewart's house. It was while they were together that the attack was made; and Mr. Sinclair himself, arriving some hours afterwards, witnessed the destruction of the new building and another one. Mr. Wolfe writes on August 31st:—

At eleven o'clock A.M. we met at Mr. Stewart's house. The mandarins and a few of the gentry came, accompanied by a mob of about sixty desperate-looking men, and filled Mr. Stewart's house, and behaved in the most violent manner, to the great alarm of the ladies. I requested the authorities to order these men away, else we could carry on no quiet conversation or make any settlement as to the points in question. The mandarins refused, saying they had no power. I then asked my servant to shut and bolt the compound door and keep out others who were coming into the house. Two or three of these men brought in by the mandarins rushed at me and struck me very severely with their feet and hands on the head and chest. The entire crowd in the verandah of Mr. Stewart's house rushed at me. I escaped being killed and very severely hurt by nothing less than a miracle. The mandarins stood motionless the whole time, though they witnessed this assault. Mr. Stewart was also struck. I feel very sore and hurt from this beating.

We now proceeded to examine the ground, and though under the disadvantage of the howling mob and the angry gentry, we succeeded in showing and proving that the opposite party had not a leg to stand upon on the charge of encroachment which they brought against the Mission. The evidence was too strong on our side. This rather upset them, and they were evidently much enraged.

The mandarins now went off, leaving the violent mob which they had brought with them in our house and garden. I requested that some protection should be given us against this rabble. The authorities

actually refused. For four long hours we (Mr. and Mrs. Stewart and myself) had to endure the most annoying and abominable conduct from the ever increasing mob of the lowest villains in the city. We tried to humour them, but they evidently were bent on mischief, and we could do nothing but remain quiet. Ling, the ringleader, came several times and excited the mob, and evidently did not seem pleased that they had abstained so long from mischief. At length, by good humour and coaxing, we succeeded in getting the place comparatively clear and quiet.

H.M. Consul now arrived, and toward six o'clock P.M. the mandarins again made their appearance with fifty soldiers and a number of runners. The work of destruction now commenced—it seemed to us as if under the sanction and superintendence of the authorities. The whole was done under the eye of H.M. Consul, who was powerless. The mob now set fire to the college, and pulled down the old girls' school. The mandarins made no effort whatever to disperse the mob all this time. The soldiers prowled about, but apparently only really to superintend the destruction of the Mission.

The work of destruction went on all night long, and we imagined every hour they would attack us in Mr. Stewart's house. You may be sure it was a most anxious night to us; but God was with us, and we are so far preserved. I was wonderfully encouraged by a text on Mr. Stewart's wall in the bedroom which caught my eye as I went in to change—"I will trust and not be afraid." It looks very hard now, and we cannot see the why and the wherefore; but we will trust and not be afraid, and no doubt what we know not now we shall know hereafter.

The next morning at eleven A.M., as we learn from a further letter, another attack was made on the house of Miss Houston, of the Female Education Society, and the windows were broken. The ladies and the school-girls, however, managed to escape by a back door into the street, where they were most kindly treated, and conducted in safety to Nantai—a fact which fully confirms Mr. Wolfe's statement that neither the outrage nor the hostility that led to it can be charged against the people generally. Almost everywhere they are friendly, and the only enemies to be feared are the gentry and their hired ruffians.

A report of the outrage has been made by the Consul to the Foreign Office, and we doubt not that full reparation will be exacted. But we hope Lord Salisbury will do more than that, and make such representations to the Chinese Government as may secure in reality the religious liberty, and protection for Native Christians, which were provided for by the Treaty of Tien-tsin and confirmed by subsequent official proclamations. Meanwhile, let us thank God for the preservation of the lives of our brethren and sisters, and look to Him to overrule all to the furtherance of the Gospel.

P.S.—Since the foregoing was in type, we have received a further letter from Mr. Wolfe, dated September 23rd, which we are sure will arouse the sympathy of all our readers, and send them to their knees in earnest supplication in behalf of our much tried fellow-Christians in the Fuh-Kien province:—

Our enemies in the country everywhere have promptly taken up the signal of destruction from their brethren in Foo-Chow, and are threatening our chapels and churches, and in some instances we have had warning to leave. Our catechists dare not preach publicly, and the private Christians are subjected to the most cruel wrongs and persecutions. The most horrible charges are being trumped up against them, and the magistrates show them no justice. Their houses are torn down and their goods taken away, and, if they complain, they are thrown into prison and beaten with stripes. For example, two Christians of Achia have the boldness to confess that they belong to Christ, and cannot take part in or support the village idolatry. Their houses are in consequence pulled down, their goods taken away, and they are at once charged with the murder of an old man who had died a natural death eleven days previously, and with whose death they had nothing to do whatever. They have been thrown into prison, and the most cruel treatment has been inflicted upon them to force them to confess that they are guilty. I fear very much that they will be murdered in the prison, as the magistrate has been very forward in persecuting the Church.

Christianity is now too widely, and I hope too deeply, rooted in the Fuh-Kien province to be suddenly rooted out. Yet I should fear the effects of a ruthless and continued persecution on this feeble and infant Church. There are noble men in it who would joyfully lay down their lives for the sake of the Lord Jesus; but there are many whose faith would not, I fear, stand unaffected the ordeal of a long and fierce persecution. Our friends at home have very little idea of the cruelties and wrongs to which our poor weak Christians are exposed.



1. THEY SELL THEIR FIELDS AND TAKE THEIR HOUSES TO PIECES (TO SELL THE MATERIALS).



2. THEY STRIP OFF THE BARK OF TREES AND DIG UP THE GRASS ROOT FOR FOOD.

THE CHINA FAMINE.



O sadder calamity has occurred in recent times than the terrible famine in North China. It is needless to describe it here, and we allude to it simply to introduce some engravings of Native design and execution, illustrating an appeal published in China and circulated among the higher classes of the Chinese, on behalf of the suffering. This appeal was translated into English and reproduced in England by the Committee of the China Famine Relief Fund. We are indebted to the Secretary of the Fund for the loan of the four cuts, with the following translation of the original text accompanying them:—

1. For a time the sufferers could borrow from one another, but this came to an end. Then they killed their ploughing oxen and pawned their implements of agriculture, their coverlets and clothes; and at last they gave up all thoughts of the future, and fell to selling their furniture and the materials of their houses, and many of their fields, for a mere song, till at last no purchaser could be found.

Think of this, ye who live in high halls and fine houses, and let your hearts move!

2. The glowing sun is in the sky and the locusts cover the ground. There is no green grass in the fields and no smoke of cooking from the houses. They caught rats, or spread their nets for birds, or ground wheat-stalks into powder, or kneaded the dry grass into cakes. Alas! what food was this for men! They were at last reduced to the straits seen in the picture.

Ye who spend large sums every day on your food, will you not give these sufferers a cup of soup?

3. Everywhere the famine prevails and nowhere can any means of living be found. But while a breath remains who will resign himself to die of famine? They lead their old and support their young, turn their backs on their wells and leave their villages. East or west they go, seeking a resting-place and a mouthful of rice, but in vain. Beneath the curtain of the sky, and on the mat of the ground, the dew is their drink and the wind their food. Multitudes fall a prey to disease and pestilence or faint and die on the way. Alas!

4. There is not much good talk among our learned Confucian scholars of the special recompense of special deeds; but the principle is not to be called in question that the accumulation of good actions leads to superabundant blessing. And this year may afford fresh confirmation of its truth. He whose eyes these pictures shall affect, and whose heart they shall move to manifest his benevolence, helping his neighbours in the day of their calamity, may be sure that he is walking in the way of happiness.



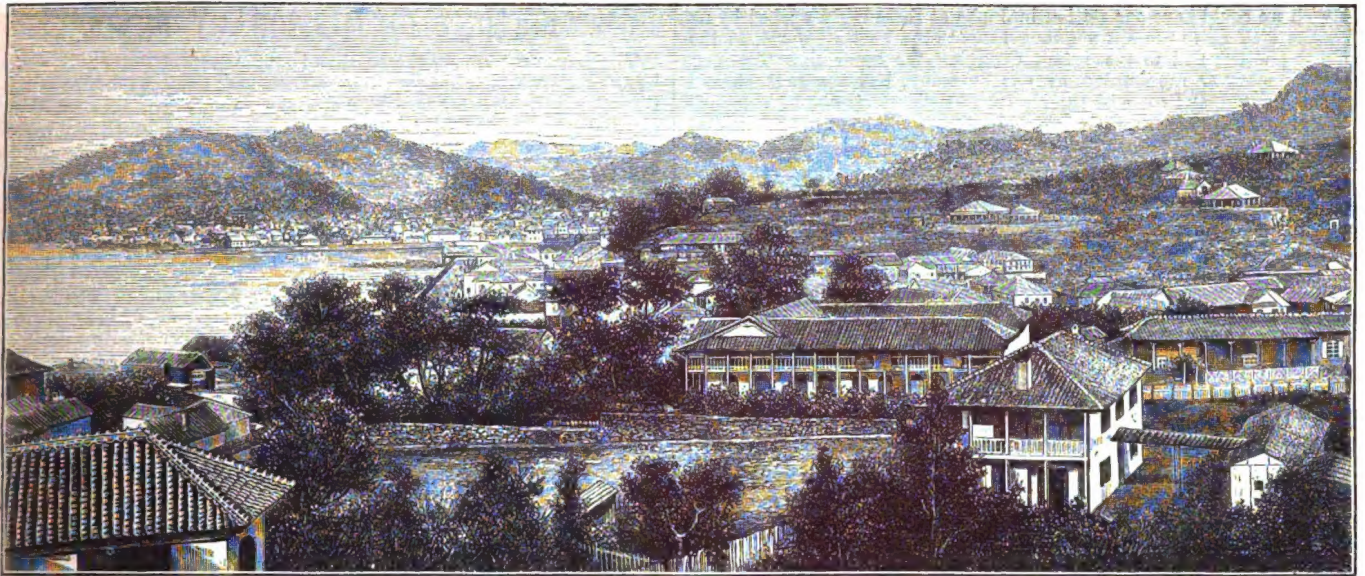
3. LAMENTATION FILLS THE COUNTRY. THEY BEOG FOR FOOD AND SLEEP IN THE OPEN AIR.



4. ON THE GOOD WHO OPEN THEIR PURSES ALL THE SPIRITUAL POWERS BESTOW BLESSING.

Independently of the Fund already mentioned, the Church Missionary Society has been entrusted by its own friends with contributions amounting to £2,000, and this sum was remitted to the Revs. W. H. Collins and

W. Brereton, the Society's missionaries at Peking, for distribution cannot but hope that by God's blessing on the liberality of the public, a way may be opened for the diffusion of the Bread of Life.



NAGASAKI, JAPAN.

AN APPEAL FROM NAGASAKI.

NAGASAKI has not been mentioned in the *GLEANER* for some time. It is the principal port of the southernmost of the four larger of the islands forming the Empire of Japan, Kiusiu, which is about the size of Ireland. In that port, with its 60,000 people,—nay, in that whole island,—the Church of England has *one* missionary, the Rev. Herbert Maundrell. Nagasaki was the first place occupied by the C.M.S., the Rev. G. Ensor landing there in 1869. He was succeeded by the Rev. H. Burnside, and Mr. Burnside by Mr. Maundrell. Another missionary, the Rev. W. Andrews, has lately sailed to join Mr. Maundrell. The Japanese Christians attached to the C.M.S. Mission now number between forty and fifty. Twelve were baptized last Easter Day.

In the above picture of Nagasaki, the foreign settlement is in the foreground. The suburb of Deshima is seen across the bay, and the native town lies beyond to the right. If our readers will turn back to the picture of the Mission Church at Deshima in the *GLEANER* of March, 1877, and compare it with this one, they will understand better Mr. Maundrell's remarks below. The picture below shows us the building in which dwell the students preparing for work as mission agents. The figures, beginning from the left, are Midzu Shina, Stephen, Paul Muraoka, Mr. Maundrell, Paul Yoshidomi, and John Ko. Some of these names occur in a journal of Mr. Maundrell's printed in the *GLEANER* of September, 1876.

In June last, Nagasaki was visited by Bishop Burdon, of

Victoria, Hong Kong. Mrs. Goodall, who is associated with Mr. and Mrs. Maundrell in the Mission, writes :—

When the Bishop visited us in 1876, eight Japanese were confirmed. The number would have been more than doubled this year had not some of those baptized during the past two years been unavoidably absent from Nagasaki; the number who, after very careful preparation, received Confirmation was fifteen. The service was held in the Mission Church at Deshima. It was most interesting and solemn. The Bishop had kindly studied the service so as to be able to go through most of it in Japanese, which made it much more a real service to those confirmed. The church was open to all who chose to enter, and many Japanese came in and remained during the whole service. It was also pleasant to see that some of our neighbours, and officers from some of H.M.'s ships now here, were sufficiently interested to be present. The Rev. Mr. Corfe, Chaplain of H.M.S. *Audacious*, took his place with the Bishop and Mr. Maundrell. The service, of course in Japanese, was exactly the usual one, commencing with Morning Prayer. We sang hymns in Japanese, and concluded with "Thine for ever," in English, in which those of our pupils who were confirmed were quite able to join. The Confirmation was held on Saturday, June 29th, and on Sunday morning at our usual hour, half-past eight, we assembled for service, when all but one of the newly confirmed, those who were already regular communicants, and the officers whom I mentioned as being at the Confirmation, partook of the Holy Communion, and if all felt as I did, we were very happy and very thankful. The increase in the number on this occasion, and the large increase

in the number of those coming to the Church services, were observed with pleasure by the Bishop. There certainly has been a rather remarkable increase lately in the attendance, especially in the evening, all behaving so properly that we can only distinguish the believers by their standing to repeat the Creed. It does seem to us that a change is working in the minds of the people, for which we ought to be ready.

We can now appreciate the appeal contained in the following letter from Mr. Maundrell to the Editor :—



C.M.S. JAPANESE STUDENTS' RESIDENCE, NAGASAKI.

I wish we could have one station in Japan so thoroughly worked by an adequate staff as to present a strong front to the heathen world, to the inquiring world, and to the infant Church. We know that Truth is strength, whether represented by one or many, but the heathen and inquiring world, and some of the Native Christians, cannot be supposed to have the same spiritual discernment that more enlightened people have, and are in danger of judging unfavourably of our own true Church, and joining an unscriptural one—the Church of Rome.

Compare our own Mission at Nagasaki with the Romish Mission here during the last ten years. Mr. Ensor comes, gets the language, leaves; then Mr. Burnside gets the language, leaves; then I come single-handed, and by this time can preach, &c. During all this time the Romanists have had their continuous seven or eight priests and a bishop. I do wish our staff were more like theirs—in one and the same Mission some to train, some to itinerate, some to translate.

The Bishop has quite approved of a desire of mine to put up as soon as possible a substantial church at Deshima, one worthy of our cause. The present one is in danger of coming down at the first typhoon. It is only a barn-like building, and the sooner we can get a better one the better for our Mission. Human nature will be human nature, and the Japanese are much more fastidious than the natives of some mission fields. As the Romanists are going to build here a Cathedral, the least I can wish to do is to put up a good church, especially when I have such a capital site as Deshima. If you know of any one willing to give, please say that anything between £5 and £5,000 will be most thankfully received. Could you secure one or more friends to collect for me?

The work is very promising in Japan—now is our opportunity. It is not too late for the Church of England to take a place worthy of her in Japan, but with strong Romish Missions everywhere there is no time to lose. We must do all we can to claim for our Reformed and Apostolic Church a status worthy of her, and it behoves us to do this without delay. If I did not feel this so strongly I would gladly leave the material buildings to others.

MR. SATTIANADHAN'S FAREWELL.



ON October 16th the Rev. W. T. and Mrs. Sattianadhan left England for Paris, en route for India, via Italy and Egypt. In Paris he represented the Church Missionary Society at a meeting on Foreign Missions held at the Salle Evangelique, near the Trocadero. A paper written by him for the occasion, on Christianity in India, had been translated into French, and was read in that language. He also addressed the meeting in English, through an interpreter.

The following extract from a letter to the Editor contains a message for the numerous friends of Mr. and Mrs. Sattianadhan in England, and will be read with much interest and many prayers for a continued blessing on the labours of our brother and sister in their own land:—

PARIS, October 22nd.

I cannot tell you how sorry we were to bid farewell, probably for ever, to dear England, and all our Christian friends there. Our six months' sojourn in England we shall always regard as the happiest period of our life. We cannot look back upon it without vividly calling to mind all the many interesting associations connected with it, and our frequent journeys over different parts of the country, and the many missionary meetings we had the privilege to attend and take part in, and the many churches in which I preached, and the pleasant intercourse we held with many of God's people. Whatever we may forget, sure it is we shall never forget, to our dying day, our happy sojourn in England. My only regret is that we have not been able to accept all the invitations of our friends. And indeed we were so occupied and so pressed for time that we were not able even to answer some of their letters. I trust that those friends will kindly pardon our apparent neglect, which has arisen, not from want of will, but entirely from want of power.

Should you think it right, may I ask you to make known my views and feelings to our numerous friends in England by means of one of your magazines, and to tell them how very sensible we are of all their kindness, and how refreshed we are by our intercourse with them, and how much we need the prayers that God may watch over us in our long journey and take us safely to our native land, and enable us to win souls for Christ. O for grace to be able to say with the Apostle, "Neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry, which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify of the Gospel of the grace of God."

Good-bye! Please pray for us.—Yours very sincerely,

W. T. SATTIANADHAN.

EPITOME OF MISSIONARY NEWS.

The movement among the heathen in those parts of Tinnevely, worked by the S.P.G., which has led so many thousands to place themselves under Christian instruction, has now, we rejoice to say, spread to the C.M.S. districts. Some hundreds have already been received by Bishop Sargent and his Native clergy in each of three or four districts. In the Paneivilei district alone, 419 families in 26 villages, comprising some 1,500 persons have come over.

We announce, with deep regret, the death of the Rev. David Fenn, Secretary to the Madras Corresponding Committee of the C.M.S. He went out to India in 1852, and joined the Itinerant Mission in North Tinnevely, then just planned by Ragland. In 1868 he started a similar Mission in the environs of Madras. For the past seven years he has been Secretary at Madras, and his death is a severe loss to the missionary cause in South India. He was son of the Rev. Joseph Fenn, whose death was recorded in the GLEANER of March last, and brother of one of the Secretaries of the Parent Society.

We have also to report the deaths of the Rev. J. P. Mengé, a retired C.M.S. missionary, who laboured in North India thirty years, from 1840 to 1870; the Rev. G. T. M. Grime, a young missionary, who had just returned home after five years' service in North India; and Mrs. Sharkey, widow of the well-known missionary in the Telugu country, after thirty-one years' most valuable work at Masulipatam.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has conferred the degree of D.D. on the Rev. S. Dyson, Principal of the Cathedral Mission College, Calcutta, and the degree of B.D. on the Rev. A. E. Moule, of Hang-Chow, in recognition of their eminent services as missionaries of the C.M.S., and particularly of their literary labours.

At the Archbishop of Canterbury's ordination on September 22nd, the Revs. W. Andrews, B.A., Arthur Lewis, B.A., and I. J. Pickford, C.M.S. missionaries for Japan, the Punjab, and Ceylon, respectively, were admitted to priest's orders.

Mr. B. Van Someren Taylor, M.B., Edinburgh, has been accepted by the Committee as a Medical Missionary, and designated to Fuh-Chow.

The Rev. W. T. Pilter, Curate of St. Clement's, Leeds, has offered himself to the Society for missionary work in Palestine or Turkey, and has been accepted by the Committee.

The Bishop of Rupert's Land had an interview with the C.M.S. Committee, on Oct. 8th, when it was agreed to continue the Society's grants to the Sioux Mission in Manitoba, and to St. John's College, Winnipeg.

In the Valley of Kashmir, described in last month's GLEANER, a terrible famine is prevailing. In some parts it is believed that from one-fourth to one-half of the population have perished. The Punjab C.M.S. Committee, having received handsome contributions for the relief of the people, including £450 collected at Simla after a sermon by Bishop French, have directed two missionaries, the Rev. G. M. Gordon and Mr. W. Briggs, to buy up grain in the Punjab and hasten with it across the mountains into Kashmir.

On another page we give an account of a serious outrage perpetrated on the C.M.S. Mission at Fuh-Chow. Only a few weeks before that, the new chapel at Kiong-Ning-Fu (see GLEANER of September) was pulled down, and the catechist expelled from the city.

The C.M.S. North Pacific Mission was founded in 1857 at the instance of Captain Prevost, R.N., who gave Mr. Duncan a free passage to Fort Simpson in H.M.S. *Satellite*. After the lapse of twenty years, the same excellent officer, now Admiral Prevost, has lately visited Metlakatla, and on October 14th he attended the C.M.S. Committee meeting and described what he had seen. Where savagery and heathenism formerly reigned, he now found peace, security, and industry, and having visited Missions in all parts of the world, he could say, after spending a whole month among the Tsimshian Christians, that he had never seen anywhere such simple and truthful Christianity.

The C.M.S. is about to take over a Mission at Gaza, in Palestine, carried on for the last three years by Mr. W. D. Pritchett; and the Rev. A. Schapira, late of West Africa, who is a Christian Jew, has been appointed to the new station.

We can only just mention the General Conference on Foreign Missions held at Mildmay on October 21–26. The proceedings were interesting throughout, delegates being present from almost all the English, Scotch, Irish, Continental, and American Missionary Societies, and information being given about their work in every part of the world. Of C.M.S. Missions, East and Central Africa, North-West America, Metlakatla, the Fuh-kien province, and the Afghan Mission at Peshawar, were particularly noticed. In the following week, Dr. Clark and Dr. Thompson, Secretaries of the American Board of Missions, attended the C.M.S. Committee, and gave a most encouraging account of the work of that Society in Asia and Turkey.